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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Canada's Magazine for Canada's Women

Great New Serial, "My Lady Caprice" by Jeffery Farnol, in this Issue

MAY
1918

Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

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Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

FIFTEEN
CENTS

AN EVENING AT "THE CASCADES"

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Outstanding Features of the June Issue

JUNE is a month of many considerations. It suggests brides, holidays and holiday-making, better babies, and the initial drive upon summer food conservation. All these questions are foremost in the minds of the reading public and it rests with EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to answer them.

Our June issue will compel attention for the variety of its attractions. The second instalment of our new serial, "My Lady Caprice," by Jeffery Farnol, the famous English novelist, will constitute a goodly amount of entertainment. In addition to this, 'A Beastly Bit of Bother," by Virginia Coyne; "Red Feather Rides to the Sea," a delightful fairy tale for the young by Will H. Ogilvie; "The Flower of Happiness and Sorrow," by Florence Livesay, wherein the author portrays some of the strange wedding customs of our Ruthenian fellow citizens, and the concluding chapter of "The Haunted House on Duchess Street," will uphold the excellent standard of our fiction.

The Canada Food Board keeps the Canadian women informed monthly upon the newest developments in food matters through EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Besides the page usually devoted to this, an article written exclusively for us by Ishbel M. Ross of the Food Board, "Europe Toils to Avert Famine" will appear. The articles supplement Miss Katherine M. Caldwell's Food Department, which will contain information of absolute necessity to the housewife at this season of the year.

June ushers in strawberry season, contingent upon which is the need to can and otherwise conserve this and other fruits, as a measure of economy as well as a patriotic duty. Miss Caldwell will prove that at least for small centres community canning provides for systematized thrift, to the benefit of the individual. She will present also the newest devices to facilitate this canning. Her Experiment Kitchen will contain suggestions for practical gifts for the June bride.

If Everywoman's World is Late

IF your copy of Everywoman's World is late in reaching you, or perhaps is lost altogether, please remember the difficulties under which EVERY ONE is working just at present.

We are trying to give you the best delivery service possible and will gladly replace lost copies or extend subscriptions to cover.

The mail service throughout Canada has been greatly disorganized owing to the previously unheard of congestion of the railroads and the depletion of staffs in post offices and elsewhere due to the Military Service Act.

Before complaining of non-delivery, kindly allow a couple of weeks after publication date for your copy to reach you.

Conditions everywhere are unusual and we will all help best to get them back to normal quickly if we exercise a little tolerance. So we ask that you co-operate with us and—BE PATIENT!

OUR Make-Over Fashion Service is becoming more and more popular. It has proved a real boon to readers who require advice on the remodelling of clothes. Miss Helen Cornelius, our fashion artiste, will always be glad to answer queries of this kind. Our entire fashion department will be expanded next month. It will contain more and better designs, all supplemented by "EVERYWOMAN'S NEEDLECRAFT COMPANION," particulars concerning which are presented below.

Jean Blewett announces the opening of a new monthly feature. For some months she has been conducting on her "Own Page" "Everywoman's Forum," wherein queries on all subjects of interest to Canadian women are answered. These have been arriving so "thick and fast" that it has become necessary to enlarge the department. Beginning with the June issue this will be found under its own heading, separate from Mrs. Blewett's Own Page, and she invites correspondence.

With the arrival of the first day of June one naturally begins to plan how, when and where to spend holidays. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will act as a guide. We will publish next month photographs of favorite holiday spots in Canada. More detailed information relative to these, we will furnish upon request.

Some of the other bright features the June issue will contain are: "Y.W.C.A. Hostess Houses for Soldiers," "Toy Making as a New Canadian Industry," "The Gateway to the Silent World" (a plea on behalf of the silent deaf) by Madge Macbeth, "The Rise of Elsie Ferguson"—a chronicle of the achievement of one of the most successful movie actresses of the day. "The Progress of Your War Garden," "Better Babies," as well as the regular departments—"The Bunny Page," Madge Macbeth's picture page of Canadian women who do things, Business Guide for Women, Health Department, Marjorie Dale Recipe Page and the others.

June issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will be the liveliest yet. Don't fail to fill in the coupon below so that there will be no chance of missing your copy.

Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion Given to You
Extraordinary Offer to Our Subscribers

IN these days of forced economy, when every hand is busy, when every woman has her attention focused upon means and ways by which she may stretch the family purse—or her own individual finances—to the limit, it is not surprising that there should be a constant demand from readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for a bigger, broader, more comprehensive department devoted to every form of Needlecraft. To meet this need we are publishing a new magazine devoted entirely to needlecraft and every subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD may receive it regularly, free of any expense beyond a slight postage charge.

Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion fills a long-felt want in Canada, and has been hailed with delight by lovers of needlework throughout the Dominion. They acclaim it as the ideal magazine for devotees of needlecraft, wherein they may look for dependable instruction on embroideries of all kinds, crochet work, knitting, tatting, and every other variety of plain and fancy needlework.

Hundreds of New Designs

NEITHER care nor expense is spared to supply the readers of Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion with the newest and most original designs for embroideries, initial monograms, etc., as well as novel ideas for crochet and knitted goods. Designs by leading experts in each branch of the art are presented.

Patterns Easily Secured

FOR the embroidery designs that require patterns for working, the Needlecraft Companion provides an ideal service. Patterns for all designs shown may be obtained for a few cents at leading shops throughout the Dominion, or we will mail them to you direct, postage paid. The service is most complete. Where no patterns are required, complete instructions for making are given.

The companion is issued quarterly and mailed direct to you. It contains no advertising, but is filled from cover to cover with all that is newest and best in every branch of needlecraft.

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How to Secure Your Copy for a Whole Year

IF you are at present a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, send your renewal to-day, together with only ten two-cent stamps to cover postage, wrapping, entering, etc., and we will enter you for an entire year's subscription to Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion, sending your first copy at once. Your subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will run on for a full year after expiry date.

Show this great offer to a friend who does not at present take EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, send her subscription with your renewal and we will send the Needlecraft Companion to both for a whole year, all postage paid.

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REMEMBER this point—only the subscribers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD receive the Companion. It is not sold as a separate magazine, but fills the important need for better Needlecraft information for which we have not sufficient space in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

The edition is limited—you should sign and mail the coupon very soon if you wish to make sure of your copies. The last edition was very quickly exhausted, and we have had to hold over many orders till the next issue. That is the reason for our request to send your order now, even though your subscription may not expire for several months.

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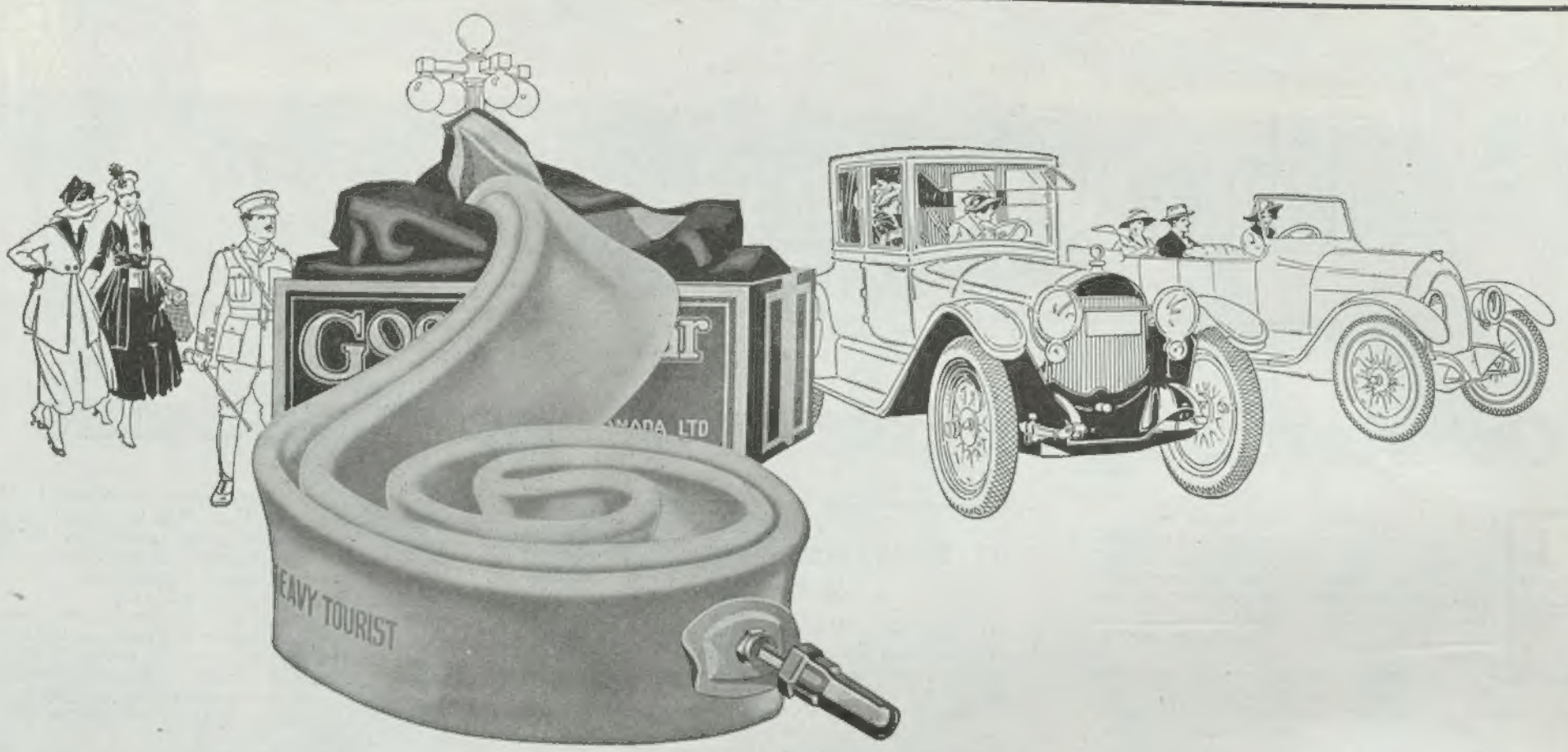

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For women--a new sphere of activity; the lowering of motoring cost through tire conservation.

First aid to their efforts is the shrewd feminine sense of value in tire buying. And to further help them--the Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube.

True, milady may not be interested in a tube just as a tube. She seldom has to pump a leaky one. Punctures to her mean only inconvenient delay. But a tube's greatest service is in *saving tires*. And there centres woman's interest in tubes.

Also that very saving virtue marks the superiority of Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes.

Their particular construction--built up of many thin layers of the finest rubber--precludes the possibility of flaws. Each sheet is as thin as the paper you hold. We can detect and discard any that contain air bubbles or grit or other defects. This is impossible with one thick sheet of rubber. The inspected sheets are then built up into one perfect piece of solid rubber of the highest grade. We even vulcanize the valve patch--for greater goodness.

Such laminated construction is the most effective bar to the small leak--the almost imperceptible seepage of air--that means under-inflation. And the under-inflated tire is almost certainly the ruined tire.

To save tires--see that they carry tubes that really hold air--Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes.

Nor will your tube cost suffer. Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are extra thick and extra good. They resist tube failure and serve loyally. They reduce tube cost.

When tubes are to be bought, see that they are Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes.

--for their longer life--and to save tires.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

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GOODYEAR

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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

CANADA'S GREAT HOME MAGAZINE

Chas. C. Nixon, Superintending Editor
Jean Blewett, Companion Editor
Mary M. Murphy, Managing Editor
Katherine M. Caldwell, Food Editor

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Vol. VIII., No. 11 **EDITORIAL** **May, 1918**

Wool Scarcity and You: Children and the War: Passing of the Title

DO you object to wearing a suit that has developed a shine? Do you feel self-conscious in clothes that have begun to look "shabby"? Naturally! Then it behooves Canadian women to take precautions, preventative measures *now*—to sponge and turn, re-make and remodel their old wool suits, to preserve their new ones, for the day is fast approaching when wool will be practically unobtainable for general use.

Canada is producing more wool to-day than she has at any previous period in her existence; yet there was never a time when wool was so scarce, or when so much cotton was used as "filler" in Canadian clothing. The demand is so pronounced, from a military standpoint, that the conservation of wool on the part of civilians is a patriotic duty of no little importance.

The following facts relative to the use of wool for military purposes are enlightening:

During the last three years and eight months, the Allies have made, it is said, sufficient khaki cloth to stretch around the whole world more than fifteen times—approximately 375,000 miles of cloth nearly a yard wide.

This has been an unprecedented strain upon the wool supply and accounts, in part, for the increase in Canadian sheep values from about $6.50 per cwt. in 1914 to $14.50 the price sheep are bringing at the stock yard at the time of writing.

Of this enormous amount of wool being utilized for soldier wear, there is a very small percentage that returns to the woolen mills to be torn to pieces and used over again as shoddy.

When civilian clothes are discarded they find their way back to the pickers, where they are combed to pieces and used again with new wool. But with the military uniforms it is entirely different. They are buried! A stupendous consideration, this—that the 375,000 miles of khaki cloth, nearly a yard wide will never be reclaimed!

It is not strange, then, that the outlook for us, here in Canada is a serious one. According to T. Reginald Arkell, manager of the Dominion Wool Warehouse, which has been recently handed over by the Government to the Canadian Wool Growers' Co-operative Association, these conditions will continue to increase in gravity until the termination of the war. It is possible, in fact, quite probable, that the Government will curtail the use of wool by the civilian.

Pure wool piece-goods are not merely at a premium, but are next to impossible to secure. Goods which formerly sold at $2.00 a yard are now sold at $10.00. Tailors say that suits will be from 40 to 50 per cent. higher next fall than they were this past winter, and even then, the quality will be inferior. Cottons and silks are rapidly becoming the chief run for dress materials.

In the face of all this, is it necessary to say to Canadian women,—"Don't waste one scrap of wool goods. That scrap may be a priceless treasure next year."

WHILE the serious aspect of things is being borne in upon us every day, there is a great danger that we may transmit to the children of the nation a viewpoint that may lack appreciation of the sweeter, the happier, the freer things of life.

The Gentlemen of Oxford

The sunny streets of Oxford
  Are lying still and bare,
No sound of voice or laughter
  Rings through the golden air;
And, chiming from her belfry,
  No longer Christchurch calls
The eager, boyish faces
  To gather in her halls.

The colleges are empty,
  Only the sun and wind
Make merry in the places
  The lads have left behind.
But, when the trooping shadows
  Have put the day to flight,
The Gentlemen of Oxford
  Come homing through the night.

From France they come, and Flanders,
  From Mons, and Marne and Aisne,
From Greece and from Gallipoli
  They come to her again;
From the North Sea's grey waters,
  From many a grave unknown,
The Gentlemen of Oxford
  Come back to claim their own.

The dark is full of laughter,
  Boy laughter, glad and young,
They tell the old-time stories,
  The old-time songs are sung;
They linger in her cloisters,
  They throng her dewy meads,
Till Isis hears their calling
  And laughs among her reeds.

But, when the east is whitening
  To greeting the rising sun,
And slowly, over Carfax,
  The stars fade, one by one,
Then, when the dawn-wind whispers
  Along the Isis shore,
The Gentlemen of Oxford
  Must seek their graves once more.

NORAH M. HOLLAND.

With so many activities—new duties—clamoring for our help, we women are apt to forget the little daily needs that were ours to plan and ours to fulfil. Home must still be made comfortable, and children must still be fed, clothed, cherished as lovingly and tenderly as in times of peace.

The same pleasures and occupations that claimed the attention of the little ones ten years ago, call to them to-day. Youth and strength and buoyant spirits must be conserved. War, or no war, the generation of to-morrow will need sound bodies, trained minds, steady nerves and cheerful dispositions.

The normal happiness of childhood should be disturbed as little as possible. It is right that children should have intelligent knowledge of passing events, but it is wrong to allow young lives to be shadowed by profitless brooding over horrors. There is only one way in which the war should be brought home to them—and that is in terms of *service*. Teach them what they can do to help; what they must not do. But keep from them the hatred that comes of reverses, the knowledge of calculated, universal slaughter. It will be sufficient for them to review it as history; there is to necessity for them to *live* it as a reality.

* * *

THERE will be very little mourning in Canada over the announcement made in the House of Commons that we are done with hereditary titles, and titles of all kinds, for that matter. It was with some consternation, if not a little amusement, that Canada's feminine democrats accepted the news of war-inspired titles for women. The passing of titles from husband to wife was, possibly, a necessary evil. The advanced (?) social status the husband attained with his title must needs be assumed also by the wife. But that women should be designated "Dame" and the like, is really just a trifle far-fetched for comfortable acceptance on this side of the Atlantic.

The move to abolish titles in Canada has been made at an opportune time, in so far as the effect on the future is concerned. They have always been the handbook of political partizanship. And now that women are in the field, and eligible for such awards, much as we hate to admit it, what a merry time official title-makers would have!

At the present period of civilization, there is only one excuse for titles—war distinction. And Canadian women are ready and willing to leave all the titles of merit going for the men on the field. The good results effected are the only recognition we desire for our participation in the war.

"If it could be done without disrespect to the Crown he was quite prepared to make a bargain with the other Knights and take his title to the market place and put it on a bonfire," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier, amid the applause of the whole house. "I would not object to being present," said Hon. N. W. Rowell, "at the bonfire suggested by Sir Wilfrid." Neither would we women!

ATTENTION is called to "Shadows of the Salient" on page 8 of this issue. The writer, Ex.-Sgt.-Maj. Hector Macknight has been in the heat of war for the past three years. These chronicles, which he is writing exclusively for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, are first-hand impressions. They are as realistic as it is possible to make them without verging on depression. Between battles the "Bard of the Battlefield," as he has been called, will continue with this series, and they will be published immediately on receipt of them—the next in the June issue.

In the Woodbury Booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," you will find the proper treatment for oily skin and shiny nose. This booklet is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

Conspicuous Nose Pores

How to reduce them

Do you know why it is that the inner surface of your arm is so white and satiny, while the texture of your face, *especially of your nose,* is rougher and shows enlarged pores?

It is exposure—constant exposure to changing temperatures—sun, wind and dust—that enlarges the pores and coarsens the texture of the skin of your face.

On parts of the body that are habitually covered by clothing, the skin changes very little from the fine texture of childhood. It needs no special care to keep it fine and smooth.

The skin of your face must have special care

The pores of the face, even in normal conditions, are not so fine as in other parts of the body. *On the nose especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores.

Under exposure to wind and dust and sun, the pores of the face contract and expand. If the skin is not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, the small muscular fibers, *especially those of the nose,* become weakened and do not contract as they should. Instead the pores remain open, they collect dirt and dust, clog up and become enlarged.

That is the cause of conspicuous nose pores—the bugbear of so many women, and often the only flaw in an otherwise perfect complexion.

Begin this treatment tonight

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice.* Always dry your skin carefully.

This treatment cleanses the pores and strengthens the small muscular fibers so they can contract properly.

After ten days or two weeks of this Woodbury treatment, you will begin to see an improvement in your skin. But do not expect to change completely in this short time a condition resulting from long continued exposure and neglect. Make this special treatment a daily habit and supplement it with the steady general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

In the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, treatments are given for the various troubles of the skin. A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any of these treatments and for general use for that time. You will have the same experience that all others do—when you once use Woodbury's you will always use it. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Try the famous Woodbury treatment for rousing a sallow, sluggish skin. You will find directions in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury soap

If your skin has become gradually coarsened, this special treatment and the general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will make it fine and soft again. For directions, see the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send us 5 cents for a sample cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2605 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.**

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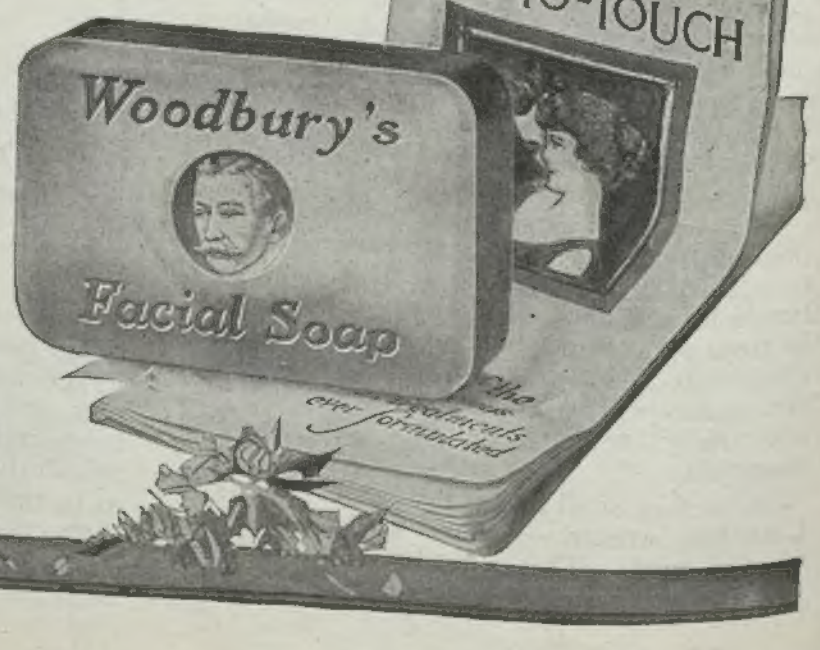

The Witch's Grandchild

A Fairy Play in Three Scenes

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

(Entered at Ottawa in accordance with the Copyright Act)

THIS play will require two stage-settings:—the first, a simple cottage interior, the second a woodland scene.

The costumes are as follows:

MARGERY, upon first entrance, wears cloak and hood. She carries a basket on her arm. Later, she wears any pretty simple, rather old-fashioned, dress.

MOTHER WOTHERWOP, black gown, apron, and large cap, framing her face. In woodland scene, a tall, pointed hat, such as worn by traditional witch is added to this costume.

HANS wears brown jerkin, baggy breeches and round cap.

THE FAIRIES, the usual fairy costumes.

THE PRINCE, dark green doublet, riding boots and breeches, cap with plume.

SCENE 1.—*Mother Wotherwop's Cottage. Late afternoon.*

MOTHER W.—Margery! Margery! Where's the baggage now?
She has been gone all afternoon. I vow
She'll smart for this. And there's so much to do,
Water to carry and the wood to hew,
And herbs to gather for my potions too.
Margery!

HANS (*enters*)—Why, Mother, what a noise you're making.
Where's Margery?

MOTHER W.—The hussy needs a shaking.
I sent her to the town three hours ago
And bade her hurry back.

HANS.—Well, this I know,
I want my supper quickly.

MOTHER W.—Want, I fear,
Must be your master until Margery's here.
There's nothing in the house. (*Goes to window and looks out.*)

HANS.—Where can she be?
You give the girl far too much liberty.
I'll alter things when I am master here;
She'll learn to mind *my* orders, never fear.

MOTHER W.—You have not wed her yet!

HANS.—Well, I don't care;
There's other girls. But, Mother, tell me where
She came from, and why I must wed her, do.

MOTHER W.—Because I tell you. That's enough for you.
She's my dear daughter's child.

HANS.—Don't talk such stuff.
You've kept the secret from me long enough.
Tell me, or I won't marry her.

MOTHER W.—Well, then,
Think for a time. Do you remember when
Our present King banished his brother?

HANS.—Yes,
But what has that to do with——?

MOTHER W.—Can't you guess?
That brother had a daughter, oaf, and she——
I was her nurse—was——

HANS.—Mother! Not Margery!

MOTHER W.—Yes, Margery, if but the truth were known,
Is the true Princess, heiress to the throne.
Known it *shall* be when you have wed her, and
Her husband will be King of all the land.

HANS.—And I'm to be her husband? Oh, how grand!
I'll eat the very best of food, and wear
Satins and silks and jewels rich and rare,
And never work again.

MOTHER W.—Hush! Here's Margery. (*Door opens and Margery enters.*)
(*To Margery*) What do you mean by not obeying me?
I bade you hurry back and not delay,
And you have been all afternoon away.
Here's poor Hans waiting for his supper. Set
The table quickly. See that the tea is wet.

MARGERY (*Moves about, setting table*)—I'm sorry, grandam. Yes, I'm late, I know,
And yet I'm out of breath, I hurried so.

HANS.—What kept you then?

MARGERY.—The windows all were full
Of O such lovely things, and coming home
The woods were starred with flowers. I gathered some.

MOTHER W.—Flowers, indeed! I think the girl's a fool!

MARGERY.—And while I picked the Prince came riding by,
(O grandmother, he is so beautiful!)
He stopped and spoke to me and asked if I
Would give him one.

HANS (*putting his arm round her*).—So the Prince spoke to you,
My little sweetheart?

MARGERY (*Pulling away and striking him*).—Leave me alone, Hans, do.
I'm not your sweetheart, and will never be.

HANS (*Holds hand to cheek*).—You little cat! You'll pay for that, you'll see!

MOTHER W.—How dare you, hussy?

MARGERY.—Don't let him touch me, then;
For, if he does, I'll strike him once again.

MOTHER W.—You should be proud that you are honored so,
A beggar such as you.

MARGERY.—Well, this I know,
I would not wed him, were he made of gold.

MOTHER W.—You would not, girl? You'll do just as you're told.
(*Margery is about to speak.*)
No words now. Do you mean to stand all day?
Bustle and get these things all cleared away,
You've idled long enough. Then, disappear!
I've work to do and do not want you here. (*Exit Mother W.*)

HANS.—Scratch, would you, little cat? Some day you'll be
Sorry for this when you have married me.

MOTHER W. (*Puts in her head.*)—Here, Hans, a minute.
I've a word for you.

Queen—"Whom have we here?
Say, mortal, what you be!"

HANS.—I'm coming, Mother. (*Exit.*)

MARGERY.—Oh, dear, what shall I do?
Wed Hans, indeed! Well, that I can't and won't.
Yet grandam will be angry if I don't
And beat me. If she does, I'll run away.
They say that in the wood the fairies stay,
I'll go to them for help this very night.
(*Clears table as she talks.*)
There now, all's clear, and I have finished quite.
(*Sits down.*)
How fine the prince looked! What blue eyes he had!
Oh, how I wish—(*Jumps up*) Margery, are you mad?
What? You the witch's grand-daughter, and he,
Prince of the land—a nice thing that would be.

MOTHER W. (*calls outside*).—Margery.

MARGERY.—There's grandmother. I'm coming—yes.
I wonder if he saw my nice new dress. (*Exit.*)

SCENE 2.—*The same room. 10 o'clock at night. Enter* MOTHER W. *and* HANS.

HANS.—Is Margery asleep?

MOTHER W.—I looked at her
As I came down; her eyelids did not stir.
She is too young to lie awake at night.

HANS.—Then let's begin and call each gnome and sprite
And goblin here to join our revelry,
And tell us if the girl shall wed with me.

MOTHER W.—First we must light the fire and speak the spell
That gives us mastery.

HANS.—Oh, very well. (*Kindles fire and puts pot on.*)
There, that is done.

MOTHER W.—Then draw the curtains tight.

HANS (*Doing so*).—Will that do? See, I've shut out all the light.

MOTHER W.—Now then join hands and dance around the brim,
While in the pot the magic broth doth swim.

HANS and MOTHER W. (*Dancing and singing*).
Head of lizard, eye of owl,
Hair of wolves that nightly prowl,
Wing of bat, and murderer's hand;
By their power we you command,
Gnome and goblin, djinn and sprite,
Bear us company to-night.

As they sing, GOBLINS *steal in and join the dance, which grows quicker, until* HANS *and* MOTHER W. *stop, out of breath.*

GOBLIN 1.—From the caverns where we dwell
You have called us.

GOBLIN 2.—By your spell
We are bound your will to obey.

GOBLIN 3.—What our task is, Mother, say.

GOBLIN 1.—Would you that the past we show,
Or the future would you know?

GOBLIN 2.—For, believe me, we can tell
Past or future wise and well.

HANS (*to Mother W.*).—Well, they none of them would take
Prizes for their beauty's sake.

MOTHER W.—Hush, my son, and pray take care!
Should you anger them, beware!
They can pinch you black and blue.
(*To Goblins*).—Thanks, good friends, I give to you

GOBLIN 3. (*To his fellows*).—Hear the churl's unmannered speech!

GOBLIN 1. Him a lesson we will teach
Ere we leave.

MOTHER W.—My son, you see,
Fain would wed Maid Margery.
Tell us what the end will be.

GOBLIN 4.—Does the maid not love him, then,
That he needs must seek our aid?

MOTHER W.—She is obstinate, and when
He declared his love, she said
She would sooner die than wed.

GOBLIN 1.—Brothers, draw a circle round;
In the centre, Hans be found.
Dance around him, weave our spell,
Weave it strongly, weave it well.
(*Goblins dance and sing.*)
All the powers of ill befriend us,
Hearken to our song and send us
Strength to work our spell aright,
Help to do our task to-night.

Teach the maid to turn her eyes
Upon Hans in loving wise;
For to-night he asks that he
Soon may wed Maid Margery.

GOBLIN 2. (*Gives bottle to Hans*).—If to wed the maid you think,
Mix this potion with her drink.

GOBLIN 3.—But forget not there are powers
With a magic more than ours.

GOBLIN 1.—Should they choose to take her part
We are helpless.

MOTHER W.—By my art
She of them shall never hear.

HANS.—We will watch her, never fear!
Goblins dance wildly and exit, shouting:

GOBLIN 1.—The dawn, the dawn!

GOBLIN 2.—We must begone.

GOBLIN 3.—The morning star has shown her ray.

GOBLIN 4.—Back to our caverns we must haste,
The morning light is coming fast.

GOBLIN 1.—No longer here we must delay.

HANS (*Yawning*).—Well, they have gone. Now what have we to do?

MOTHER W.—We'll to our beds, and sleep an hour or two.
(*Exit* MOTHER W. *and* HANS. *Curtain.*)

SCENE 3.—*A moonlit glade in the forest. Midnight. Fairies dancing.*

CLOVERSEED.—Now are the rude blasts of the winter o'er,
And vagrant Spring comes dancing down the lane.

QUINCEBLOSSOM.—The grass is springing fresh and green once more.

MARYBUD.—And all the flowers are peeping out again.

MAYFLY.—Soon shall our Queen be here.

QUINCEBLOSSOM.—Before her feet
The daffodils shall make a carpet sweet.

MARYBUD.—Swiftly the dawn draws near. The eastern sky
Is reddening now, though still the moon rides high.

CLOVERSEED.—Hush! There's a robin's song.

MARYBUD.—And here comes Bee.
(*Bee bustles in, looking very important.*)
You're only just in time, old Industry.
Come, stay awhile and join our revelry.

BEE.—I have no time to waste in pranks like these;
Out of my way, you fairies.

QUINCEBLOSSOM (*angrily*).—Pranks, if you please!
We'll tell the flowers to hide their honey-dew
And not to give a single drop to you.

BEE.—Oh, go and chatter to the butterfly!
I have no use for fairies. No, not I. (*Bustles out.*)

(*Continued on page 31*)

"MY LADY

First Instalment of Our Great New Serial

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"MY Lady Caprice" will prove, without magazine has ever published. The his kind, the most outstanding writer of the carries with it, therefore, exhilaration. The enthusiasm. It lacks all problems, as they to-day, save the wholesome, amusing and heart cleverly written romance such as this. We are so heavily burdened with cares and sor- such as "My Lady Caprice," will serve as an made our decision against a war story and in

"Who can cope with the duplicity of a woman," I retorted. "But, Lisbeth, you will give me one—just one?"

111 CARTHY

CHAPTER I.

TREASURE TROVE

I SAT fishing. I had not caught anything, of course—I rarely do, nor am I fond of fishing in the very smallest degree, but I fished assiduously all the same, because circumstances demanded it.

It had all come through Lady Warburton, Lisbeth's maternal aunt. Who Lisbeth is you will learn, if you trouble to read these veraciou narratives—suffice it for the present that she has been an orphan from her youth up, with no living relative save her married sister Julia and her Aunt (with a capital A)—the Lady Warburton aforesaid.

Lady Warburton is small and somewhat bony, with a sharp chin and a sharper nose, and invariably uses a lorgnette; also, she is possessed of much worldly goods.

Precisely a week ago Lady Warburton had requested me to call upon her—had regarded me with a curious exactitude through her lorgnette, and gently though firmly (Lady Warburton is always firm) had suggested that Elizabeth, though a dear child, was young and inclined to be a little self-willed. That she (Lady Warburton) was of opinion that Elizabeth had mistaken the friendship which had existed between us so long for something stronger. That although she (Lady Warburton) quite appreciated the fact that one who wrote books, and occasionally a play, was not necessarily immoral—still I was, of course, a terrible Bohemian, and the air of Bohemia was not calculated to conduce to that degree of matrimonial harmony which she (Lady Warburton) as Elizabeth's Aunt, standing to her in place of a mother, could wish for. That, therefore, under these circumstances my attentions were—etc., etc.

Here I would say in justice to myself that despite the torrent of her eloquence I had at first made some attempt at resistance; but who could hope to contend successfully against a woman possessed of such an indomitable nose and chin, and one, moreover, who could level a pair of lorgnettes with such deadly precision? Still, had Lisbeth been beside me things might have been different even then; but she had gone away into the country—so Lady Warburton had informed me. Thus alone and at her mercy, she had succeeded in wringing from me a half promise that I would cease my attentions for the space of six months, "just to give dear Elizabeth time to learn her own heart in regard to the matter."

This was last Monday. On the Wednesday following, as I wandered aimlessly along Piccadilly, at odds with Fortune and myself, my eye encountered the Duchess of Chelsea.

The Duchess is familiarly known as the "Conversational Brook" from the fact that when once she begins she goes on forever. Hence, being in my then frame of mind, it was with a feeling of rebellion that I obeyed the summons of her parasol and crossed over to the brougham.

"SO she's gone away?" was her greeting, as I raised my hat—"Lisbeth," she nodded, "I happened to hear something about her, you know."

It is strange, perhaps, but the Duchess generally does "happen to hear" something about everything.

"And you actually allowed yourself to be bullied into making that promise—Dick! Dick! I'm ashamed of you."

"How was I to help myself?" I began. "You see—"

"Poor boy!" said the Duchess, patting me affectionately with the handle of her parasol, "It wasn't to be expected of course. You see, I know her—many, many years ago I was at school with Agatha Warburton."

"But she probably didn't use lorgnettes then, and—"

"Her nose was just as sharp though—'peaky' I used to call it," nodded the Duchess. "And she has actually sent Lisbeth away—dear child—and to such a horrid, quiet little place, too, where she'll have nobody to talk to but that young Selwyn—"

"I beg pardon, Duchess, but—"

"Horace Selwyn, of Selwyn Park—cousin to Lord Selwyn, of Brankesmere. Agatha has been scheming for it a long time, under the rose, you know. Of course, it would be a good match, in a way—wealthy, and all that—but I must say he bores me horribly—so very serious and precise!"

"Really!" I exclaimed, "do you mean to say—"

"I expect she will have them married before they know it—Agatha's dreadfully determined. Her character lies in her nose and chin."

"But Lisbeth is not a child—she has a will of her own, and—"

"True," nodded the Duchess, "but is it a match for Agatha's chin? And then, too, it is rather more than possible that you are become the object of her bitterest scorn by now."

"But, my dear Duchess—"

"Oh, Agatha is a born diplomat. Of course she has written before this, and without actually saying it has managed to convey the fact that you are a monster of perfidy; and Lisbeth, poor child, is probably crying her eyes out or imagining she hates you, is ready to accept the first proposal she receives out of pure pique."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "what on earth can I do?"

"You might go fishing," the Duchess suggested thoughtfully.

"Fishing!" I repeated, "—er, to be sure, but—"

"Riverdale is a very pretty place they tell me," pursued the Duchess in the same thoughtful tone; "there is a house there, a fine old place called Fane Court. It stands facing the river, and adjoins Selwyn Park, I believe."

"Duchess," I exclaimed, as I jotted down the address upon my cuff, "I owe you a debt of gratitude that I can never—"

"Tut, tut!" said her Grace.

"I think I'll start to-day, and—"

"You really couldn't do better," nodded the Duchess.

* * * * * *

AND so it befell that upon this August afternoon I sat in the shade of the alders fishing, with the smoke of my pipe floating up into the sunshine.

By adroit questioning I had elicited from mine hosts of the Three Jolly Anglers the precise whereabouts of Fane Court, the abode of Lisbeth's sister, and guided by his directions, had chosen this sequestered spot, where by simply turning my head I could catch a glimpse of its tall chimneys above the swaying green of tree-tops.

It is a fair thing upon a hot summer's afternoon within some shady bower to lie upon one's back and stare up through a network of branches into the limitless blue beyond, while the air is full of the stir of leaves, and the murmur of water among the reeds. Or propped on lazy elbow, to watch perspiring wretches, short of breath and purple of visage, urge boats up stream or down, each deluding himself into the belief that he is enjoying it. Life under such conditions may seem very fair, as I say; yet I was not happy. The words of the Duchess seemed everywhere about me.

"You are become the object of her bitterest scorn by now," sobbed the wind.

"You are become," etc., etc., moaned the river. It was therefore with no little trepidation that I looked forward to my meeting with Lisbeth.

It was at this moment that the bushes parted and a boy appeared. He was a somewhat diminutive boy, clad in a velvet suit with a lace collar, both of which were beautifully bespattered with mud. He carried his shoes and stockings beneath one arm, and in the other hand swung a hazel branch. He stood with his little brown legs well apart, regarding me with a critical eye; but when at length he spoke his attitude was decidedly friendly.

"Hallo, man!"

"Hallo," I returned; "and who may you be?"

"Well," he answered gravely, "my real name is Reginald Augustus, but they call me 'The Imp.'"

"I can well believe it," I said, eyeing his muddy person.

"If you please, what is an imp?"

"An imp," I explained, "is a sort of an—angel."

"But," he demurred, after a moment's thought, "I haven't got any wings an' things—or a trumpet."

"Your kind never do have wings or trumpets."

"Oh, I see," he said; and sitting down began to wipe the mud from his legs with his stockings.

"Rather muddy, aren't you?" I hinted. The boy cast a furtive glance at his draggled person.

"I'FRAID I'm a teeny bit wet, too," he said, hesitatingly. "You see, I've been playing at 'Romans,' an' I had to wade, you know, 'cause I was the standard-bearer who jumped into the sea waving his sword an' crying, 'Follow me?' You remember him, don't you?—he's in the history book."

"To be sure," I nodded; "a truly heroic character. But if you were the Romans, where were the ancient Britons?"

"Oh, they were the reeds, you know; you ought to have seen me slay them. It was fine; they went down like—like—"

"Corn before the sickle," I suggested.

"Yes, just!" he cried; "the battle waged for hours."

"You must be rather tired,"

"'Course not," he answered, with an indignant look. "I'm not a girl—an' I'm nearly nine, too."

"I gather from your tone that you are not partial to the sex—you don't like girls, eh, Imp?"

"Should think not," he returned; "silly things, girls are. There's Dorothy, you know; we were playing at executions the other day—she was Mary Queen of Scots an' I was the headsman. I made a lovely axe with wood and silver paper, you know; and when I cut her head off she cried awfully, an' I only gave her the weeniest little tap—an' they sent me to bed at six o'clock for it. I believe she cried on purpose—awfully caddish, wasn't it?"

"My dear Imp," said I, "the older you grow, the more the depravity of the sex will become apparent to you."

"Do you know, I like you," he said, regarding me thoughtfully. "I think you are fine."

"Now that's nice of you, Imp; in common with my kind I have a weakness for flattery—please go on."

"I mean, I think you are jolly."

"As to that," I said, shaking my head and sighing, "appearances are often very deceptive; at the heart of many a fair blossom there is a canker worm."

"I'm awfull' fond of worms, too," said the Imp.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I got a pocketful yesterday, only Aunty found out an' made me let them all go again,"

He stood with his little brown legs well apart, regarding me with a critical eye.

"Ah,—yes," I said, sympathetically; "that was the woman of it."

"I've only got one left now," continued the Imp; and thrusting a hand into the pocket of his knickerbockers he drew forth six inches or so of slimy worm and held it out to me upon his small, grimy palm.

"He's nice and fat!" I said.

"Yes," nodded the Imp; "I caught him under the gooseberry bushes"; and dropping it back into his pocket he proceeded to don his shoes and stockings.

"'Fraid I'm a bit muddy," he said suddenly.

"Oh, you might be worse," I answered reassuringly.

"Do you think they'll notice it?" he inquired, contorting himself horribly in order to view the small of his back.

"Well," I hesitated, "It all depends, you know."

"I don't mind Dorothy, or Betty the cook, or the governess—it's Auntie Lisbeth I'm thinking about."

"Auntie—who?" I exclaimed, regardless of grammar.

"Auntie Lisbeth," repeated the Imp.

"What is she like?"

CAPRICE"

By JEFFERY FARNOL

doubt, the brightest serial story any Canadian very fact alone that it is by Jeffery Farnol, of day, makes it unique. It is light, and plot is well evolved and calls for interest and are generally accepted in the world of novelists compelling ones that go hand in hand with a believe that the minds and hearts of the people rows contingent upon the war that a story alleviation. It was this consideration that favor of something more highly entertaining.
—THE EDITORS.

"OH, she's grown up big, only she's nice. She came to take care of Dorothy an' me while mother goes away to get nice an' strong—oh, Auntie Lisbeth's jolly, you know."

"With black hair and blue eyes?" The Imp nodded.

"And a dimple at the corner of her mouth?" I went on dreamily—"a dimple that would lead a man to the—Old Gentleman himself?"

"What old gentleman?" enquired the Imp.

"Oh, a rather disreputable old gentleman," I answered evasively.

"An' do you know my Auntie Lisbeth?"

"I think it extremely probable—in fact, I'm sure of it."

"Then you might lend me your handkerchief, please; I tied mine to a bush for a flag, you know, an' it blew away."

You'd better come here and I'll give you a rub-down, my Imp." He obeyed, with many profuse expressions of gratitude.

"Have you got any Aunties?" he inquired, as I labored upon his miry person.

"No," I answered, shaking my head; "unfortunately mine are all Aunts, and that is vastly different."

"Oh," said the Imp, regarding me with a puzzled expression; "are they nice—I mean do they ever read to you out of the history book, an' help you to sail boats, an' paddle?"

"Paddle?" I repeated.

"Yes. My Auntie Lisbeth does. The other day we got up awfull' early an' went for a walk an' we came to the river, so we took off our shoes an' stockings an' we paddled; it was ever so jolly, you know. An' when Auntie wasn't looking I found a frog an' put it in her stocking."

"Highly strategic, my Imp! Well?"

"It was awful funny," he said, smiling dreamily. "When she went to put it on she gave a little high-up scream, like Dorothy does when I pinch her a bit—an' then she throwed them both away, 'cause she was afraid there was frogs in both of them. Then she put on her shoes without any stockings at all, so I hid them."

"Where?" I cried eagerly.

"Reggie!" called a voice some distance away—a voice I recognized with a thrill. "Reggie!"

"Imp, would you like half a crown?"

"Course I would; but you might clean my back, please," and he began rubbing himself feverishly with his cap, after the fashion of a scrubbing brush.

"Look here," I said, pulling out the coin, "tell me where you hid them—quick—and I'll give you this." The Imp held out his hand, but even as he did so the bushes parted and Lisbeth stood before us. She gave a little, low cry of surprise at sight of me, and then frowned.

"You?" she exclaimed.

"YES," I answered, raising my cap. And there I stopped, trying frantically to remember the speech I had so carefully prepared—the greeting which was to have explained my conduct and disarmed her resentment at the very outset. But rack my brain as I would I could think of nothing but the reproach in her eyes, her disdainful mouth and chin—and that one haunting phrase:—

"'I suppose I am become the object of your bitterest scorn by now?" I found myself saying.

"My aunt informed me of—of everything, and naturally—"

"Let me explain," I began.

"Really, it is not at all necessary."

"But Lisbeth, I must—I insist—"

"Reginald," she said, turning toward the Imp, who was still busy with his cap, "it's nearly tea-time, and—why, whatever have you been doing to yourself?"

"For the last half hour," I interposed, "we have been exchanging our opinions on the sex."

"An' talking 'bout worms," added the Imp. "This man is fond of worms, too, Auntie Lisbeth—I like him."

"Thanks," I said; but let me beg of you to drop your very distant mode of address. Call me Uncle Dick."

"But you're not my Uncle Dick, you know," he demurred.

"Not yet, perhaps; but there's no knowing what may happen some day if your Auntie thinks us worthy—so take time by the forelock, my Imp, and call me Uncle Dick."

Whatever Lisbeth might or might not have said was checked by the patter of footsteps, and a little girl tripped into view, with a small, fluffy kitten cuddled in her arms.

"Oh, Auntie Lisbeth," she began, but stopped to stare at me over the back of the fluffy kitten.

"Hallo, Dorothy!" cried the Imp; "this is Uncle Dick. You can come an' shake hands with him if you like."

"I didn't know I had an Uncle Dick," said Dorothy, hesitating.

"Oh, yes, it's all right," answered the Imp reassuringly. "I found him you know, an' he likes worms!"

"How do you do, Uncle Dick?" she said in a quaint, old-fashioned way. "Reginald is always finding things, you know, an' he likes worms, too!" Dorothy gave me her hand demurely.

From somewhere near by there came the silvery chime of a bell.

"Why, there's the tea-bell!" exclaimed Lisbeth; "and, Reginald, you have to change those muddy clothes. Say good-bye to Mr. Brent, children, and come along."

"Imp," I whispered as the others turned away, "where did you hide those stockings?" And I slipped the half crown into his ready palm.

"Along the river there's a tree—very big an' awfull' fat, you know, with a lot of stickie-out branches, an' a hole in its stomach—they're in there."

"Reginald!" called Lisbeth.

"Up stream or down?"

"That way," he answered, pointing vaguely down stream; and with a nod that brought the yellow curls over his eyes he scampered off.

"Along the river," I repeated, "on a big, fat tree with a lot of stickie-out branches!" It sounded a trifle indefinite, I thought!—still I could but try. So having packed up my rod I set out upon the search.

She triumphantly clutched "them" in her hand. "It would spoil the pair," she replied.

IT was strange, perhaps, but nearly every tree I saw seemed to be either "big" or "fat"—and all of them had "stickie-out" branches.

Thus the sun was already low in the west, and I was lighting my fifth pipe when I at length observed the tree in question.

A great pollard oak it was, standing upon the very edge of the stream, easily distinguishable by its unusual size and the fact that at some time or another it had been riven by lightning. After all, the Imp's description had been in the main correct; it was "fat," immensely fat; and I hurried joyfully forward.

I was still some way off when I saw the distant flutter of a white skirt, and—yes, sure enough, there was Lisbeth, walking quickly, too, and she was a great deal nearer the tree than I.

Prompted by a sudden conviction, I dropped my rod and began to run. Immediately Lisbeth began running, too. I threw away my creel and sprinted for all I was worth. I had earned some small fame at this sort of thing in my university days, yet I arrived at the tree with only a very few yards to spare. Throwing myself upon my knees, I commenced a feverish search, and presently—more by good fortune than anything else—my random fingers encountered a soft, silken bundle. When Lisbeth came up, flushed and panting, I held them in my hands.

"Give them to me!" she cried.

"I'm sorry—"

"Please," she begged.

"I'm very sorry—"

"Mr. Brent," said Lisbeth, drawing herself up. "I'll trouble you for my—them."

"Pardon me, Lisbeth," I answered, "but if I remember anything of the law of 'treasure-trove' one of these should go to the Crown, and one belongs to me."

Lisbeth grew quite angry—one of her few bad traits.

"You will give them up at once—immediately."

"On the contrary," I said very gently, "seeing the Crown can have no use for one, I shall keep them both to dream over when the nights are long and lonely."

Lisbeth actually stamped her foot at me, and I tucked "them" into my pocket.

"How did you know they—they were here?" she inquired after a pause.

"I was directed to a tree with 'stickie-out' branches," I exclaimed.

"Oh, that Imp!" she exclaimed and stamped her foot again.

"Do you know, I've grown quite attached to that nephew of mine already?" I said.

"He's not a nephew of yours," cried Lisbeth quite hotly.

"Not legally, perhaps; that is where you might be of much assistance to us, Lisbeth. A boy with only an aunt here and there is unbalanced, so to speak; he requires the stronger influence of an uncle. Not," I continued hastily, "that I would depreciate aunts—by the way, he has but one, I believe?" Lisbeth nodded coldly.

Like a bird rising from her nest the devoted panama rose in the air and fluttered into a bramble bush.

"OF course," I nodded; "and very lucky, in that one—extremely fortunate. Now years ago, when I was a boy, I had three, and all of them blanks, so to speak. I mean none of them ever read to me out of the history book, or helped me to sail boats, or paddled and lost their— No, mine used to lecture me about my hair and nails, I remember, and glare at me over the big tea urn until I choked into my teacup. A truly desolate childhood mine. I had no big-fisted uncle to thump me persuasively when I needed it; had fortune granted me one I might have been a very different man, Lisbeth. You behold in me a horrible example of what one may become whose boyhood has been denuded of uncles."

"If you will be so very obliging as to return my—my property."

"My dear Lisbeth," I sighed, "be reasonable;

(*Continued on page 49*)

"Shadows of the Salient"

No. II.—THE GAS ATTACK

By Ex-Sgt.-Major Hector Macknight

"YOU'LL go up and take over Trench 69 Sergeant!"
"Very good, Sir."
The O. C. Company indicates the position on the map with a half burnt cigarette.
"You know what to do?"
"Yes, Sir."
"And how to get there?"
"Sure."
"We'll be there at nine o'clock! Good luck!"

Springtime in the Salient.
On the left is Zillebeke Lake,
It looks good in the sunlight.
I rest awhile.
There are ducks over there and some moor-hens too.

"Whiz!—plump!!—whish!!!"
Up goes a column of water, housetop high.
The spray is cool on my face.
The ducks and moor-hens disappear.
It is a good idea—I disappear too.
Good old Fritz! Straffing nothing as usual.

Here is a tiny trench bridge across a stream.
Clear, limpid flows the water.
A butterfly settles on the sunny side of a sandbag.
How long have *you* to live, Butterfly?

What is it Tennyson says in "The Brook"?
"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."
True O! Stream—too true.
How many men have come and gone in *your* time?

Hey presto! Here I am at Zillebeke Village.
Straight out of a Communication Trench,
On to the Main Street.
A street of ruins!
A village of death!

That was once a church across the way.
It isn't now!
The huge buttressed front still stands,
But the roof and the sides are gone.
I can see the ruined altar from the street.
There is cloth of gold upon it.
A life-size Crucifix leans forward—
Surveying the Devil's debris.
Beams and masonry are piled in confusion—
Where worshippers once knelt and prayed—
Aye, and stood to sing the praises of
The God of Love.
But the god of Hate holds sway.

There are some old graves here.
Aye, and new ones too.
I note the names of two of the sleeping ones.
A stone tells of one, August Van der Lip.
A worthy man, he departed this life in
"Anno Domini 1743."
A wooden cross tells of another,
"The Right Honourable Guy —— —— Earl of—"
The epitaph is simple.
"Killed in action near this spot—1914."
He was "One of the Guards."

"Requiescat in Pace," O! August the Burgomeister.
"Rest in Peace" O! noble Englishman.

A lesser grave of some humble Walloon—
Is surmounted by a wooden cross.
There is a little metal figure of Christ nailed
upon the cross.
I feel I would like to carry that little metal figure.

Two months later we are rushed up to this same place.
Something has gone wrong up in front.
Across that field is Fritz!!
Shells fall in the churchyard again.
Noble, Burgomaster and Serf are scattered broadcast in their sleep.
Uprooted. Exhumed!
I am defending the position with others.
I am thrown down,
Bruised and deafened——
I open my eyes.
The little metal Christ lies by my face.
I give it to a Catholic stretcher-bearer who tends me some months later.
But, to return to my story——

A lark sings its truant melody,
I am in the communication trench again.

The village is behind me.
Suddenly I emerge into a beautiful wood.
It is Maple Copse—some magpies are chattering.

Pop-pop-pop-pop!
Lots of popping!
Anti-aircraft guns!—"Pom-Poms."
They're after a Bosche "Taube."
"Taube" means "Dove"—but it isn't!
I stare upwards with straining neck.
The aeroplane speeds for its own lines and safety.
The air is decorated with Cream Puffs.
The puffs swell and evaporate as they travel with the wind.
"Zizz-phit!"—
Falling anti-aircraft shrapnel—
I nestle up against a tree-trunk for protection.
It is before the days of steel helmets.
I am mindful of "Golgotha"—"the place of a skull."
Bye and bye, I saunter on through the Copse.
The "Dove of Death" has disappeared.

Suddenly, melodious from the Woods, a dove!

Seclusion

Just let me be alone
With memories for acquaintances and foes,
For memories have neither pride nor pose,
And I—I would atone!
Some wasted years, some hours
Wherein I strove, and striving, won
A ray of hope from Life's all-dazzling sun,
And saw—and knew sweet flowers.
Some Sin and Shame, some Hope
Of Life Eternal, passed in raptured heights;
Some sad, despairing struggles in the nights
Where lurking demons grope.
Some pain—sweet pain, some bliss
Untrammelled with the cares the years have brought,
Some shrinking in Life's Battle, faintly fought
—A wry and tear-wet kiss!
Just let me be alone;
E'en memories reproach me. Let me pay
The price myself. My sins will not away—
At least *they* are mine own.

(Written by Mr. Macknight in the French Soldiers' Cemetery, Carency, August, '17).

"Ku-Coo! Ku-Coo! Ku-Coo!" It is the Dove of Peace.
Isn't war funny?

A dug-out—the built-up kind, with a cross on top.
I walk over to find out what it means.
It has suffered a "direct hit" from a "Coal box."
The living place of its occupants—
Has become their tomb.
Five mother's sons rest there.

Three large Indian tepees among the trees.
Made of faggots.
How on earth do they come here?
Why the Indian troops built them, of course.
Ghurkas!
Those quick little men with the knives.

Where fresh water trickles into the trench
I see a "Scotty" filling a Rum-jar—
With *water!*
I hail him:
"Where's your B. Coy. headquarters, Jock?"
"Doon Vigo Street and roond Regent Street."
I am now on my new front.
The Company Sergeant-Major of the Jocks greets me:
"Hello! Sarg., takin' over?
All right! I'll show you round."

I am resting in the Jock Sergeant-Major's Bivvy.

I have checked over all trench stores.
I know the 'lay of the land.'
Two bombing saps—two list'ning posts.
When my Company arrives about 9 p.m.—
I'll try and remember everything.
It is warm and sunny and oh! so peaceful—
For War!
And this is the *nose* of the Salient!!
"G-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"
Ah! what was that?
"G-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"
A Stromboss Horn!
A GAS ATTACK!!
Out into the trench, quick!
The Sergeant-Major kicks me in the eye, in his hurry.

All the Jocks are pulling their gas bags down,
Stuffing the skirts of them into their collars,
Fumbling with neck buttons and hooks.
Some are profane.
Some are feeling their bayonets.
I fix my own bayonet—hastily.
I'm not worried somehow about the gas.
I want to see how this other Battalion acts.
The Sergeant-Major disappears along the trench.
The sun shines as usual.
A lark sings beautifully.

"Look out, Boys!"
Over come Fritzie's Shells—
Hundreds of 'em—
Millions (it seems) of 'em—
We crouch down—
I feel like a fly—under many swatters.
I am too scared to think about being scared.
"Ah! They've got the range alright."
I am buried up to the waist——
I help with the wounded.
As quickly as it began the shell-deluge stops.
We are all up on the firing step.
Fritzie's machine guns spatter the parapet.
We *must* look over.
Fritzie's Infantry must be nearly on top of us.
A big Jock on my right googles like a kid
(But God help the Fritz he handles!)
The man on my left is cursing beneath his mask—
And shaking.
My own rifle is bob-bob-bobbing in my hands.
I would to Heaven it were a Lee-Enfield—
To Hell with these Ross things.
I wish to God Fritz would come!

I can hardly see now, my gas mask goggles are all steamed up.
That's *my* fault.
But I do see something—
A thread of torn cloth on our wire—
It moves—it hangs out toward Fritz!
The wind is blowing towards Fritz!
Off comes my gas-mask.
I see No-Man's-Land clearly now—
Shell holes—
Fritz's wire—
But no gas cloud—!
And no Fritzies!!

Everybody is perspiring,
And laughing queerly—
And breathing deeply.
Someone says, with a broad Scotch accent:
"When I was pre-emptin' 20 miles North o' the Peg—"

The Sergeant-Major returns.
He has an officer with him.
"Why haven't you your gas masks on?"
The officer is excited.
I catch his eye.
He looks at my legs:
I wear no kilts!
"Who are you?" he asks.
"You haven't any glass in your gas-mask goggles," I reply.
He nearly pokes his eye out with his finger.
"Good Heavens," he says.
He disappears.
It has been a fake Gas Attack.
(Even the Boy-Scouts say "Be Prepared.")

I make out a list of the wounded for the Sergeant-Major.
I'm kind of sleepy.
"Wake me up when the relief gets here, Major."
"Sure thing, Mac."

A Glance Backward

Two baby tips shall kiss the lips
That mine so often sought and pressed,
A tiny hand, a tiny head
Supplant my head upon thy breast.
But oh! 'tis joy, 'tis bliss divine
To know that babe is mine—and thine.

A curly head shall bowed be
And lisping words to Heaven shall rise
While God will pity thee and me
With tender words and tear dimmed eyes.
For though 'tis mortals' fate to err
In mortals' eyes—God's love is there.

Two toddling feet, two chubby hands,
A cherub face with laughing eyes,
These I shall know in far off lands
'Neath crime besmirched and bloody skies.
And ever faithful shall I see
A mother's love for Babe—and me.

Most surely there must come a day,
Most truly we must love again
Though for a time we cast away
Life's pleasures and embrace its pain,
It's pain of parting, just to prove
That conquered self is Heavenly Love.

The Dream Of Flight

By Professor
A. B. Farmer

Character Specialist, Head of Vocational Clinic of the Memorial Institute, Toronto

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HAVE you ever noticed that the man with a really extraordinary aptitude for some particular kind of work, whether artistic, literary, oratorical or mechanical, dreams about accomplishments in that one line from childhood until the opportunity comes for him to try his hand? Then when that opportunity comes, it seems to him as if from that moment he has really begun to live, as if the past has indeed been but a dream with passing shadows of the intense, joyful reality of realization.

Too often, perhaps, the opportunity does not come, and the dreams remain but shadows.

I suppose that in every generation, as there have been many men with so much of the hog in their nature that they found their highest pleasure at the table, many with so much of the horse as to delight in nothing more than a race across the open rolling country, many with so much of the tiger as to always love the woods and the hunt, so there have been some with so much of the bird element in their make-up that from childhood they have dreamt of the conquest of the airy blue.

Such are the men who have led in the conquest of the air—men to whom the way of the bird had an irresistible fascination, men who were ready to risk limb or life for the fierce joy of a moment's flight.

I remember well a man who properly belonged to the bird tribe. I do not know that he has yet flown his first flight. If he has not, he will.

His very appearance, his long narrow face, his narrow, prominent chin, his thin, beaked nose, his eyes, set deep beneath his over hanging brows, now dimmed as if with thought, now blazing with enthusiasm over some new idea, all suggested the soul of some swift bird impatiently awaiting its opportunity to speed among the clouds and climb towards the sun.

Three years more passed by. Suddenly like an explosion appeared the war in Europe. The German war machine was ready. During those first terrible weeks, when the German machines soared at will over the British trenches each flight followed by artillery fire of deadly accuracy, the British Tommies realized that before the Germans could be decisively defeated on the ground they must be defeated in the air.

Lawrence Brown —Airpilot — in his machine

Three years of war passed by. Gradually the Allies have been making up for lost time. Gradually they have been developing machines and training fliers, and the last of the great nations to enter the war comes in with an initial appropriation of over six hundred million dollars for aviation.

Selection of Aviators

IN war work, the fact is well recognized that the work of the aviator is not only a most romantic, but a most dangerous branch of the work. Therefore only those best suited to the work should be trained for this branch.

One way of selecting men suitable for aviation is the voluntary method. Let those who want to fly come forward.

This method eliminates from the choice at once a great many who could never learn to fly. Those who easily become dizzy when they look down from a height or when they drop down a couple of stories in a swift elevator, rarely want to try.

But experience has proven that there are many men who want to fly for whom the attempt would be exceedingly risky. For this reason a very thorough medical examination is made, and after passing the medical examination the candidate is put through the tests devised to imitate some of the most unpleasant experiences through which the flyer is likely to pass.

While the tests used are very ingenious, and successfully weed out a large number of the candidates for training, there are some conditions which it is almost impossible to imitate on the level and therefore even yet it remains a speculation as to how each beginner, no matter how well he has passed the preliminary tests, will take to the air.

Capt. Baldwin (2nd from left, top row) a pioneer of the inventive type.

Major W. A. Bishop, V. C., of Owen Sound, the Canadian Hero Airman. He has all the characteristics of the perfect type of aviator.

Four Italian Aviators. Note the close similarity of build and feature.

He was a teacher once in one of our Canadian colleges—the same where first in Canada boys were taught the use of tools as well as pencils. Twenty-five years ago he was entertaining his friends with plans for a trip around the world. According to his first plan it was to be by boat, then by balloon; finally, in 1893, he was planning to make it by aeroplane, feeling that with the progress aviation was then making he was safe in planning the trip for the year 1900.

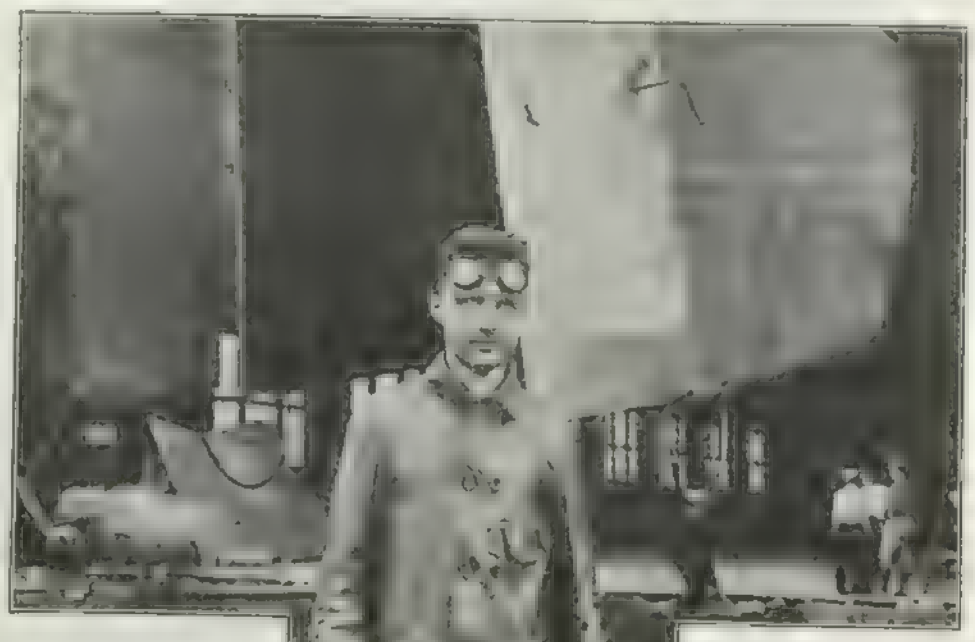
To him, while practical men were still arguing the advantages of heavier than air machines as compared with the balloon type, the answer, the ultimate superiority of the heavier than air machine seemed unquestionable, and the value of the conquest of the air for war and peace appeared so obvious that he could not imagine that funds should be lacking to press forward the work already accomplished to the point where within a decade aeroplanes should be as common as in fact automobiles are to-day.

From a great height it is easy to underestimate distances, and maybe my bird-man friend should be pardoned for his error in underestimating the time required for the fulfilment of his dreams. Most men are of the earth, and too many of them live in ditches, and cannot see ten feet ahead, much less share the vision of the eagle.

In a way his vision and his hopes seemed justified. Was it not already twenty-five years since the first heavier-than-air machine had flown under its own power in the Crystal Palace, London. To be sure, that was only a model machine, with a tiny two-pound petrol engine, but it flew under its own power and proved to all who had understanding that the thing could be done. Was it credible that even yet Professor Bell and the Wrights should appeal in vain for financial assistance to enable them to carry on the details of constructing larger machines capable of carrying people?

Capt. Ball, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., England's greatest air hero.

Had my dreamer friend stood with me on the fourteenth story of the Republic Building, Chicago during the great Aeroplane Meet in 1911, he might well have exclaimed as those great birds rose and circled, ten, eleven, twelve of them in the air at once, the great steady bi-planes and the little darting Bleriot monoplane, he might well have exclaimed: "It took longer than I thought, but they have come. Industry and commerce must now take notice, and if there is ever another war, it will be settled in the air."



Ralph H. Upson, U.S. dirigible pilot

Appearance a Guide

IF you will collect the photographs of the remarkably successful aviators, you may be surprised to notice how close a family resemblance there is among them.

That there should be such a resemblance is as natural as it is that there should be a certain resemblance between people adapted to any other particular line of work, between sprinters for example in athletics, between swimmers, or between artists.

There are certain definite conditions to be met with in aviation, and to meet these conditions requires certain characteristics of body, of disposition, and of intellect, characteristics so definite and so imperatively demanded that they must be found in every air fighter who survives any considerable number of air battles, and be found in such a degreee as to give a characteristic build of head, face, and body.

There is such a definite relationship between the appearance and the characteristics that I am safe in saying that every trainer of aviators learns before long, whether he knows the reason behind every characteristic he observes or not, to pick out the promising material from the unpromising at sight.

Physical Build

FIRST consider some of the physical conditions which the aviator must meet.

His machine is at all times under the control of his muscles, and therefore his muscles must be such as respond instantly to the will. Therefore we find aviators of rather compact build, never heavy, slow-moving men.

Next, he must be prepared to climb in a few minutes, to a height of ten or fifteen thousand feet, where the atmosphere is so rare that an ordinary person suffocates for want of air. Such conditions require lungs of extraordinary size and activity, and a powerful heart to meet the emergency. Therefore we find the successful aviator a man of large, long, and deep lungs. The French call this the Respiratory Type, and choose this type exclusively for the flying corps and for work in high mountains. They find that such men demand plenty of pure air, are restive under confinement, but are

Lieut. de Mandrot of the French Flying Corps, now in U.S.A.

(*Continued on page 42*)

"I will tell you something to say," persisted the child.

Cleo-on-the-Spot

By MADGE MACBETH

Illustrated by Maud MacLaren

EZRA BENDER'S fiery temper and frequent abandonment to it were explained, by His family at least, as being 'just his way.'

The Misses Bender had made a hopeless mess of sisterhood. Under the misconception that they exhibited a spirit of Christian forbearance, the worthy souls had bowed before their brother's tyranny until he had become as harsh a despot as fact or fiction can produce. There was little joy and much resignation in their lives.

Upon occasions when Brother Ezra set the willow cups a-rattling, and threatened to wreck the Chippendale cabinet, and tread the rockers off the chairs, the gentle, timid sisters would huddle together and whisper:

"He should have had a child!" which, under the circumstances, was somewhat analagous to making a similar suggestion in regard to a man-eating cannibal.

How the idea of adopting a child was conceived is of less importance than how the plan was carried out. Affairs of nations have been settled without so much conferring and mental fluctuations.

"Shall we bring her first and tell him afterward?" asked Miss Amanda, the youngest and most emancipated of the quartet.

"Oh! Dearest! We wouldn't dare," breathed Miss Prudence, whose name indicated her character.

"There will be an awful scene," observed Miss Agatha. "We had better ask him early in the morning, before the worries of business interfere."

"Or at night, just after dinner and his nap," suggested Miss Sophia.

"Or Sunday, dear, when you have taken up his breakfast tray," advised Miss Agatha, turning to her youngest sister.

"If I have to do it, dear," returned Miss Amanda, paling at the very thought, "I shall seize the occasion of a vapor."

The ladies Bender always referred amongst themselves, to their brother's outbursts, as his 'vapors.' His employees' mode of description was somewhat different, but each understood the other, so the form is of no consequence.

"In the midst of . . . Oh, my precious! You simply cannot!" Miss Prudence uttered little frightened cries. "He would—he might—extreme anger, you know is very harmful."

Miss Amanda set her lips with unusual determination. "It will act as a counter-irritant," she said. "I don't care, otherwise. If any of you would like the task—"

That settled it. In trembling suspense they awaited the bursting of the storm, and like so many anticipated events, it seemed to be a long time in coming. Indeed, the ladies began to wonder whether Brother Ezra's nature had suddenly sweetened and consternation spread amongst the gentle conspirators.

But quite unexpectedly an occasion presented itself. It had to do with an infinitesimal dab of powder on Miss Agatha's nose.

"Who do you think you are?" roared the despot after a violent invective against the prevailing use of cosmetics. "An actress, or a—"

"Brother," interrupted the voice of Miss Amanda, "we have adopted a child."

Brother gurgled and stopped. He looked from one to another of his palpitating sisters whose eyes had the appearance of claws, hanging upon his next utterance, then he burst into peals of laughter, wild and derisive.

"I am glad you are not displeased," ventured Miss Prudence. "You really do not mind?"

"I don't mind your adopting a hippopotamus or a pair of gorillas," was the encouraging reply, "so long as you keep 'em out of my way. But you go and wash your face!" He flung a lean forefinger like a lash at Miss Agatha, "and don't let me see you painted up like—"

"She's a nice little girl," interposed Miss Amanda, "So bright and sunny."

"Then, by heaven, I'll have to get a pair of goggles," remarked the man of the family. "Of all the gloomy dungeons I ever saw, this house is the— Where's my umbrella?"

THE western travellers and Cleo arrived on the same day. The outlook for Cleo was not very bright when Mr. Bender came home in the evening. He was always impressed, after each trip of his salesmen, with the utter imbecility of man. On this occasion, the fact struck him with painful force. The winter lines of Non-pareil were, to quote Mr. Collins, "a good, old-fashioned hoar frost." How femininity could exist without Non-pareil, Mr. Bender was unable to see, but from the appearance of his orders, heavy woollen underwear was only fit for museums in the case next the blunderbuss and the dinosaur.

He charged furiously into the living room, looking for trouble, and found Cleo.

She was a small child, with a mop of curly chestnut hair framing the olive of her skin, and with eyes too big for her face. They rested upon the master of the Benders very seriously.

"Can't you speak?" she enquired, after several moments of pregnant silence.

Ezra Bender snorted and dropped into a chair. "Yep, when I have anything to say."

"Well, haven't you anything to say?"

"No."

"I will tell you something to say," persisted the child, coming to him and leaning her warm little body against his knee.

Something jumped inside the breast of Brother Bender at the touch. It startled him and caused him to speak with superb gruffness. "Well, out with it—what shall I say?"

"Say 'How do you do, Cleo? I am glad to see you. Kiss me.' That is what nice gentlemans say. Are you a nice gentleman?"

Brother Bender scratched his head thoughtfully, and having raised his arm to that position, he found the next most convenient place for it, around the child's body. Having followed the first part of her instructions, he prepared to carry out the latter part.

She drew away from him slightly.

"My!" her tone was that of wonderment, not blame, "you are prickly, aren't you? Something like a pineapple."

Brother shaved for dinner, and in order to distract the attention of the ladies from this unusual occurrence, he remarked satirically upon the temperature of the soup.

"Will you try mine?" suggested Cleo, politely. "There isn't much left, for I'm fond of soup, but—"

"You would give it to me?" asked the despot, curiously.

"It would make us happier," explained the seven-year old institution who had become part of the Bender household, "for me not to have any than for you to make such ugly faces."

"Cleo!" shrieked Miss Prudence, as sharply as she could. "Little girls should be seen and not heard."

"If you don't want me to talk—" she appealed with exquisite flattery directly to the head of the family, who realizing that his sisters were in agonies of apprehension lest she should irritate him, encouraged her to bear the brunt of the conversational burden. And when she had been sent to bed, he surrounded himself with heavy silence, knowing that some comment was expected; perhaps that a word of commendation was hoped for.

If the Misses Bender imagined they could acquire a youth they never had possessed, or that they could compass a complete reformation of their brother's character through Cleo's presence, they were doomed to disappointment. She dazzled the good souls, but they could no more make her a part of themselves than a beautiful dragon-fly. She was always on the spot; indeed, her sprite-like agility often created an optical delusion, making it appear that she occupied two spots at the same time. For the performing of messages, her flitting feet were equal to electricity; for finding lost articles, she was like a divining rod. Her memory was only surpassed by that of the Recording Angel, but the ladies felt that they aged with the responsibility of her upbringing, that youth was farther removed than ever.

She was not precisely a naughty child, but she was not obedient. Of course the aunts, as the sisters wished themselves designated, were to blame. As disciplinarians they were a little less efficient than as sisters, "but she disobeys so prettily," they told their brother—who encouraged Cleo's insubordination against them.

Cleo could explain anything—why she should wear a certain frock, or eat a certain food; why the cellar should harbor a collection of homeless animals, or why she should desert from school. And, as unpleasant consequences rarely befell, as she seemed to acquire knowledge without the trouble of study, as—in fine—she was always on the spot asking neither assistance nor advice, the family took considerable pride in her upbringing, and felt in the words of Brother Bender, that she had been trained by a firm, kind hand. . . . each member meaning their own!

Ezra Bender had always found indescribable pleasure in taking her to the office. He never tired of answering her catapult of questions, "darned intelligent questions," he boasted to Peterson, the book-keeper. But the office soon became too restricted for Cleo's field of activities, and she insisted on going through the factory. Gradually she became familiar with every phase of the business, and it amused Ezra Bender to follow the suggestions she shed upon every one, from travellers to scrub-women with delightful impartiality. Beside, coincidence or not, they were apt to turn out well,

There was the case of Burke and Collins. To satisfy Cleo they exchanged routes, upon which each had been making a grim failure. Ezra Bender had threatened to dismiss them, but agreed to give them one more chance, after an elaborate explanation. The gist of this was that 'Mr. Collins had a nice way of looking at ladies.' In taking Burke's territory, a rural one, most of his buyers would be women. He made good, and Brother Bender congratulated himself upon the practicality of his ideas.

OWING to a series of consistent successes, therefore, Cleo did not, at the time she was about fifteen, have much difficulty in persuading the head of the Non-pareil to abandon woollens and manufacture crepe and silk instead.

"Why? Because the era of the red flannel petticoat is past, dear Bluebeard," she explained. "What woman dares look like this, when she can look like this?" An ancient and a modern catalogue lay open under Ezra Bender's enraged eye. He really knew very little of women and refused to try to visualize the four spinsters Bender garbed in the frothy garments pictured in the modern display. He broke out vaporishly:

"Dash it all to blazes, Cleo, these things won't last! And look at the cost of the machines! And three dashes to a particular sort of blazes, where are we going to get designers for this stuff? I'll be ruined."

"Making woollens that nobody buys is not very profitable, either," the girl reminded him. "You know, Uncle, we have just been holding on, for the last three years, and no more. I—I—" she hesitated, fiddling absently with a pencil.

The vapor condensed into a heavy fog and Mr. Bender expressed his opinions of women in general, and particularized upon those along his route. "What are you doing there?" he suddenly broke off to ask.

"Drawing designs." Cleo zig-zagged her pencil across the paper and left a line of lace trailing in its wake. "Isn't that pretty? We'll call it a nightie."

"Where did you ever learn to draw?" gasped Bender.

"I've been taking lessons for months," was the careless answer. "Paid for them out of my own allowance, too, except for the odd sums I could squeeze out of the aunts and you—without telling my reason for wanting more money." She smiled. "I am going to be your designer, Uncle."

Her ability to anticipate the feminine taste in lingerie was uncanny. The salesmen did not have to push their stuff, nor 'look nicely at ladies,' either. Bender scrapped his old machines and installed those of another type, and presently the Non-pareil factory was turning out garments whose only rivals were opal-tinted clouds or clusters of sea foam. The office staff and the factory hands were doubled.

With a graduate's certificate from the School of Design, Cleo explained that she was eligible for a position in the establishment, and a salary. But for the first time in her experience she found Uncle absolutely unresponsive to her reasoning. He was determined that she should have nothing to do with the business directly.

"He's either just pig-headed, or he's afraid of losing his authority," she complained to Mr. Peterson. "He's keen enough to take my advice at long range, but he won't give me a real show. I call that cheating."

She evacuated her position gracefully, however, and Brother Bender expanded his torso, satisfied that he knew a thing or two in the handling of women. He said Cleo was to design at home, and at home she designed! She fitted up a studio at the top of the house and entrenched herself there. Even the aunts hardly ever saw her and the good ladies would have been horrified to find her room locked but empty when they thought she was at work.

The home of Non-pareil was also much occupied. Machines sang, typewriters hummed, shippers bent over their boxes and Miss Dakin, Bender's private stenographer, nearly wrote her fingers raw. It was on a Thursday afternoon that she noticed her dictation pad was covered with strange and unintelligible hieroglyphics. Further, the letters on her machine formed themselves into rows of grinning little faces. After a moment of stupified staring, she gave a shrill scream and fled. Poor Miss Dakin staggered as she ran.

"I married David McKim this morning."

"It's typhoid," growled Brother Bender that night, when he came home. "I've said for the last six years that girl was unreliable, and would let me down at a bad time. And now, when I can't get on without her—look what's happened!"

Clouds of vapor hung low in the horizon and the ladies tch-tch-ed their frightened sympathy.

"Would I be of any use, Uncle?" asked the household's youngest member. A sensitive ear might have caught a fine—oh, a very fine—shade of triumph in the tone.

"If you are like the rest of women, you'll be an all-fired nuisance," quoth the despot.

"But I am not a bit like them."

"Well, you are a dunce," accused Brother. "You can't write shorthand or use a machine," he grunted, as though he had urged her vainly to acquire this knowledge.

(*Continued on page 46*)

The Haunted House on Duchess St.

Being a Narration of Certain Strange Events Alleged to Have Taken Place at York, Upper Canada, in or about the Year 1823

By JOHN CHARLES DENT

Illustrated by Lorne K. Smith

"O'er all there hung the Shadow of a Fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
'The place is haunted.'"—Hood.

I SUPPOSE there are at least a score of persons living in Toronto at the present moment who remember that queer old house on Duchess Street. Not that there was anything specially remarkable about the house itself, which indeed, in its best days, presented an aspect of rather smug respectability. But the events I am about to relate invested it with an evil reputation, and made it an object to be contemplated at a safe distance rather than from any near approach.

The house was originally built by one of the Ridout family—I think by the Surveyor-General himself—soon after the close of the war of 1812, and it remained intact until a year or two after the town of York became the City of Toronto, when it was partly demolished and converted into a more profitable investment.

The old house stood forty or fifty feet back from the roadway, on the north side, overlooking the waters of the bay. The structure itself, like most buildings then erected in York, was of frame. It was of considerable dimensions for those days, and must have contained at least eight or nine rooms. It was two stories high, and had a good deal of painted fret-work about the windows of the upper story. A stately elm stood immediately in the rear, and its wide-spreading branches overshadowed the greater part of the back yard and outbuildings. And that is all I have been able to learn about the exterior aspect of the place.

A small porch-door, about half way down the western side, furnished the ordinary mode of entrance to and exit from the house. This door opened into an apartment which served the double purpose of sitting-room and dining-room, and which was connected by an inner door with the kitchen and back premises. There was, however, a rather wide-mouthed front entrance, approached by a short flight of wooden steps, and opening into a fair-sized hall. To the right of the hall, as you entered, a door opened into what served as a drawing-room, which was seldom used, as the occupants of the house were not given to receiving much fashionable company. To the left of the hall, another door opened into the dining-room already mentioned. A stairway, facing the front entrance, conducted you to the upper story, which consisted of several bed-rooms and a large apartment in front. This latter must have been by long odds, the pleasantest room in the house. Two front windows commanded a prospect of the bay and the peninsula, while a third window on the eastern side overlooked the valley of the Don. The only entrance to this chamber was a door directly to the right hand at the head of the stairway, which stairway, it may be mentioned, consisted of exactly seventeen steps. A small bedroom in the rear was accessible only by a separate door at the back of the upper hallway, and was thus not directly connected with the larger apartment.

As already mentioned, the house was probably built by Surveyor-General Ridout; but it does not appear that either he or any member of his family ever resided there. The occupant with whom this narrative is more immediately concerned was a certain ex-military man named Bywater. Captain Stephen Bywater was a *mauvais sujet* of the most pronounced stamp. He came of a good family in one of the Midland Counties of England; entered the army at an early age, and was present on a certain memorable Sunday at Waterloo, on which occasion he is said to have borne himself gallantly and well. But he appears to have had a deep vein of ingrained vice in his composition. Various ugly stories were current about him. It was said that he had been caught cheating at play, and that he was an adept in all the rascalities of the turf. The deplorable event which led to the resignation of his commission made considerable noise at the time of its occurrence. A young brother officer whom he had swindled out of large sums of money, was forced by him into a duel. There seems to have been no doubt that the villainous captain fired too soon. At any rate, the youth was left dead on the field, while the aggressor rode off unscathed, followed by the execrations of his own second. The severance of his connection with the army was a foregone conclusion, and he was formally expelled from his club. He was socially sent to Coventry, and his native land soon became for him a most undesirable place of abode. Then he crossed the Atlantic and became the tenant of the house on Duchess Street.

AT the time of his arrival in this country, which must have been some time in 1822, or perhaps early in 1823, Captain Bywater was apparently about forty years of age. He was a bachelor and possessed of some means. For a very brief period he contrived to make his way into the select society of the Provincial capital; but it soon became known that he was the aristocratic desperado who had so ruthlessly shot down young Remy Errington, and who had the reputation of being one of the most unmitigated scamps who ever wore uniform. York society in those days could swallow a good deal in a man of good birth and competent fortune, but it could not swallow even a well-to-do bachelor of good family and marriageable age who had been forced to resign his commission, and had been expelled from a not too straight-laced London club, by a unanimous vote of the committee. Captain Bywater was dropped with a suddenness and severity which he could not fail to understand. He received no more invitations from mothers with marriageable daughters, and when he presented himself at their doors informally, he found nobody at home.

But the Captain was a gregarious animal, to whom solitude was insupportable. Society of some sort was a necessity of his existence, and as the company of ladies and gentlemen was no longer open to him, he sought consolation among persons of a lower grade in the social scale, and as he was free with his money he had no difficulty in finding companions of a certain sort who were ready and willing enough to drink at his expense. In a few weeks he found himself the acknowledged head and front of a little coterie which assembled nightly at the George Inn, on King Street. This, however, did not last long, as the late potations and ribald carousings of the company disturbed the entire neighborhood, and attracted attention to the place. The landlord received a stern admonition to keep earlier hours and less uproarious guests. From that time forward the house on Duchess Street was the regular place of meeting.

He lighted a candle and descended. There, lying at the foot of the stairs, was the body of Capt. Bywater.

His household consisted of a man-servant named Jim Summers, whom he had picked up at Montreal, and the wife of the latter, who enjoyed the reputation of being an excellent cook. At first this couple had a tolerably easy time of it. The Captain was not exigeant, and allowed them to run the establishment pretty much as they chose. He always rose late, and went out immediately after breakfast, accompanied by his large Newfoundland dog Nero, the only living possession he had brought with him from beyond the sea. Master and dog were seen no more until dinner-time, which was five o'clock. Between seven and eight in the evening the pair would betake themselves to the George, where the Captain, before the inn was censored, drank and howled himself hoarse until long past midnight. But he was a seasoned vessel, and generally had pretty fair control over his limbs. He could always find his way home without assistance, and used to direct his man not to wait up for him. The dog was his companion whenever he stirred out of doors.

But when the venue was changed from the tap-room of the George Inn to the Captain's own house, the troubles of Jim Summers and his wife began. The guests commonly arrived within a few minutes of each other, and were all in their places by eight o'clock. They met in the large upper room, and their sessions were prolonged far into the night, or rather into the morning, for it happened often enough that daylight peeped in through the eastern window and found the company still undispersed. The quantity of rum, whisky, brandy and beer consumed in the course of a week must have been something to wonder at. The refreshments were provided at the expense of the house, and as it was Jim's business to keep up the supply of spirits, lemons and hot water, he had no sinecure on his hands. It might well be supposed that he might, if so minded, have found a more congenial situation, but the Captain paid good wages, and was lavish in gratuities when he was in good humor. On the whole, Jim considered that he had not such a bad place of it, and was by no means disposed to quarrel with his bread and butter. His wife took a different view of affairs, and ere long refused to remain on the premises during the nightly orgies. This difficulty was got over by an arrangement whereby she was permitted to quit the house at eight o'clock in the evening, returning on the following morning in time to prepare the Captain's breakfast. She spent her nights with a married sister who lived a short distance away, and by this means she avoided what to any woman of respectability must have been an unbearable infliction.

On a certain Sunday night, which was destined to be memorable in the annals of the Duchess Street house, the number of Captain Bywater's guests was smaller than usual. They consisted of only three persons.

What had become of the other regular attendants does not appear. Not only were the guests few in number on this particular evening, but the proceedings themselves seem to have been of a much less noisy character than ordinary. It was noticed that the host was somewhat out of humor, and that he displayed signs of ill-temper which were not usual with him. His demeanor reflected itself upon his company, and the fun was neither fast nor furious. In fact the time passed somewhat drearily, and the sederunt broke up at the unprecedentedly early hour of eleven o'clock. The man-servant saw the company out, locked the door and repaired to the room upstairs where his master still lingered, to see if anything more was required of him.

The Captain sat in a large armchair by the fire, sipping a final glass of grog. He seemed gloomy and dispirited as though he had something on his mind. In response to Jim's enquiry whether he wanted anything he growled out: "No, go to bed, and be hanged to you." Jim took him at his word, so far as the first clause of the injunction was concerned. He went to bed in his room on the opposite side of the hallway. In passing through the hall he perceived Nero lying asleep on the mat in front of his master's bedroom, which was the small room in the rear of the large apartment where the meetings were held.

JIM had not been in bed many minutes and was in a tranquil state between sleeping and waking, when he heard his master emerge from the front room and pass along the hallway, as though about to enter his bed-chamber. Another moment and he was roused from his half-somnolent condition by the sharp report of a pistol shot, followed by a sound from Nero, something between a moan and a howl. He sprang to the floor, but ere he could make his way into the hall he was well-nigh stunned by hearing a tremendous crash, as though some large body had been hurled violently down the stairs from top to bottom. He called aloud upon his master and then upon the dog, but received no response from either. The crash of the falling body was succeeded by absolute silence. Pulling his nerves together he struck a match, lighted his candle and passed in fear and trembling into the hallway. The first sight that greeted his eyes was the seemingly lifeless body of Nero lying stretched out at the head of the stairs. Upon approaching the body he found blood trickling from a wound in the poor brute's throat. One of the Captain's pistols lay on the floor, close by. But where was the Captain himself? Shading his eyes and holding the candle before him he peered fearfully down the stairway, but the darkness was too profound to admit of his seeing to the bottom. By this time a foreshadowing of the truth had made its way to his understanding. He crept gingerly down the stairs, slowly step by step, holding the candle far in advance and calling upon his master by name. He had passed more than half way down before he received full confirmation of his forebodings.

There, lying at full length across the hallway, between the foot of the stairs and the front door, was the body of Remy Errington's murderer, with the sinister, evil face turned up to the ceiling. His left arm, still grasping a candlestick, was doubled under him, and his body, in its impetuous descent, had torn away the lower portion of the balustrade. The distraught serving-man raised the head on his arm, and, by such means as occurred to him, sought to ascertain whether any life still lingered there. He could find no pulsation at the wrist, but upon applying his ear to the left side he fancied he could detect a slight fluttering of the heart. Then he rushed to the kitchen, and returned with a pitcher of water, which he dashed in the prostrate face. As this produced no apparent effect he ran back upstairs to his bedroom, threw on part of his clothes, and made his way at full speed to the house of Dr. Pritchard on Newgate Street.

The concluding chapter of this Mystery Story will appear in the June issue.

How Women May Profitably Keep Bees

Canada Food Board Urges Production and Bees will Help out the Sugar Situation

Written Specially for Everywoman's World

By ISABEL M. ROSS

WOMEN are striking out along many new lines this year, and there is one field which has scarcely been touched yet, although rich in possibilities. Bee-keeping has been tried out as a hobby by some women, but only a very limited number have taken it up as a regular occupation.

Why not think of it now seriously as a war-time industry? The manner in which housekeepers laid in stores of honey during the closing months of 1916 indicates that the keeping of bees is a national food-producing industry of no small importance. Honey is more than a substitute for sugar—it is a food in itself and might be much more extensively used in the home than at present. If women were to cultivate the industry on their own account, general interest would be stimulated, and the market would undoubtedly broaden out. There has certainly never been any difficulty in disposing of the honey produced in Canada, but the country could well stand a tremendously increased output.

"Busy as a bee" has become a stock phrase in the English language, and it is no exaggeration that the industry of the bee is nothing short of marvellous. In fact, it shortens its life through its excessive energy and during the busy season it lives only six or eight weeks. During the sunny summer days, while people languish in the heat, and their work falls off, the bee toils all day long. Fifty thousand bees in a hive will glean honey during the summer to the value of $10, more or less, from flowers within a mile's radius. Where the little creatures are not busy this honey will dry up and be lost. The plants will suffer in consequence. Setting aside their value as honey producers, the bees are of the greatest importance in maintaining the fertility of fruit trees, bushes, flowers and even fodder plants.

The first thing that women must learn about bees is: Thou shalt not fear them. They are strangely susceptible to the way their owners feel about them. Once let the bees feel that they are feared, and they will sting. They need to be handled firmly and confidently.

Those who have devoted any time to the study of bees declare that they are fascinating to watch and that the work is absorbing in the extreme. Whether a woman is going to give all or only a part of her time to bee-keeping she will find her health benefitted by the hours she spends in the out-of-doors and, in addition, she will find a new vista of nature study opening up in watching the wonderful process of honey-making.

Bee-keeping is undoubtedly profitable and should appeal to many as a source of revenue, in addition to being a patriotic venture. By far the larger number of bee-keepers carry on the pursuit as a side interest and not as their sole or even principal occupation. Necessarily, those who have devoted all their time to the work have had the best results and a well-kept colony of bees will yield four times as much honey as the reverse.

The farm woman, in particular, has a rare opportunity this year to go in for bee-keeping. The fruit orchard is rich in material for the bees.

Canadian Honey

HONEY, technically speaking, is the nectar of flowers modified in the body of the bee and concentrated by evaporation in the hive. The quality of Canadian honey is unsurpassed. Commercially it comes in two classes—white and dark honey. A grade between the two known as "amber honey" is often recognized. Generally speaking, light-colored varieties of honey are mild in flavor and the dark are strong. Most of the white honey produced and sold in Canada is clover honey gathered from alsike and Dutch clover. It sells in Eastern Canada at from ten to twelve cents per pound wholesale, and twelve to fifteen cents retail, thus producing an average return of $10 to $15 per colony, if 100 pounds is obtained.

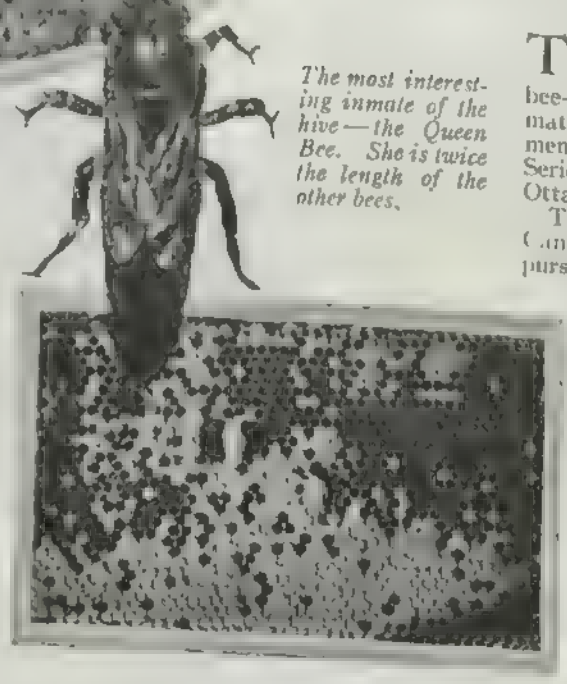
Basswood honey is another fine white variety that granulates quickly. The principal dark honey comes from buckwheat. It is a deep purplish brown and has a pronounced flavor. In fact, it somewhat resembles the famous heather honey of Scotland.

In making plans for taking up bee-keeping, location should be carefully considered. Taking a broad view of the subject it is noticeable that while bees are found to be very profitable in different parts of the Dominion, almost all those who keep them as a sole means of livelihood are located in what may be called the Eastern honey region, extending from the Maritime Provinces to Eastern Manitoba, the majority being situated in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. It is estimated that there are about 10,000 bee-keepers in Ontario alone. The incomes of some specialists exceed $2,500 per year, while thousands of people keep bees as a side-line and find it both profitable and healthful.

A word of warning to women who take up bee-keeping this year, will not be amiss. It is better to start on a somewhat small scale. One or two colonies are better to begin with and as time goes on, the number may be increased. It is a good plan to make the bees pay their way after the first outlay, which need not exceed $20, and can often be made much less.

Examining the brood—note the veil worn over the face

Bee-keeping is an ideal occupation for women. By smoking the bees in the hive before taking the frames out, even a child may handle them without fear.



The most interesting inmate of the hive—the Queen Bee. She is twice the length of the other bees.

Start Now!

NOW is a good time to start as the bees should be secured in May if possible. A strong colony of Italian bees may be obtained complete in their hives this month, or swarms may be secured in June or early July. Bees secured at this time of year will travel with less risk than in the height of summer, because there are now fewer bees and less honey in the hives and the weather is cooler. It is desirable that colonies should be in Langstroth hives. A method of buying bees that is coming into favor is by weight, without combs, in boxes specially constructed for the purpose. Packed with care, the bees will survive a journey lasting several days and will not be likely to carry brood disease after so long a separation from their combs.

Those who desire advice as to where to procure bees may communicate with the secretary of the Beekeepers' Association in their particular province. The Dominion Apiarist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, may be able to supply the names of beekeepers located not far from the applicant, who may have colonies for sale.

The advantage of the Italian bee is that he is a particularly good worker, is very prolific, is fairly gentle under manipulation and resists disease, especially the curse known in the world of bees as European foul brood.

There are three types of bees in a strong normal colony during summer—the queen, the worker and the drone or male. All are necessary for the well-being of the hive polity. The bees in the hive may vary in number from ten to fifty thousand. The queen is the most interesting inmate of the hive. She is easily recognized, because she is twice the length of the other bees and is of a rich brown color. While laying eggs she is surrounded by worker attendants who gently touch her with their antennae or feelers and feed her with pre-digested food. During the busy season she lays daily from 1,500 to 2,000 eggs. All through her busy life she is capable of laying 1,500,000 eggs. She reserves her sting for rivals only, and while she may live for five years, her usefulness ceases at the end of her second year.

The workers have larger brains than either their mothers or fathers, and naturally possess qualities superior to both.

By clustering they maintain the warmth necessary to hatch the egg in the cell. They feed the ever-growing army of baby bees. They build up the comb, draw out the cells, clean the hive, carry out the dead and when the hive needs ventilating, they take turns at the portal, sending in fresh air with their swift wings and drawing out the foul. They carry water and pollen for baby bees' food, cap cells when the larvae are ready to commence their wondeful transformation into the fully developed bee, mount guard and keep out all who are not of the community. In short, they are indefatigable. The drone is a much-maligned member of the community. When flying around the hive during the summer he makes the most alarming commotion, but is really quite harmless, for he has no sting.

The hive consists of a stand, floor or alighting-board, brood chamber or deep super, and a section super or sometimes a shallow extracting super. The whole is covered with a waterproof cover.

Bee-Keeping Profitable

THIS article merely covers in a general way the main facts of bee-keeping. Full and scientific information may be secured from Experimental Farms Bulletin No. 25, Second Series, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

There are any number of women in Canada who would be well advised to pursue the matter further. Bee-keeping is advocated by the chairman of the Canada Food Board as being one of the things women can do to help in increasing our supply of foodstuffs. Nearly all the honey that is seen in stores in Canadian cities is produced in Canada. Usually it is put up in glasses containing three quarters of a pound or one pound, and in tins holding two and a half, five, and ten pounds. The comb honey in sections, weighs from twelve to sixteen ounces and is more expensive, but the flavor is delicious and it is generally popular. In addition to using honey by itself, it is very satisfactory in cooking. When used in the preparation of cakes and biscuits, it has the property of keeping them moist and fresh for a long time. The darker grades are usually employed in this connection.

Give the bees a chance, then! They are willing to work for you if you will let them. They will be a source of revenue. They will add to our food supplies. They will improve the fruit crop of Canada. In fact, there is everything to be said in their favor, and no woman with a suitable location who takes up bee-keeping in a whole-hearted and confident manner is likely to regret it.

A fair sized Apiary that will yield enough honey to make Bee-keeping profitable.

THE woman who desires to keep bees need not hesitate from a standpoint of finances. The beginner's outfit is very inexpensive. It is not necessary to go into bee-keeping too extensively at first. A list of necessary requirements will be found on page 25 of this issue.

—The Editors.

Successful Method of Growing Sweet Peas

The Quality of the Flowers is Ninety-Eight Per Cent. Dependent on the Grower

By C. E. RANDOLPH

(Photos courtesy of House and Garden)

THE pendulum of public sentiment, which swings towards either the popularity or the doom of flowers which have been adopted as fads, has no effect whatever upon the sweet pea. Other flowers may come and go, but it grows on apparently forever. A great many of our popular flowers have hard and fast limitations. Some are recognized only in so far as they proclaim a certain season or a certain festival. After a degree of perfection is attained many respond no further; they become monstrosities, they lose their form, their color, or some other essential. None of this is true of sweet peas. They have been improving steadily for two hundred years. Their stems have lengthened, their flowers increased in size and numbers, with also a great improvement in form, range of color and there has been no loss of fragrance.

A layer of well rotted manure should be put in the bottom of the trench

When sown in the ground outside, the seeds are broadcast, then covered

Of course, the importance of the sweet pea lies largely in its value as a cut flower. When well grown it has sufficient length of stem for all purposes—stems over 22 inches in length have been exhibited. The flowers are, without doubt, the finest formed of any of the more easily grown kinds, and the range of color is greater than in any other annual. For garden effects, too, sweet peas are ideal. They can be grouped in perennial plantings by using poultry wire columns to support the vines; they can be grown in tubs for verandah or house decoration, or with special supports such as huge globes, pyramids, umbrellas, etc.

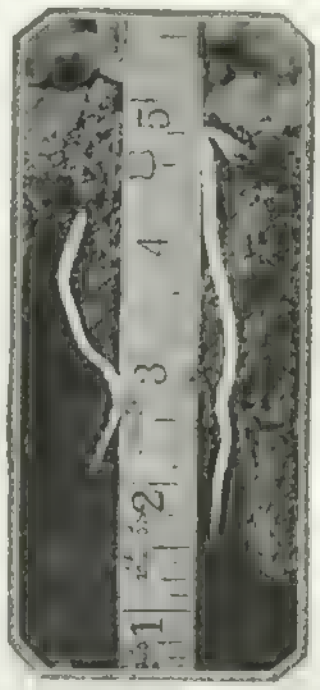
The quality of the flowers is 98 per cent dependent upon the grower. You can blame no one but yourself if your sweet peas are not good.

The Sweet Pea's Origin

THE sweet pea came originally from Sicily, Ceylon and Sardinia, each land contributing different specimens. If we could see what these small, short stemmed, miserable colored flowers were like we would have a direct answer to those who continually shout about how Nature cares for her own. She does care, but not with the same degree of perfection that man does. The sweet pea entered the commercial field about 1700, and it is only since that time that you can estimate the improvements. Then the wings were no larger than the standards, while today they measure fully 2" across in first class flowers. The stems were 2" or 3" long, while now they are almost 2'.

Sweet peas are the most responsive flowers we have in cultivation. If you scatter a little fertilizer at the base of the plants the hungry little white roots will soon come up and get it. If the plants are wilting, a little water sets them immediately erect, strong and sturdy. Their one weakness is a dislike of hot weather, and this is being gradually but surely overcome by the introduction of varieties that have more heat-resisting power.

There are two distinct methods of handling sweet peas in Canada. One is to sow the seeds in pots in the greenhouse some time during late February or early March, and after a hardening process to set the plants out when the weather is favorable. The other is to sow directly into rows out of doors, just as early as the ground can be worked. The former method is preferred,



Sweet peas are so vigorous that they will push up through 4 in. of soil

When the plants are about 6 in. high they should be hilled up to lessen the danger of breakage

Artificial watering, when resorted to, must reach the roots. Holes made with a stake ensure this

but only a small percentage of the lovers of this grand flower have a greenhouse. So the latter method is most common.

TO QUOTE from a reliable authority, "the trenches should be well prepared." But just digging under a little manure is not sufficient if you want good flowers. The soil the plants are to grow in must be lavishly rich; this is the big factor in the production of sweet peas. Trench the ground 2' deep, add good manure in liberal quantities, a fair sprinkling of bonemeal, and some lime. Sweet peas, like other legumes or pod bearing plants, will do well in soils which are acid.

A simple way to prepare the ground is to dig trenches 2' deep, placing the top soil or spit at one side of the trench and the bottom soil at the other. Place several inches of well-rotted manure in the bottom (barnyard manure is preferred, if you can get it), and over this about 6" of soil into which has been worked as you fill a small quantity of bone meal—say about a 6" pot full to a row 25' long, and about twice the amount of lime as of bone meal. Then put in a few inches of manure and again the same soil mixture. The soil placed in the bottom of the trench should be that taken from the top when the trench is dug. Each layer of earth should be tramped with the feet as you fill, for if the soil is left loose and spongy the plants make too soft a growth and fall an easy prey to the hot summer sun. In cases where barnyard manure is not procurable, sheep manure may be used, though in smaller quantities, since it is much stronger. Leaf mold is also excellent and can be used in equal quantities with soil and enough bone meal added to give some backbone to the soil. The trench when finished should be flush with the surface of the adjoining ground.

When filling, the trench may be finished about 4" from the level of the surrounding soil. The seeds can then be sown broadcast and thinly on this surface. A common error is using too much seed, the resultant crowding preventing a healthy growth. The seeds can be covered to a depth of 2", gradually filling in the trench as the growth shows through Perhaps a better way is to fill the trench in flush at once, as sweet peas are full of vitality and will force their way through the 4" covering. Always keep the different colors separated, labeling each variety so you will know the names of those preferred and don't neglect to thin out the young plants to about 2" apart when they are large enough to warrant doing so.

Whether the seeds are started in the greenhouse or sown out of doors, the methods of handling from this time on are practically the same. When the plants are about 6" high they should be filled up to prevent them from blowing over before they are supported artificially. The addition of these supports should be postponed just as long as possible, as they produce shade and stop to a certain extent the proper circulation of air. The proper time to support the plants is when they start to grow rapidly and the young shoots are sending out their long, clinging tendrils in search of something to catch hold of.

Good birch brush unquestionably makes the best sweet pea support. It allows the plants to ramble in a natural way, which eliminates crowding, and permits the air to circulate. Poultry wire with a 2" mesh is a good substitute if it is stretched tight and supported at about every 8" so that heavy winds won't cause it to yield enough to loosen the plants.

If you have been honest with yourself and the sweet peas, they should grow like weeds during early summer. Keep the ground on each side of the row well stirred, to give the roots a chance to breathe and to remove the necessity of artificial watering, which is anything but desirable if it can be avoided. The stems will start to throw out flowering shoots when they are making this rapid growth. You will notice by close observation that many of these flowering stems wither and die, showing that the plants are too busy to pay attention to flowers and are putting all their strength into growth. This S.O.S. call from the plants should be answered by pinching off all flower shoots until such a growth has been established that flowering will not tax the plant's strength. How soon you can let them flower depends on how thoroughly you prepared the trench; but usually after pinching the flower stems for a week or ten days you can let them mature.

Watering and General Caring

SWEET peas are water lovers, yet they will resent stagnant water more quickly than the average plant. Don't plant them in a low, poorly drained position or they will surely mildew and be disappointing. Artificial watering is a necessary evil in dry times, but when it does become necessary the ground should be literally saturated, making tests with a crowbar or sharpened stick to be sure the water has penetrated to the bottom of the root system. Don't water the foliage, as this promotes mildew and does no good. Let the hose run alongside the trench, so slowly that the water soaks in instead of running away. When the surface dries it should be cultivated to retain moisture. A mulch of cut grass or some like material will also be effective in helping to

(Continued on page 20)

Keep the blossoms cut. By thus preventing pod formation you will prolong the blooming season

The Magpie's Nest

By ISABEL PATERSON

HE never told Grace much. No one can honestly tell his or her own love-story. All love stories are sublimely silly; but love never is.

So Nick, for fear of being maudlin—he knew now, to his own confounding, that a man can weep if he must—and of putting into words the sheer want of Hope, said little. What did she look like, Grace asked; and he brought up a picture of her, sitting rather hunched up, in childish fashion, over her drawing-board, rubbing her cheek with a charcoaled finger—funny, and heart-rending. He said her hair was "light," in that large way of a man. He saw her again, brushing it, with a book propped on her knee, and her blue satin slipper dangling from the tip of an arched foot on a chair rung. He simply stopped. The more because it was not a lover's vision of her he had, something to be rhymed and sung and flaunted with the bravery of inexperience in the eye of an envious world. It was the husband's tender, more homely portrait, which he carries next his heart, and hides with a profoundly casual air. The lover may fancy his lady's perfections so obvious that none can miss them, short of imbecility; but every true husband knows that only himself can see his wife as she deserves to be seen.

Was it then still so keen? Grace sighed inwardly, half glad that she was yielding herself to apathy; she thought her soul too desolate to feel more than a dying pang, unrealising that it might be but going fallow, for a richer fruitage, another season. She gave up the attempt, and rang for tea. The butler brought it promptly, on a tray laden with old silver and egg-shell china; Grace, bending above it, her slim, gracious hands busy, her fine head delicately stooped as if with its weight of pride, her crown of pale gleaming hair, and the soft shifting flow of her olive satin gown, made a picture of sheltered refinement that took Nick's eye in a curiously impersonal way. Sheltered, that was it; safe, guarded, delicately clad. And how was Hope faring? He rose abruptly; it was more than he could bear. Oh, he would not wish Grace other than sheltered; he would wish all women safe now for the sake of one; but it was too sharp to look on and think of closely.

"No, thanks, I won't have any," he said. "May I go to the nursery? Am I rude? I beg your pardon, Grace Hemlock, if you like," with a poor effort at a joke. "Couldn't I take a biscuit to Maddie?"

"Of course; you'll find her there. The three of you!" Grace smiled faintly, but did not offer to go with him. All that was over.

Madeline greeted him with a scream of joy, reproved instantly by her nurse as unladylike; clutched the biscuit with one fat hand, and offered an exchange with the other. It was a picture-book she was thrusting on him now.

"Wead me," she said, climbing on his knee and dropping the book in process.

He just caught her from diving after it head foremost, brought her back by the slack of her pink rompers, and established her with the book on her pudgy lap.

"Nice book?" she inquired anxiously.

"A bee-yu-tiful book," Nick told her. "Let's see what's inside it."

"Babies," said Madeline. "But—dey have no muvver—" She seemed equally distressed and astonished by this unnatural circumstance, and spread one dimpled hand down on the opened leaf to point out the sad fact, thereby making the view difficult. Nick lifted it, opened his mouth to read the first verse—it was a series of jingles and wreaths of plump, solemn, preposterous, loving imps prancing about the stanzas—and said softly, "Lord Almighty!"

"Wead me," demanded Madeline peremptorily.

"What?" said Nick, rather as if he did not understand the familiar request. Then, to her vast indignation, he set her down abruptly and carried her book to the window. "Hope!" he said again, to himself.

There was her name down in the corner—on the title-page, too, above the publisher's imprint—incredibly plain, like something one has mislaid, and finds again in the simplest and most obvious place. And the very pictures. Those funny little cherub heads, that used to pop up out of her portfolio. She had names for a dozen of them. He never could tell them apart, unless by their attitudes, but she declared seriously that he must be very stupid; their dispositions were entirely different. She could tell their life histories—lived in the moon—to prove it.

Madeline was fairly storming at him now. He paid no heed at all, tore the fly-leaf out of the cherished book, and dashed out.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Sturtevant, lifting her cheek from her palm as he re-entered the drawing-room. A wail followed him from the nursery.

"Nothing, nothing at all." He looked at her with a bright, unseeing eye. "Everything's all right, I think—I have to go—I'll tell you if it's true——" He went out like a man drunk on new wine, and left her staring, while Maddie's shrieks of rage and distress echoed unheeded.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WITH so much crowding on her to be done at once, with success, as it were, sitting on the doorstep, until the house should be dusted for it to enter befittingly, it was some time before Hope had time to cast her accounts with life, and ask herself how her balance stood, for good or evil. She had to go home first, and yet more immediately she had to see Evelyn Curtis. That had been the first and most necessary step, and was not neglected. Their reunion was almost incoherently rejoicing, no one could have been more generously enthusiastic than Evelyn. Hope offered her the rights of an agent, but Evelyn would hardly accept; she named a fee almost nominal.

Hope took her to dine with Conroy Edgerton the next night to honor her new contract. She came to terms with the Bancrofts, tentatively, earlier in the day and in haste. Excellent terms for a beginner, too, and Mr. Bancroft suspected her naive manner for a pose, but proceeded to farm out her work so they should not suffer. Everyone was pleased, except possibly Edgerton at having a gooseberry for dinner. But he enfolded Evelyn with a large geniality, ordered champagne generously and toasted the contract and the Paris hat Hope had bought to please him, and prolonged the dinner to a supper after a vaudeville theatre.

"I thought we should have a long talk," he said, a little regretfully, in an aside, as he helped Hope on with her cloak. "However, you'll probably hear all the news." Hope, adjusting the symbolic hat, missed his slightly guilty look. "You might write to me," he suggested. "You know I've got to go back to-night. If I come to New York again—I may soon—I'd like to see you."

"You can always find me through the Bancrofts," said Hope. "Certainly write. You don't know how odd it has been to see you again. Do you remember the night we set the prairie on fire?"

He looked like a schoolboy "caught out," and she burst out laughing. That night they had never thought to sit down so impersonally to a reminiscent evening.

"Plenty of water under the bridge since then, Hope," he said, and, his strangely youthful, ruddy face taking a deeper tinge, added, "Do you think I look much older?"

"You?" She went on laughing. "You'll never grow up, Con. I'm an old woman alongside you." What tricks time can play, that she could take such a tone to him! "What did you say about news? Is there anything new?"

"Oh, nothing much," said Edgerton, and sighed.

"Marriage and death and division" had indeed wrought with his life. It seemed rather pathetic to Hope; she had a fellow-feeling for him.

He put the girls in a cab, and they saw him standing on the curb as they rolled away, a fine, substantial figure of a man, a credit to his tailor, his cook and himself—but alone.

Hope indignantly recalled that sympathetic sigh she had devoted to the touching picture, weeks later.

But then she was half across the world again, and talking to Mary; for yet more water had flowed under the bridge. When the wheel of life did begin to spin for her, it went at breathless speed. The letter calling her home came in immediate answer to her first jubilant announcement of good fortune. Both her father and her mother wrote. They were growing old, they said. They needed to say no more. She set to work feverishly to do what must be done immediately, and transmuted her first check forthwith into a railway ticket.

But there would be many more checks. She was really "made"; the welcome accorded the little syndicated stories, which the Bancrofts found a market for immediately, was an absolute assurance of that. Those were Mary's stories, and Hope had to go and see Mary and learn what her share in them was to be; but after all it was the drawings that counted most. For the rest of her life Hope could "walk delicately"; she could have as much purple and fine linen as might be reasonably required by one of her stature; in short, she had her passage booked for the big liner whence Edgerton had once surveyed her cockle-shell making for the open sea. She was rather glad; the excitement of the struggle for daily bread had lost its first keen edge. It had come just at the right time; not too soon nor too late.

Mary she saw more or less by the way; the only break in her journey. Mary, rather more vivacious than of old, and delighted to the verge of extravagance at the sight of her returned prodigal, come on her without warning, just off the train.

"You—you little viper," she exclaimed, almost upsetting the tea-table in a rush to embrace her at sight of Hope's mischievous eyes peeping in at her. Mrs. Hamilton had hastily smothered an outcry of surprise at the door to permit of her carefully planned entry. "Heavens, did you come on wings? You got my letter—not that you deserved it, leaving me in ignorance so long. Take off your hat." She proceeded to divest Hope of her outer garments by friendly violence.

"I got no letter," said Hope, submitting laughingly. "I got nothing; I am going home."

"For the fatted calf—I know."

"Yes," Hope began, and stopped. That was too good a guess. "Why, how did you know?" she asked.

"Know what?"

"That I had 'arrived,' in a becomingly small way, of course. I haven't told you. I was always just a pane of glass to you; but this is too much. Tell me, or I'll have you burnt for a witch."

"And I'll have you stuffed for a Strasburg goose!" retorted Mary, wiping the tears of enjoyment from her eyes. "Con told me, of course; wrote me instantly."

"Ah, he did? What—what's the meaning of that? Does he write you everything instantly? Oh—oh—Mary, where did that come from? Was it for that you saved him from me?" On her third finger Mary wore an enormous emerald. Hope had never seen anything so wonderful; she gasped over it, and rolled her eyes to heaven. "Is it really, really true?" she demanded, when she could command words.

"Yes." Mary was her old, rather mocking, good-humored, impenetrable self. "So now you see why my most unworldly and righteous uncle helped me!"

"And you called me a viper!" said Hope, adding that to the recollection of her misplaced pity for Edgerton's loneliness. "Mary, are you going to be happy?"

"Yes, and I shall make him happy, too," said Mary calmly.

She could; she could make any man happy, if she chose. There was that in her would hold a man, divert him endlessly, and leave him always a little puzzled and wholesomely fearful.

"It's time someone was good to him," said Mary again, her manner suddenly changing into a curious mixture of protective tenderness and belligerence—the eternal woman. "He is rather a dear, you know, Hope. Well, I wrote you to come for the wedding. Will you? And——"

"I should say," said Hope, "that he's always been pretty good to himself! Well—and what?"

"And will you kindly stay away afterwards?" said Mary. "Or promise not to steal my husband, if I let you come?"

"Well, of all things—— What do I want with your darned old husband? I've got one too many now. I meant to say when I've been home for awhile, I'm going to see what I can do to dispose of that one. Perhaps you can advise me?"

"Didn't you know?" cried Mary, sitting upright with a pained and slightly apprehensive expression. "Is it possible you have never heard?"

"No; I haven't heard anything. What do you mean?" Hope felt alarmed despite herself.

"About Ned—poor Ned."

Hope shook her head, unable to speak.

"He died three months ago," said Mary simply.

"Ah!" said Hope sharply, and sat down, feeling strangely befooled, played with, and weak. "If I had known! So it was all for nothing?"

But she did not explain under Mary's gentle pressing; and they avoided the subject, with a little shiver.

Over Ned's death Hope was unable to define her true feelings—some sorrow, but only for the futility of his life and its going out.

Well, she could give all her pity to herself, now. What was it she had applied to Edgerton:

"Time turns the old days to derision,
Our loves into corpses or wives,
And marriage and death, and division,
Make barren our lives.'

Yes, marriage, too; for the married closed off their lives into a little walled garden, where more than two could hardly walk with comfort. Mary's garden would be very beautifully tended; it would probably include an orchid house. Mary herself, so dark and white and with her gold-grey eyes, would become such a setting; she had always been faintly exotic, hardily exotic, one might say. How well she would set off diamonds in that dusky hair of hers and on her quick white hands. Edgerton had chosen very well for himself. If it was he who chose! There was no disloyalty in that thought. Mary would not be meanly calculating, but she had a fine sense of the fitness of things.

"Yes," said Hope, when they had returned, after many pauses, to that topic, "you'll be quite a great lady now. Will you ask me to tea and rehabilitate me socially? What a joke!"

"I will," said Mary, her eyes sparkling. "You shall yet patronize the whole town, with my able assistance. You're a born devil, Hope, and the salt of the earth, and I love you. How soon will you come back to me? Do you return to New York?"

"I don't know yet what I'm going to do," said Hope "Mary, have you ever known what you were going to do?"

"Why—why—" said Mary thoughtfully, "no, not if you mean that literally. None of us do. We are not gods, you know?"

(*Continued on page 44*)

WE might expect you to regret the termination of "The Magpie's Nest" in this issue, were it not that we introduce at the same time the greatest serial any Canadian magazine has ever produced—"MY LADY CAPRICE" by Jeffery Farnol. To those who have enjoyed our last serial, we say that the new one will hold their attention in a much more gripping manner. To those who missed parts of "The Magpie's Nest" we extend an invitation to join us now, for a seven months' sojourn with "My Lady Caprice"—by far the most fascinating story the noted novelist has ever written.

It will be published in lengthy instalments, each in itself a satisfying portion of the whole. We introduce it on page 6 of this number. We invite your opinion of it. Write us! We are anxious to see proven how our enthusiasm is shared by you.

—THE EDITORS.

Is Your School a Leader?

TORONTO TECHNICAL SCHOOL is splendidly equipped to turn out a girl matriculant who, along with her Latin, Algebra and History, can pass a practical examination in domestic arts that prophesies "smooth turning of domestic wheels" when she later takes her place as one of Canada's real home-makers. But this investment of knowledge is a paying one from the very beginning, for the girl student who is daily acquiring something of the wisdom imparted by Miss Margaret Davidson, Director of Household Science, and her able staff,

War Breads were a Leading Bazaar Attraction.

carries home the most up-to-the minute knowledge of the uses of our new flours, the latest triumph of the "substitute" for scarce foodstuffs and all the home-service lore that the Kitchen Soldier is eager for. At the recent bazaar held by the school Toronto's housewives flocked to see, buy and take home the recipes for these loaves of war bread baked by the students.

Artistry and Industry

IT is good to think that the boy or girl who has artistic tendencies and special gifts, can have them developed to a gratifying extent, at our technical schools. There is a splendid start to be had there for the architect, the draftsman, the designer. Classes in wood-carving, drawing, painting, modelling, and other arts that may or may not merge into one or other of our great professions and industries, are eagerly attended. This Exhibition Room at Toronto "Tech," attracts and amazes visitors. All of the work in the accompanying picture, was done by students, with the exception of the large white group, which was modelled by Mr. Howell, the Director of the Art Department, during part of a vacation season. The armies of printers, mechanics, engineers, wood-workers, too, draw many of their best recruits from the schools where such special industrial training is given.

Day and night classes are available, and many ambitious workers take an evening course to increase their efficiency in positions they already hold.

The School in War-Time

IS your school a leader in your community? Is it taking a strong position in all those matters that are so tremendously a part of our national life in these strenuous days of 1918?

Quite probably it is. Everywhere we have made enquiries we find that the school-house is no longer merely the citadel of the three R's—it is a part of the great war machinery of our country.

It is a very active recruiting station just now. The lad who eyes his knicker-bockers with reproach because they are not khaki breeches, and figures anxiously just how long it will be before he can "get into the big scrap," is offered a real part at once—helping with the food supply Will he sign up for vacation months? Thousands of him are shouting "You bet!"

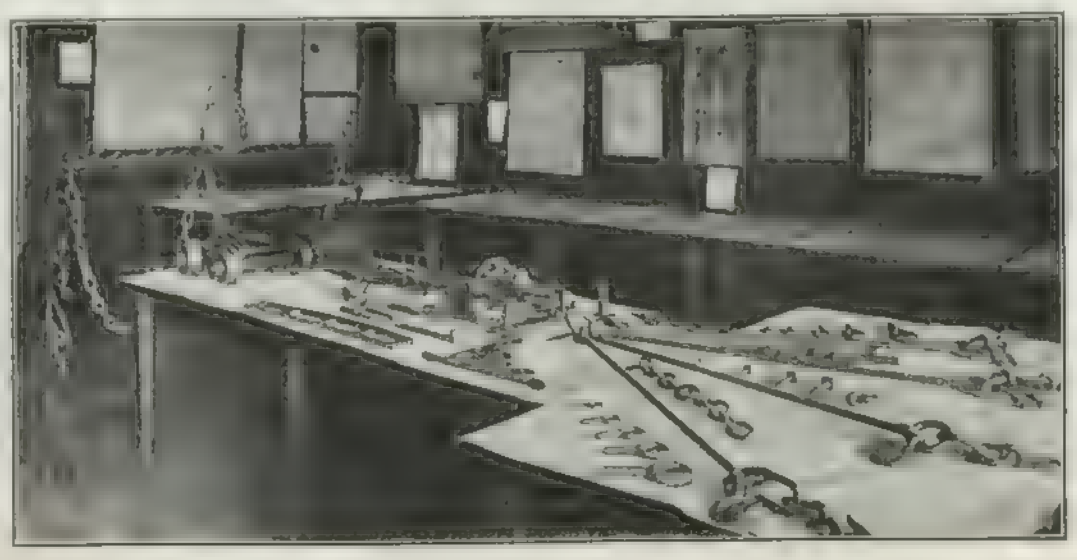
Production—the back-yard garden—the chickens everyone should have—conservation—all the activities of the great Home Army—are being encouraged and directed through our schools.

The Technical School at Toronto, with its magnificent building and equipment, is, under the direction of Dr. A. C. McKay, the principal, and Mr. J. M. Warren, his assistant, justifying itself anew every day, by the variety and vigor of its successful enterprises. It is the hub of a hundred activities and a virile exponent of the benefit of example linked with precept.

The Military Aspect

LIKE every live factor in communities now-a-days, the schools have promptly acquired their share of the military flavor. The Royal Flying Corps has taken advantage of the mechanical instruction available at the technical schools, for the training of its mechanics. This table in the Exhibition Room has given the Toronto boys an opportunity to exhibit their powers in forging, welding, making planes for flying machines and even in constructing a model aeroplane. The Returned Soldier, too, has been given his due place in this busy training camp. An average daily attendance of 220 war veterans is now recorded at Toronto Technical School. They are being fitted to take up civil life again, along lines that their disabilities will not hamper. They are chiefly enrolled for machine shop practice, stationary engineering, carpenter work, cabinet work, electrical work, sub-station work, electric wiring, motor mechanics, machine drawing, architectural drafting, building, construction, estimating, show card lettering, art and design.

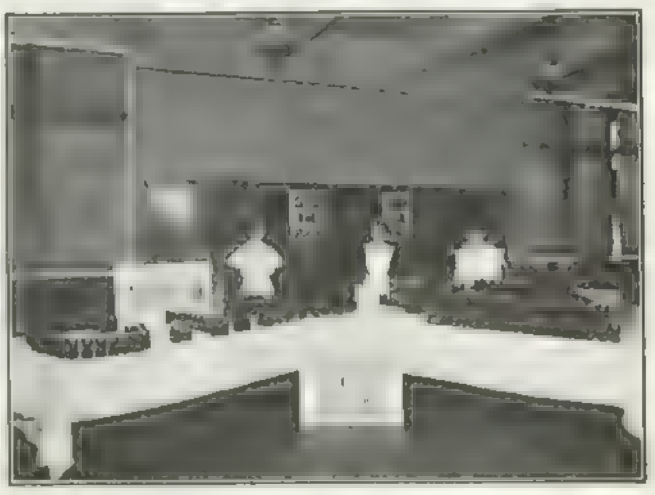
Great dividends, these, on a community's educational investments! Seldom indeed are public moneys administered to show better or more tangible results to the ratepayers, than in the maintenance of an institution that is so busily constructive in the making of useful, well-equipped citizens.



The Little Aeroplane was the Chef d'Ouvre of the Mechanical Students.

THE great value to the community of the results of constant scientific experiment in food matters, can scarcely be estimated. Technical School leadership was never better demonstrated than by the successful use of glucose in making marmalades this spring. The original recipe was adapted as follows: One grape fruit, 1 orange, 1 lemon, 12 cups sugar, 12 cups water. For the last two items, 2 cups of glucose, and 10 cups of water, were substituted—less water because glucose comes in syrup form.

The method was just the same—cut the fruit thin as



Each Jar Helped Swell the Bazaar Returns.

possible with a very sharp knife; soak seeds in water in separate bowl. Add water to cut fruit and allow to stand one or two hours. Strain water off seeds and add it to whole. Cook until tender, add sugar (or glucose) and stir until dissolved. Cook until marmalade will jelly on a cool plate. Fill sterilized bottles, cool, and tighten screw tops.

The Cult of the Needle

THE constant motto of the Department of Domestic Art, "to give results without extravagance," has had even greater significance since the coming of war. Work necessary for soldiers' comforts, and Red Cross requirements, has been added to the home dressmaking and millinery that ruled before. An exhibit of well-cut dresses, at various stages of completion, gave feminine Toronto pause and a desire to go and do likewise—enhanced by the smart hats that were also put on exhibition at the bazaar. Here, indeed, was the height of economical achievement for the frocks and hats wore a most professional air, although some of them were made, in the regular and special classes, by quite young girls. Besides the enviable ability to make her own clothes, the girl who wants to take up dressmaking or millinery professionally, is given a splendid training and finishes by a real apprenticeship in some establishment arranged for by the school and duly credited as part of the course.

The student, too, may fill an order for a customer, instead of doing for herself, and thus help out her finances.

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Conducted By

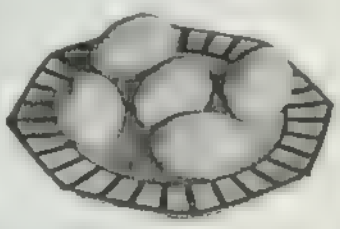
Katherine M. Caldwell, B.A.

Where Spring and Diet Meet

Some Suggestions Toward Achieving a Two-Fold Object

WHEN the April sun (that we really don't very often hear mentioned) and the April showers (that dampen almost every reference to the month) have freshened and sweetened the earth, and May begins to show us the earliest and most welcome blossoms, we all feel the need for bright things, fresh things, different things. Witness the flowers in our bonnets, the paint on our doorsteps, the moving-vans at our curbs!

Not a whit different are our appetites—or a bit more immune to Spring. Bright things? When did you ever like oranges more, or have a keener appreciation of the glorious pink and rose of the new rhubarb or the fresh green of the lettuces that bloom in the markets and shops? When, in short, did you ever feel so "fed up" with the things of the table? Conservation of meat and wheat and all such fare looks easy—for we really feel very little interest in them.



"Emily isn't eating a thing—I must get the doctor to give her a tonic," says a worried mother, and if observing her family did not keep her from paying much attention to her own actual food consumption, she might observe a similar abstinence on the part of Emily's maternal parent. In fact, the whole family—with the single exception of young Dick ,whose school-boy appetite is as true to him as his shadow—is showing signs of "peckishness" or at least of general disinterestedness.

Nothing was ever more natural. The foods of winter—warming, nourishing, plentiful—have given our systems the things they need when extra bodily energy to resist the cold had to be manufactured daily.

Now, what the body needs is toning up! Natural desire is an excellent barometer, nine times out of ten. When your tendency is to pass by the butcher's place without a glance, and to pause at the shop of the nice little Italian, with a compliment for her bright, attractive window—"obey that impulse!" Buy some of those

Tender young leaves delicious salads *of dandelions make or boiled greens*

golden oranges, and gay, inviting rhubarb and don't pass these crisp heads of lettuce by—and there is celery and spinach and new cabbage! To be sure, they are imported—our own will not be ready for some time. Until they are, we can use those that come to us freely, for they are too perishable and too bulky to be sent overseas—they are part of the Home Defences.

Why We Need Them

OUR winter's foods have given us steadily, material to rebuild our worn out tissues, other materials to help us resist the cold, many makers of energy and some of the "body regulators." But with the Spring, we need more of this last class—for they contain the mineral salts that act as building material, and acids that stimulate appetite and give a welcome refreshment, and the rather new little something in our foods that seems to contain the essence of life itself, and which, for lack of a better name, we have called a "vitamine."

Now the importance of these things cannot be overlooked. True, we need them all the year round—plenty of them—but after the somewhat unnatural conditions of winter, we need them very specially. for try as we may, we get much less fresh air in winter; in many cases we get less exercise; we get less sunshine and less fresh food.

With the longer days, the re-action sets in. Our systems set up a craving, recognized or unrecognized, for these so necessary elements. And very cannily, system uses appetite to express its need. And appetite says "Fruits, please—and salads—and green things—fresh and light and pretty things!"

The Right Tonics

HERE is the tonic—both to make one eat and to tone-up the system. For our fruits and vegetables are extremely rich in mineral salts and pleasant, stimulating acids and in the strange little "vitamines."

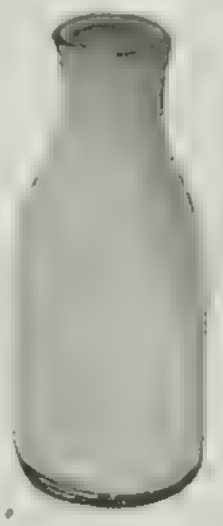
What does this richness mean to us?

It means that the iron and lime and other valuable mineral salts do certain rebuilding for us; it means too, that much of the vegetables and some portions of the fruits are not easily soluble, and so provide what is called "roughage"—bulk that makes the stomach feel satisfied (for mere mechanical "fullness" partly governs appetite) and that regulates the body by sweeping it through; and it means that we catch the "elusive vitamine" in its glory—for strangely enough, many of these little substances are removed from the foods we eat before they reach us, noticeably in the case of our milled cereals, for they dwell chiefly in the husks and the germ, which the miller conscientiously removes. And we ourselves, pour many of them down the drain-pipes! For our method of cooking, even if it does not destroy the vitamines, frequently draws them off—for instance, when we boil vegetables, the water we so often wastefully throw out, carries with it the little agents of life and growth.

To Stop This Sacrifice

THE very best way to conserve the valuable elements in our vegetables, is to use the steamer more frequently. Do you know how much mealier and better a potato tastes, that has been cooked in steam instead of in water? If you don't, you will be delighted the first time you try it—and you'll be a convert. Best way of all, of course, is to cook the potato in its jacket—for the very best of its mineral strength lies just under its skin and is sloughed away by the paring knife. If you are cooking greens or cabbage (cut in quarters) or cauliflower or almost any other vegetable, boil the potatoes in the saucepan and cook the second vegetable in the steamer above it

Another excellent aid in preserving the best of the vegetables, is offered by the double boiler. Have the water (very little, just enough to cover the vegetables) boiling in what is to be the inner saucepan. Put in the vegetables, bringing the water back to boiling point as quickly as possible—set the smaller pan into the outer one (in which the water is of course "plumping") and cover closely. Such liquid as there is to drain off the vegetables can be used for soup, or as a basis for sauce to dress the vegetables, thickened with a little well blended butter and flour.



Old Friends in New Guises

BOIL a cauliflower carefully in salted water until tender, but quite unbroken. Drain, cut away most of the green stalk. Place in a buttered pie dish and cover with a sauce made as follows: Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, and blend in an ounce of flour; when cooked a minute or two (without browning) add half a pint of milk, boil, add two ounces of grated cheese (saving a little for the top of the dish.) Pour over the cauliflower, sprinkle with the remaining cheese and bake in a hot oven until nicely browned.

Celery, cut in small pieces and stewed until almost tender, may be treated in the same way with truly delicious results.

In looking for the new green things, we must not altogether overlook our old friends, the roots and tubers that have stood by us all winter.

If your family regards the carrot as a homely vegetable,

To Look as Good as it Tastes

try them with this irresistible eye appeal: Dice some boiled carrots quite small; add some peas—dried peas that have been soaked and boiled till tender, or canned or green peas—and serve very hot, dressed with a little butter, pepper and salt or a cream sauce.

You have probably mixed stewed corn with beans (succotash); have you ever tried it creamed right in with salmon or any left-overs of fish? It is an unusual and delicious combination.

And parsnips—sometimes the chopped or mashed parsnips are not popular. Try slipping some halved, nearly cooked parsnips into the pan in which beef or lamb is roasting, and brown them like potatoes. They will probably be greeted with enthusiasm. To serve with cold meat, you can get a somewhat similar effect by frying the boiled parsnips.

Salads Will Help

"PLEASE the eye and you'll please the palate," is an old saying that has lost none of its truth. There is no prettier dish than a salad—in even its simplest version.

For instance, an egg salad. What more attractive than its yellow and white and green? For luncheon, or served instead of meat for a "meatless dinner," it combines the tonic, vegetable element of the lettuce, with the real meat value of the egg and the fat and the flavor of the dressing. The lettuce should be well-washed, cool and crisp. The hard-boiled eggs, if plunged into cold water as soon as cooked, will not have a dark ring about the yolk, to mar the attractive color-scheme. A dust of paprika adds the last touch.

No better creamy salad-dressing was ever made than by the following method: Two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoon flour, one-half tablespoon salt, one-half tablespoon mustard. Mix thoroughly and add two egg yolks, slightly beaten, three tablespoons melted butter, three-quarters of a cup of milk and one-quarter cup vinegar. Put all in a double boiler and stir constantly until the mixture gets creamy and coats the spoon. Strain and cool.

Cabbage for salad is best if shredded. Cut the cabbage in half and shave very thinly with a long, sharp knife. Crisp in ice-water before serving.

Tomatoes should be plunged very quickly into boiling water and peeled.

Celery root and leaves should be removed and the stalks well washed with a little brush kept for vegetables Catch the strings at the root end with the knife blade and rip them off—scraping the celery removes much that

(*Continued on page 21*)

The Experiment Kitchen

Chiefly Concerning Weighty Matters

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

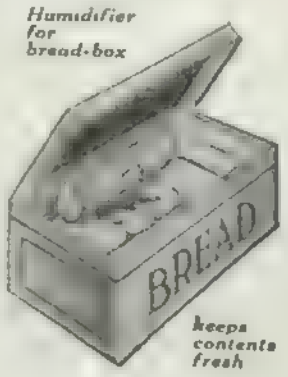
TO pursue a "measured way through life," even though it sounds a trifle tame in the ears of the excitement-bred twentieth century, has an attractive ring to it. After all, sureness is likable; steadiness and dependability have their points. And no one appreciates them more than the cook.

Of course, if she be gifted beyond the ordinary, she may be certain of her results even when her formula runs like this: "Sift some white flour, with the baking powder in it—throw in a handful of graham flour and moisten with sour milk in which the soda has been beaten. A spoonful of sugar, if you like it sweet, and a pinch of salt, of course—" and although her brown scone is always wonderful, your courage leaves you when you come to follow her "simple directions."

Accurate measures can only be attained through the use of standard measuring equipment. The experts in the many scientific experiment stations to-day, who send forth their results to the women of a continent, base all their directions on absolutely standardized measurements.

"Your "blue cup" that is a good size, or the "cracked green cup" that rests handily in the flour barrel, may differ by an eighth of a cup from the standard measure your guide used. Your teaspoon, with which you measure the baking powder, may chance to be the same. Result—too much or two little baking powder for your proportion of flour.

Humidifier for bread-box



keeps contents fresh

Just a few little articles will give you the facilities you need, to follow a recipe properly, or to work out one of your own in proportions you know to be sound.

The standard measuring cup can be bought in tin for fifteen cents, in aluminum for thirty-five cents, or in glass for twelve cents. Either of the latter are preferable, the glass, of course, being most in favor because its transparency makes the measuring of a fraction of a cup so easy and it is also so delightfully clean.

Two such cups are really necessary—one, marked off in quarter cups by indented rings, the other divided into thirds. This makes measuring a most certain and speedy procedure.

Then, we come to spoons. You, yourself, have probably got at least three sizes of teaspoons in your house. Which one do you use in cooking? Why?

It may be near the real teaspoon size, this favorite of yours. But you will appreciate none the less, possession of a set of measuring spoons that swing chummily on a ring, and that will measure anything from a quarter-teaspoon to a tablespoon, with such satisfactory correctness and despatch. "Half a teaspoon" has its own spoon—no hasty guess-work for a liquid or labored bisecting of the full of a teaspoon of a dry ingredient. Such a set of measuring spoons costs fifty to seventy-five cents.

The Way to Measure

THE spoon and the cup mentioned, are in themselves the soul of honor; but to be entirely correct in their statements, they need the co-operation of a spatula.

Now a spatula, although it is the right-hand-man of every scientific cook, is no aloof and superior utensil, strange to the home kitchen. Many of us have one, and call it familiarly by its given name; others of us call it a "cake knife," because we always use it to get all the mixture from our mixing bowls, to fold in our egg-whites, etcetera.

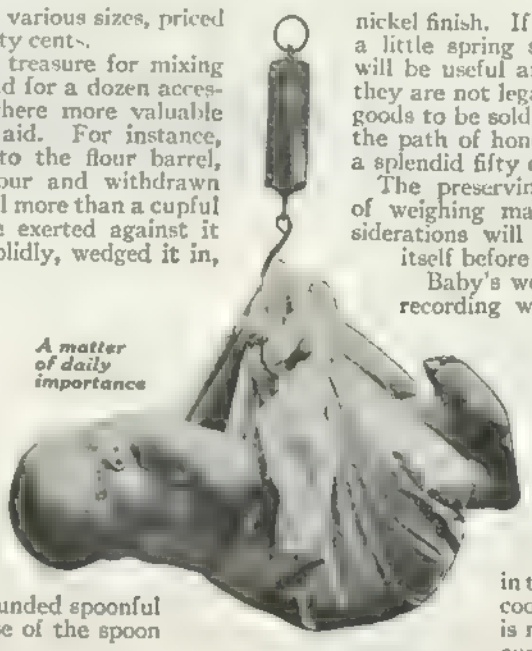
It is nothing more nor less than a long, particularly limber knife, with an edge too dull to recommend it for cutting purposes, and an end rounded like one's finger-tip. It comes in various sizes, priced from twenty-five to forty cents.

While a spatula is a treasure for mixing and cutting doughs, and for a dozen accessory duties, it is nowhere more valuable than as a measuring aid. For instance, if a cup is dipped into the flour barrel, driven through the flour and withdrawn full, there is a great deal more than a cupful of flour; for the force exerted against it has packed the flour solidly, wedged it in, and heaped the top.

The correct way is, of course, to fill the cup loosely, with a spoon, shaking it down very gently. Heap the top slightly, then slice off the superfluous flour neatly with the spatula by running it across the rim of the cup.

A spoonful of anything should be measured in just the same way. If the product is very dry and light, it should be stirred up a little first, then the spatula should level off the rounded spoonful with a quick stroke from the base of the spoon to the point.

A matter of daily importance



The Scale's the Thing

IF you are the rich inheritress of a cook-book that belonged to your old-country mother or grandmother, you will find many recipes that state the amounts to be used in terms of weight rather than measure; you will then doubly appreciate the boon of a good household scale. It is amazing the number of well-equipped kitchens that lack this one most important essential—for leaving English recipes out of the question, a scale is one thing that no good housekeeper can afford to do without.

You may have the comfortable knowledge that you have a most honest grocer and a butcher whose word is beyond question. But they cannot do everything themselves; they are forever employing new clerks, training new assistants, and slips will occur in the best regulated shops.

Insure yourself against them, therefore, by checking up all parcels upon delivery. A moment on the scale will either corroborate the merchant's weight or point out an error.

The win-the-war-housekeeper has other uses for her weighing machine, besides this important one. She wants to know her waste, in various cuts of meat; she wants to know the actual amount of her vegetable purchase when bought by the basket—does she save by buying in bulk, measured or weighed amounts?

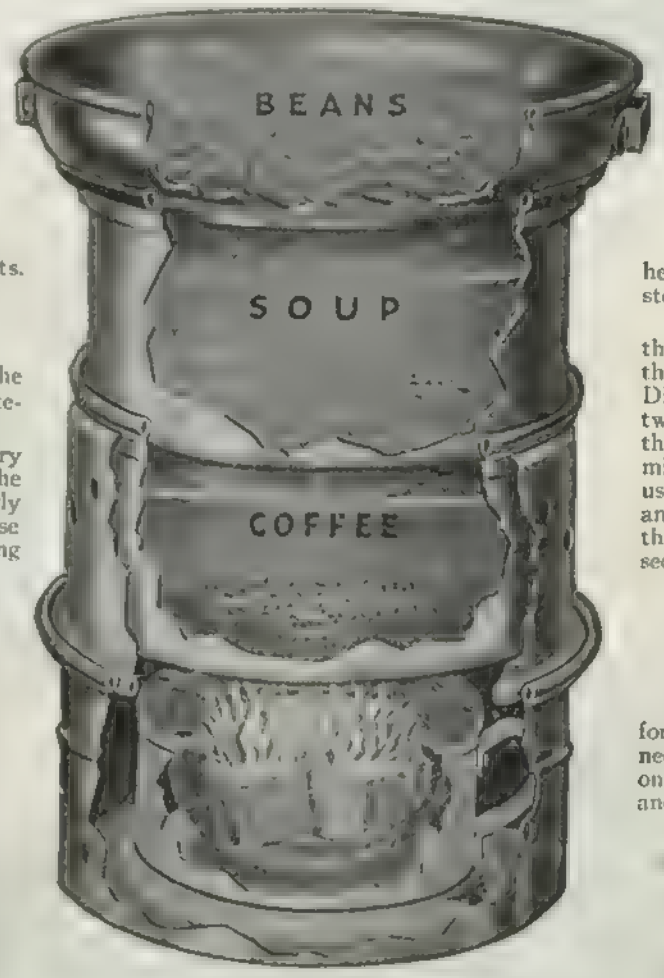
Is her bag of potatoes full weight? Is the pound block of a new make of butter a full sixteen ounces?

The woman who is really "filling her job" as one of the nation's housekeepers to-day, overlooks none of these details.

An excellent household scale can be bought for six dollars, in black enamel finish, or ten dollars in nickel finish. If a good scale is not in reach just now, a little spring scale, commonly called "stilliards," will be useful and sufficiently dependable, although they are not legal in most places for the weighing of goods to be sold, because they are so easily led from the path of honesty by a little "fixing." They are a splendid fifty cent value, however.

The preserving season alone, makes some sort of weighing machine necessary; these other considerations will probably make the scale pay for itself before you have had it long.

Baby's welfare, too, demands some means of recording well-achieved increases in weight or proper registration of the fact that something—something that must be found out and altered at once—is retarding his normal progress. Important here, a weighing machine!



Tommy can cook a whole meal at one time

A Measure of Comfort

THE soldier, even more than anyone else, must have been in the mind of the originator of this little cooking kit, for it will fold up until it is no bigger than a traveller's drinking cup, and slip compactly into one's pocket, fuel and all, until wanted. Imagine the comfort to Tommy when, snug in his dugout, but far from the nearest canteen, he can set up his little stove, put a match to the fuel, and heat some soup (made from a tablet or a tiny cube)—a hot drink (there are coffee and cocoa preparations now with the milk and sugar all in them, needing only boiling water to bring out all their original goodness) and some beans or beef or whatever he has handy, all at once! He, even more than the picnickers, will appreciate the full joys of such a kit.

The motorist becomes a very much-to-be-considered person, with the advent of fine weather. Long jaunts, picnic meals, roadside independence—these are reasonable accompaniments to sunny days.

The little kit illustrated here, is a new and much improved version of the solid alcohol stove that made its appearance a few years ago. The new fuel is much cheaper—two cents replenishes the stove—and has some very important traits. For instance, its flame will not set fire to the picnic tablecloth, if a spill should take place; or if you like to give a sleight-of-hand performance between courses, you can pick up the burning fuel, and let it flame on your unscorched palm. Yet it will quickly heat a full course meal for you, in the specially constructed steamer-like arrangement, that fits in tiers above it!

Measuring cups, spatula, spoons and stilliards

The closed fuel chamber at the bottom is perforated to feed the necessary amount of air and at the same time protect the cube of fuel from a draught that would blow it out. Directly above it fit two little boilers, with capacities of twenty-two and twenty-four ounces respectively; and on top, the shallow frying pan will fit on as though it had no other mission in life. As a matter of fact, it has another important use—when the whole kit is nested, one piece snugly within another, the frying-pan becomes a lid and a neat strap, passed through its handles and round the outside pan, holds the kit securely and acts as a handle.

A drinking cup, a most interesting spoon—that, when it isn't spooning, may be attached to the frying-pan as a handle, or will act as a lever to remove the lid from the fuel tin—and a strainer, complete this aluminum kit of ten pieces. The combinations you can achieve with them are innumerable. The fuel, which comes in the form of a spongy cube, costs two cents each. Two cubes are necessary when the whole stove is in use; one is sufficient if only one cooking pan is to be heated. The price is five dollars and it is so compact and light that it costs little to mail.

A whole cooking kit, complete with pans and fuel, will reduce to fit one's pet pocket

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THE Experiment Kitchen is here for you—to save you the trouble and disappointments of trying out things that look or sound helpful—and aren't. There are probably many labor-saving devices that you want to know more about. Tell us what they are—give us your suggestions as to how we can further serve you.

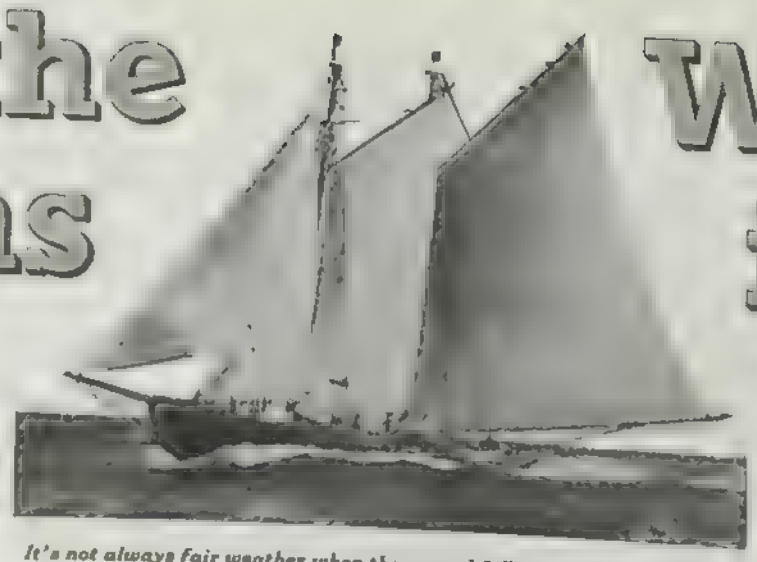
If you want to purchase any of the articles on this page, write to us for the address of the manufacturer or merchant who handles it. Or if you would like us to make the purchase for you, enclose money order to cover cost and we will do your shopping without any charge to you.

Katherine M. Caldwell.

One of the Reasons Why Fish is Dear

An Old Salt Tells of Hardships of Deep-Sea Fisherman's Life, Especially in the Past Winter

By ISHBEL M. ROSS



It's not always fair weather when these good fellows sail their staunch little craft out to the banks

THE Old Salt had blown into the offices of the Canada Food Board. "Blown" is the only word that described it. He came along the corridors with the unmistakeable roll of the man who has spent his life balancing himself on a slippery deck. It was one of the breezy April days just past. His face was ruddy and weather-beaten. In his eye was the far-away look of the man accustomed to peering into distances. He wore a heavy seal cap and a rough frieze coat.

Conventional Government officials turned and looked at the Old Salt—looked a little wonderingly, perhaps a little enviously. They did not need to ask what he was looking for. He was making tracks for the Fish Committee.

He was going to stay for a little while where he found congenial souls and the kind of talk that he understood. There's a whiff of the sea about the Fish Committee—even to the casual visitor.

And the woman who wants to know everything heard that there was an old and wise salt within sight and sound and that if she wanted to know the ways of the deep she had better visit him. But she was not thinking so much of the ways of the deep as of the price of fish, for it was her business to find out those things.

So she promptly hied her to the Fish Committee, mentally reviewing the questions she was going to put to the Captain, voicing the complaints of her sex against the eternal "high price" of everything, from fish to frills and furbelows. There was a hint of antagonism in her voice as she reproached the old Captain. There was a querulous note in her enquiry: "Why is fish so high?"

With a beaming smile that was disarming, white fuzzy hair that glistened as if the salt spray were glancing on it and good natured wrinkles springing into life around his eyes, the Old Salt looked at the women and then—he laughed!

It wasn't the kind of laughter that offended. It seemed to spring from a well of knowledge that was over and above all petty considerations or the minor spring of criticism. There was the profoundity of the sea behind it. There was also the philosophy of the wise old man of the sea.

He laughed long and heartily. Then he pulled up short and began to talk in a soft, slow way as if he were trying to instruct a child. The inquisitive woman knew that he was trying to make it all very simple for her, and now and again he pulled himself up short as a nautical phrase was slipping glibly over his tongue.

"You call it high, do you—the price of fish?" he reiterated. "I call it low, and I guess I should know what I'm talking about, seeing I've spent every one of thirty-five years, summer and winter, within sight and sound of the sea—and most of that time rolling about on the decks of a schooner or in a dory.

"High you call it!" And he went off into laughter again. "Do you ever think of the men who catch those fish? You go into a store and you buy them for less than you pay for meat. Do you think they are manufactured or grow like mushrooms? Or does it sometimes occur to you that no food that you bring to your table is secured so laboriously or at such risk? Did you ever think of it in that light, or do you simply buy your fish thinking that the sea yielded it up voluntarily and that the price is mighty high?"

The Woman had to confess that this was her attitude of mind, but she still wanted to know why fish was so high.

"These men, of whom you never hear except when the waves wash one of them to his rest, proceed to the banks lying from 20 to 250 miles out from their home ports, bait their lines and swing out their dories. Then they fish from dawn to dark.

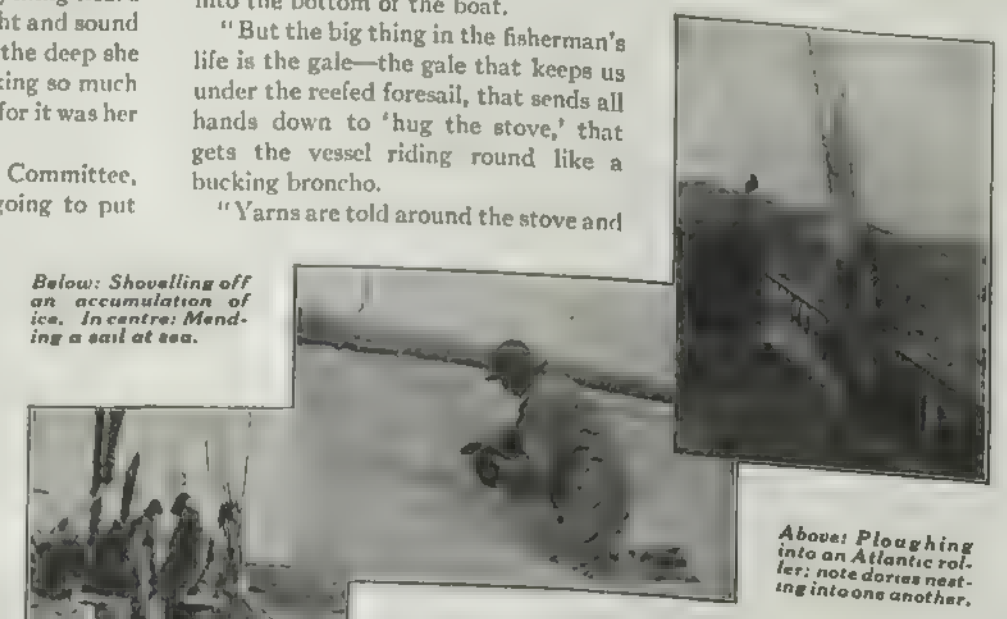
"In winter-time the fishermen usually leave their schooner and take to the dories about 5 o'clock in the morning—just before daylight—and with kerosene torches flaming on the gunnels of their small craft they set the mile-long trawl with its hundreds of baited hooks along the ocean floor

"You never think when you have fish for breakfast that the fisherman was out four hours before you, getting more fish to supply your future need," said the Captain to the Woman who by now was listening without prejudice of any kind.

"The reason that they start out so early," he continued, "is that they may put in a good day's fishing before the dark shuts down at 5 or 6 o'clock. "Oh, but it's a fine life after all," broke off the Captain, forgetting his argument for the moment. "I can see in my mind's eye mornings last winter when the sky was clear and blue, the light dory swashing about—everything clear and cold. Your breath formed icicles. You had to break the ice off the gunnels of the dory. Even the fish were frozen stiff as you threw them into the bottom of the boat.

"But the big thing in the fisherman's life is the gale—the gale that keeps us under the reefed foresail, that sends all hands down to 'hug the stove,' that gets the vessel riding round like a bucking broncho.

"Yarns are told around the stove and good yarns, too," chuckled the Old Salt as he rummaged around among the memories of years. "But every once in a while the fisherman looks to see if there is a little bit of blue breaking through the lowering skies. The vessel gets so covered with ice that the crew can scarcely clear it. Indeed, the icy weight threatens to capsize it. Many a time the skipper has had to run the ship off shore until he strikes the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream, when the ice will melt.

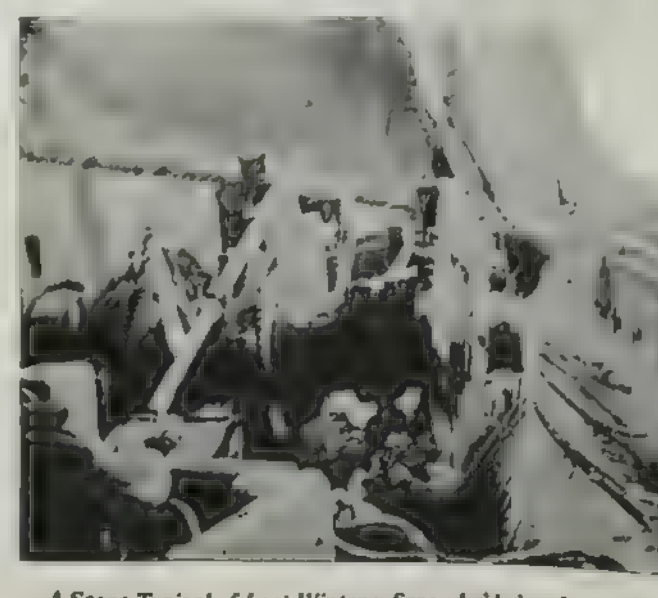


Below: Shovelling off an accumulation of ice. In centre: Mending a sail at sea.

Above: Ploughing into an Atlantic roller; note dories nesting into one another.

"I have known times," burred the Captain, "when ten minutes was as long as a man could stand at the wheel without his hands and feet being frost-bitten. The sails would be sheathed in ice, and it would be almost impossible to handle them. Everything would be just as hard as iron—even the canvas. The decks would be so slippery that there was constant danger of sliding overboard. It would be necessary to get ashes from the galley stove and scatter them over the decks.

"YOU women don't know —and well it is that you don't—the savage intensity of a winter gale or squall at sea. It's quite a common thing for the sails to be blown completely away. I remember once we were out for 15 days off the coast of Nova Scotia with nothing but a continual succession of gales. Fishing had been poor. We had just arrived on the bank and had swung out our dories and caught about 25,000 pounds of haddock and codfish when it started to blow up from the north east. There was no time for us to get to port for shelter. It is exceedingly dangerous to run in on the coast in a howling snowstorm. The safest course was to stay at sea. The gale came up at 4 o'clock in the morning and blew a regular hurricane at 8 o'clock. The vessel was then lying hove to under the whole foresail. It was too much for her and she was being crowded down with half her deck under water. All hands—twenty-four of us—got on to the foresail to reef it, but the sea and the wind were so violent that it was judged best to haul it down altogether and tie it up. Otherwise it would have been blown away. From 8 o'clock until 12 o'clock the ship lay under bare poles with the wheel lashed, all hands below deck and the sea sweeping over her fore and aft. At 12 o'clock the weather moderated and the sun came out. The decks were all glazed with ice and the sails were frozen solid to the booms. Everything moveable had been washed overboard. The ropes were trailing over the side. The wind had blown the jib out of the stops and split it from top to bottom. As the schooner had lost so much of her deck gear, she had to proceed to port, where the fish was sold, and each man received, as a result of two weeks' work in the month of January, the magnificent sum of $25. And then you ask me why fish is so high in price! I say—why is fish so low?



A Scene Typical of Last Winter: Spray hurled on board by wind and keen cut-water has caked winch and deck in an ice coat.

"You never thought that it cost human life too, did you? Many a man is swept overboard, or is lost in a snowstorm in a dory and tossed on the Atlantic till he dies of hunger and thirst or is drowned when his dory is capsized by a big sea—all for the sake of the fish that he must catch if he is to support his wife and children.

"The old song of the fisherman is very true after all," said the Captain with a tear in his eye as he thought of comrades who had given their lives in their perilous occupation. "Do you think there isn't heartache and tears behind this?" and the Captain delved in his pocket, until he found some newspaper clippings.

"NOW listen to this. It isn't something that happened in the Arctic regions, but it's the life of a good Canadian lost in the Atlantic. And it happened the other day, while you and other women were crying out: 'Why is fish so high?'

"Now listen!"

The injunction was unnecessary. The Woman was listening for all she was worth. From a newspaper clipping he reads:

"'The British schooner, Nelson, bound from Notre Dame Bay to Sydney with herring has arrived at ——— and reports having been badly storm-swept. One member of the crew was lost and the deck cargo swept away, while the sails were badly torn.'

"That means a sorrowing family somewhere," muttered the Captain. "Then there's another kind of misfortune in the fisherman's life. Hearken to this: 'In heavy weather encountered on the fishing grounds the schooner Ellen and Mary lost several thousand pounds of fish from the deck. While the crew was engaged in cleaning fish on the grounds, a big sea broke on board, washing from the deck about 10,000 pounds of cod, worth $1,000, according to prevailing prices.' About 7,000 pounds were lost in a like manner during the few days following.'

"Now there's a lot more I might tell you," resumed the Captain, "but I think that's enough. When the weather is zero and the price of fish is high, for heaven's sake think of the fisherman. Salaries ashore have increased—why not earnings afloat? When next you go to the fish dealer's, instead of raising a rumpus about the price of fish, think of the man who gets those fish at personal risk and by dint of great physical hardship. Then you'll wonder why you're getting it so cheap."

And the woman left the Old Salt—wiser, more thoughtful.

The Egg's the Thing

Let's Produce It—Preserve It—Eat It

EGGS are vastly important things—a fact we realize most keenly when we feel that we must buy them—even at eighty and ninety cents a dozen!

Never so important before, however; for now they have a very serious mission in life—the replacing and freeing for overseas, of the meats that are so greatly needed.

There are three very big points about eggs, now that the season has arrived when they are cheapest and most plentiful.

The first is—that we should use eggs as freely as possible, to take the place of meat. From a food value point of view, they are the ideal substitute.

Second—we should (and will, if we are thrifty housewives) preserve enough eggs to tide us over the next season of scarcity and high prices.

Third—each one of us should take earnest counsel with ourselves, on the subject of keeping a few chickens and adding in that way, to the food stuffs that are so very short. We cannot all grow wheat; we, in the towns, have been slow to follow Germany's example and raise hogs—(there are millions of city-hogs in the country of our enemy); but there is scarcely a household in Canada that could not keep a few hens,—enough to supply, or partially supply—themselves with one of the most valuable foods.

Keeping Eggs Fresh

Easy Preserving Ways

THE first essential in preserving eggs, is that they be strictly new laid. Arrange to get them straight from the source of supply if at all possible.

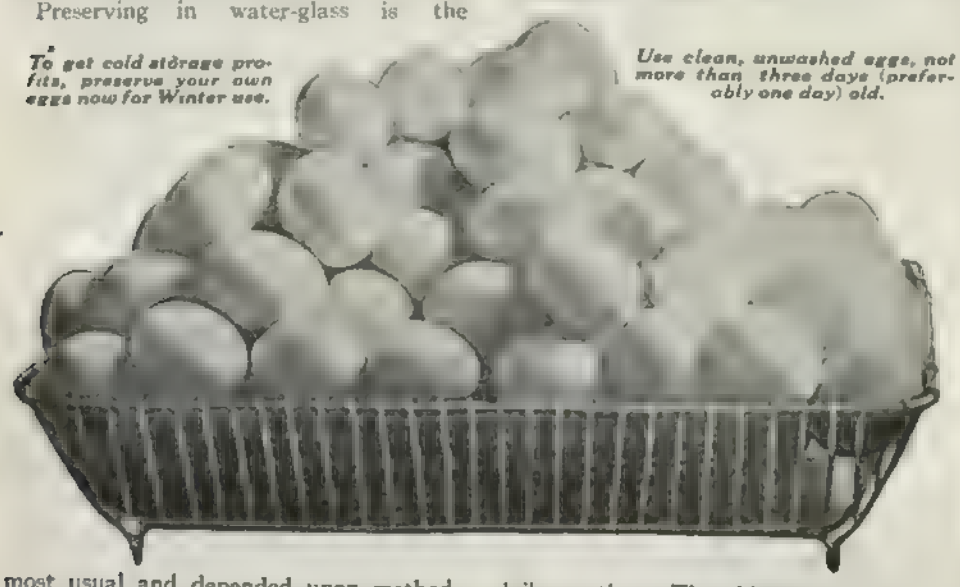
Immersion in a kettle of hot fat, (hot enough to brown a bit of bread in two minutes) has been found excellent. For very fresh eggs, eight seconds is enough. If not quite new laid, allow up to a minute and a half. A wire drying basket or strainerful can be dipped at a time.

Eggs treated in this way should keep, in a cool place, six months and longer without the slightest change in flavor.

Preserving in water-glass is the most usual and depended upon method, however. Your druggist can supply the waterglass (a mixture of potassium silicate and sodium silicate) in either a liquid or powdered form, with full directions for its use. A large crock, that will hold about eight to ten dozen, is the best container and the only additional requirement is a light board to place on top of the eggs, to keep them submerged.

To get cold storage profits, preserve your own eggs now for Winter use.

Use clean, unwashed eggs, not more than three days (preferably one day) old.



"Let's Keep a Hen!"

SHALL we keep a few hens and do this little extra bit in the cause of greater production of vital food stuffs? Can we make them pay? Will they help in conserving what little waste there is from the table and our kitchen in these days by transforming it into edible, salable and most necessary food stuffs?

These questions are uppermost in the minds of thousands of city, town and village people just now. We have submitted the queries to an expert, practical poultryman. Here are his answers and his counsel.

"Yes, it will in all probability be a very good thing for each householder who can to keep some eight, twelve or fifteen hens. They will consume peelings and parings from vegetables and much other kitchen waste. They will eat the lawn clippings and if given proper care and attention they will probably pay for their keep and give in return at least one dollar per hen in profits within the year."

It is now getting rather late in the season to count on hatching more chickens. If the chickens are to be raised and kept over for next year's laying stock for winter layers, the pullets should have been hatched in April or not later than the first week or two in May.

Unless one has an incubator or some very convenient old broody hens that want to set, it is much better to start in the back yard poultry business beginning with a few choice baby chicks. Baby chicks have become quite a common commodity. They may be shipped long distances, take even three or four days and without food, nature having provided the food in the yolk of the egg which has been enveloped by the baby chick before it hatched and this yolk must be absorbed or digested before it is ready to consume any additional food.

Helpful Information

THERE is so much of the very best of literature published about poultry and available absolutely free from the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa or from the Agricultural Colleges and the Provincial Departments of Agriculture that it does not seem wise to go into any extended details on kinds of stock to get or how to care for poultry. Any of our readers can write away for this literature and get an abundance of it for themselves.

We would emphasize, however, that four elements are very essential in making a success with poultry. First, we must have a good attendant who will take the most conscientious care of the details of the daily routine. The chickens will not do well if neglected in any way. Probably more depends upon the attendant than on any other factor and yet most people rarely consider this point at all.

Second.—We must have suitable stock. We want eggs in winter so we must have one of the utility breeds—Rocks, Wyandottes, Orpingtons, Rhode Island Reds, etc. In many sections and in the hands of expert poultrymen, more eggs may at times be gotten from some of the so called special egg-machines—breeds such as the Minorcas, Leghorns and other Mediterranean varieties. For the beginner, however, it is much safer to start with the general breeds, the utility varieties as mentioned, which will lay well in winter, and if desired, the stock will make good table fowl.

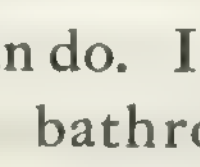
Third.—Proper feed must be given in

(*Continued on page 21*)

Versatile

Ivory Soap can do anything that any other soap can do. It is used in the bathroom, in the workshop, in the nursery, in the laundry, about the house. Wherever you need soap you need Ivory Soap because it cleans thoroughly but does not injure.

IVORY SOAP



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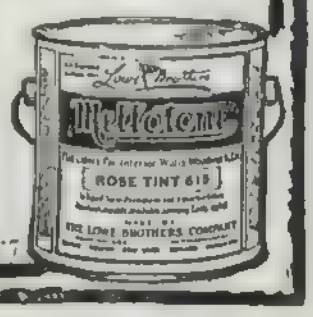

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A Timely Message from the Food Board

By HENRY B. THOMSON

Chairman, Canada Food Board

THIS is the month in which vim and energy must radiate from the thousands of women in Canada who are ready to go to the limit in helping to make 1918 a year which will be memorable in the annals of the country for two things—food conservation and food production.

Men, women and boys are being called to arms and in this crisis the woman's help exceeds all others, for she can not only conserve and produce food but she can inspire the men and boys within her immediate circle and point out to them the clear path of duty.

May! Let its promise of life be a challenge to arms.

Let every woman listen to the call of Mother Earth. Let the cries of hunger and starvation spur her to action. Europe is three thousand miles away but the common bonds of humanity, of patriotism and of kinship link us together in times of suffering and trouble.

It is practical effort that counts—less talk, fewer meetings; the maximum of plain, every-day, persistent effort. Most women know the story of Martha-by-the Day who was a quiet and cheerful philosopher without guile or carping criticism in her make-up. She took up each day's task as it came to her and she did not whine when she was knocked. It is in this spirit that the food situation must be met. There has been too much criticism, too much misunderstanding.

Let every woman pull together with concentrated purpose and realize that if prices are somewhat high she should be thankful that they are not three times as high, all things considered. Don't complain about the price of potatoes, eggs and vegetables. Just see to it that your men folk raise enough for the home.

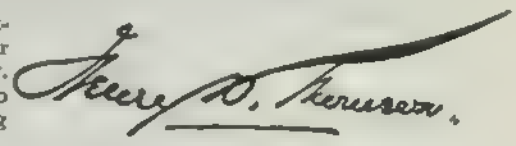
Each woman has a solemn duty resting on her to add her quota, however small, to the food resources of the country. She can garden, farm, pick berries, keep bees, rabbits, chickens, pigs or anything else that means more food. In the kitchen, where she reigns supreme, she has a small realm of her own. If she does not rule it wisely and economically—then she is failing her country, lowering the standard of her sex and falling short of her professions.

IMMEDIATE help can be given by the free use of the potato. Make it lord of the menu for some time to come. There is a surplus of 5,000,000 bushels of potatoes in Canada at the present time. They must be used!

I am frequently asked by women: "How can I help?" Here is a specific appeal for practical assistance. Use more potatoes! Use them in every shape and form and then grow more for next year. Perishable vegetables freely grown and freely eaten during the coming summer months will mean a tremendous saving in the food-stuffs which are needed overseas.

You, as buyers, should do your utmost in advocating the cash and carry system. In ordering by telephone and having everything delivered you are keeping men from working on the farms where they are needed. The present complicated delivery system is costly in men and time and energy. You can simplify it if you will.

I am merely giving you an indication of some of the things you may do. If you read the papers carefully and study the bulletins and pamphlets of the Canada Food Board you will be kept closely in touch with what is most needed. The seasons pass quickly and these days which we lose now cannot be recalled. They are precious as gold when we realize that they mean food for the starving, succor for the distressed.



Successful Method of Growing Sweet Peas

(*Continued from page 13*)

by an upward pull that loosens the roots or a downward pull that splits the stems at the flowering point. Gardeners gather the flowers with a knife, placing the blade against the base of the stem and twisting slightly to sever the stem cleanly. The different colors should be gathered separately; it is an easy matter to mix them afterward, whereas it is often a great convenience to have the colors separated.

A little stimulant is advisable when the plants have fully developed and show any indication of slowing up in their growth. It can be supplied in the form of nitrate of soda dissolved and applied to the roots, a tablespoonful to a pail of water. The best means of reaching the roots is to take an old piece of pipe or a crowbar and make holes 1' apart the length of the row, about 1' out from the row at the top and slanting slightly toward the trench. These holes can afterward be filled with soil. Sheep manure, cow manure, guano or other concentrated plant food can be given to the plants in liquid form, for sweet peas are tremendous feeders and will soon exhaust the soil. A convenient method is to mix the manure in a barrel at the end of the row and feed directly to the roots by making holes as recommended for nitrate of soda.

A cheesecloth shade will make your sweet peas last longer by protecting them from the hot summer sun. A shade which breaks the strength of the sun's rays while admitting enough light to prevent the growth becoming soft and spindly is well worth while. It will also tend to lengthen the stems.

Green fly and mildew are the principal enemies of sweet peas. The flies are usually the result of impoverished soil, which reduces the resisting power of the plants, or of hot weather. The plants should be watched carefully, and at the first indication of aphis in the terminal of the new growth or the under side of young foliage, spray thoroughly with a strong tobacco solution. The prepared solutions are best for his purpose, as they are uniform and reliable, Repeat the treatment on three consecutive evenings in order to kill the young aphis that hatch.

Mildew is like old Father Time with his rusty scythe, for it is sure to come around. The weather is the cause of it; the plants simply cannot stand extreme heat, and they will usually mildew and die during continued hot weather. Mildew, however, is often caused by careless and indifferent watering. Overhead watering is liable to cause it at any time though the danger will be lessened by employing a proper irrigating system so the water will be somewhat tempered by the air before it strikes the plants.

The Best Type

THE Spencer type of sweet pea is unquestionable the best. Its blossoms have wavy wings, larger in proportion to the flower than in the older types. In fact, I cannot see even a reasonable excuse for anyone growing the old forms.

Of course, we all prefer to pass judgment on what colors or shades we want for ourselves, so trying to pick out sweet peas for someone else to grow would be just as successful as trying to buy a hat for your wife or cigars for your husband. But here are a few reliable varieties, nevertheless.

In pink Spencers, Beryl is a brilliant, fine color that wears well. Hercules is also a good pink, and Minerva Barraby, a soft pink, is splendid for dinner decorations under artificial light. Doris Usher is another fine pink shading to salmon. Charity is my choice for crimson, with Verdun a close second. This last is much lighter than Charity. Constance Hinton is my best white, and Blue Monarch my favorite blue. Nubian, a deep chocolate brown, is a grand variety which no garden should be without. Thomas Stevenson is a wonderful color, a rich orange scarlet; a similar variety is Robert Sydenham, which is really an orange salmon and not quite so showy as Stevenson. R. F. Felton is a beautiful bicolor of lilac and grey shadings. Asta Ohm is my best lavender, and Clara Curtis my choice among the cream colored varieties.

Spring and Diet Meet

(*Continued from page 16*)

that is good and frequently leaves the strings. Split the larger stalks and cut in small dice. Several strips can be quickly cut together.

Apples, oranges, chopped nuts, raisins, or simply lettuce, shredded and dressed with mayonnaise or oil and vinegar, will all contribute to crisp, tempting dishes, attractive alike to the eye and the palate.

Or fruit cup, instead of soup or as dessert, can be made from any combination of fruits you may have on hand. Try a mixture of orange, grapefruit, pineapple, grapes, apple (cut very fine) nuts, shredded cocoanut—any or all of these, served in their own juices or with a spoonful of whipped cream. Nothing ever tasted better.

Of course, good as these fruits and vegetables are, welcome as they are, and necessary as they are, we must admit that they are not all-sufficient. Spring and summer, fall and winter, we still need our good body-builders—our protein foods. This sturdy group, includes our meat, fish, fowl, milk, eggs, cheese and nuts.

Most of these lend themselves to combinations, as in the salads mentioned—in quantities that will supply enough protein for the meal. Meats we can eat less of—and effect the double result of bettering ourselves and freeing meat for overseas.

Eggs are getting more plentiful and cheaper every day. Use them freely—they are nourishing, easily prepared and economical.

Plenty of fresh milk for the children is an excellent spring rule. We all know that we must make every drop of milk count, nowadays, but the children's supply should be as generous as possible. Milk used in the preparation of regular meals, will help replace meat—the dinner that has a good cream soup and one of the more substantial salads mentioned, will not fall short in nutritive value.

To market—for vegetables and fruit and eggs and fish and the other perishables! And leave the spring tonic with the druggist.

The Egg's the Thing

(*Continued from page 19*)

the proper way, and at proper times. This is quite a long story and we advise you to get the special free Government literature already mentioned. Don't expect to get blood out of a stone, or even out of a beet, so far as your poultry is concerned. If you want eggs, feed foods which will enable the hens to build up and supply the eggs you want. If you want your chickens to grow rapidly feed them on suitable growing foods. Be sure that the feed contains enough of the elements of protein to supply the tissue egg-building ingredients. If you have hens that are laying, be sure to give them, in addition, grit for teeth to grind their food, lime in some form, crushed oyster shells, or old plaster or lime-stone gravel from which they can make egg shells without having to take the essential materials from their leg bones or from the bones of their body structure.

Fourth.—Proper shelter is essential. The hen house and the hen coop need not be expensive—in fact it is better to be as simple and inexpensive as possible. Two old piano boxes put together back to back, with the backs used as flooring for the coop, make an excellent shelter for a back yard lot for twelve to fifteen hens. Count on having, for the winter time especially, a hen coop that is dry, free from draughts and in which there is no smell of hens. This implies good ventilation, and as much sunlight as can be caught.

Concerning Chicks

IF you decide to go in for the poultry business in your back lot and you are about to begin with baby chicks, count on ordering a dozen and a half or two dozen. You can take care of them for the first few weeks in an improvised coop made out of an old cheese box or a soap box in which have been suspended a few pieces of old felt or woollen cloth against which the chicks can snuggle and keep themselves warm. This box should be set inside an outer box or packing case.

Allow the chicks to have access to the ground in fair weather. Let them run about on some freshly dug ground daily.

Directions for taking care of the chickens after you get them will probably be furnished by the breeder from whom you get the stock or you will have had time to get complete instructions from the Government offices. You can write to the Central Experimental Farm, Poultry Husbandman, immediately and get the instructions you want returned to you within a few days and in writing you need not even put a stamp on your letter, but merely write in the corner, "O.H.M.S." Even so far is His Majesty's Service at your disposal,—the last word of encouragement to you to add another good patriot's name to the list of those who, often for the first time in their lives, have become producers of food-stuffs.

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Stops any leak, big or little, and usually for good. Apply when the hose is dry.

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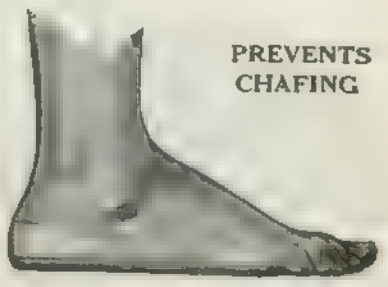

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Of course, I didn't want to go out to work, and somehow, I couldn't bring myself to canvassing. I believed my duty to Fred and the children, as well as to myself, demanded that I should not neglect my home in order to make extra money.

Of course, I did not see how it was possible to give proper attention to the family and to earn money too. Then I heard of the Auto Knitter and what a great thing it was for women like me.

NOW how different it all seems! I have an Auto Knitter and I am making quite a little money *at home*. The Auto Knitter knits woolen socks and other useful things. It is *so* easy to run. It makes no noise, no dirt, everything is simple and nice. Mary and Tom like to run it for the fun of the thing—and every pair of socks they knit means just that much more money earned.

Yes, I do sell some socks to my neighbors—and make a fine profit on them. But I don't have to rely on these sales because the Auto Knitter Company gladly buys up every pair of socks I knit and pays me for them promptly.

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YES, it *is* a fine way to make the extra money I need for little pleasures and luxuries, and I recommend it to all women who want to earn money at home in an easy and congenial way. All information about the matter is given in an interesting booklet which is sent free. I strongly urge you to get the booklet because it will open up to you a chance to get easily so many things you have been longing for!"

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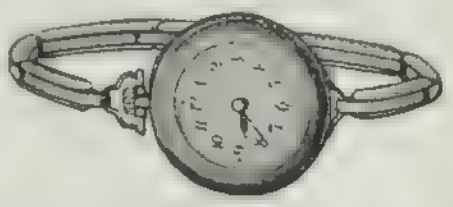

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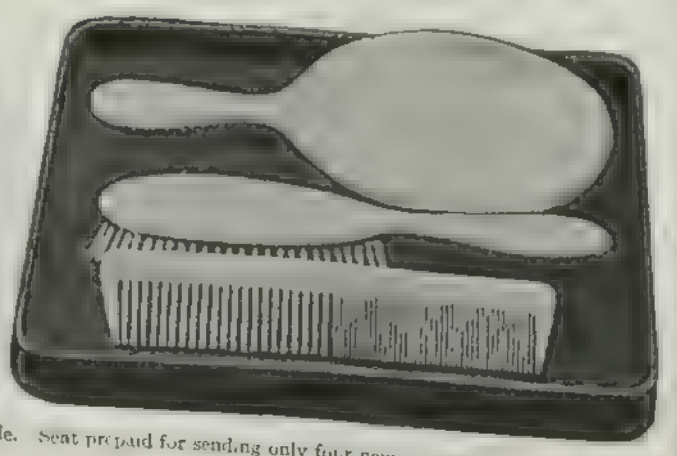

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3rd. The vital statistics of the social diseases, by Dr. C. K. Clarke, Canada's foremost authority on this subject.

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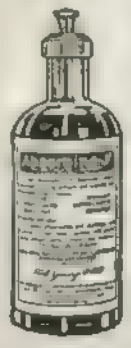

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"ONE Year of Pierrot" is a story which should hold a charm for every reader, however unliterary are his tastes. The simple and poignant record of a baby's short life, drawn by the young French mother from the very heart of maternity, must, one would think, appeal to all humanity.

And yet the book will achieve no speedy popularity; it will never share with "Graustark," or "The Wings of the Morning," or many another melodramatic and slipshod romance, the dubious honor of being one of the "best sellers" of the year. Its style is too delicate, too daintily reserved for that. It will take its place upon the shelves of all true lovers of literature beside Marjorie Pickthall's "Little Hearts," a tale which has much of the same fugitive, yet arresting, charm of style. It is a book which should live long after its more widely acclaimed contemporaries have passed into oblivion with the "snows of yester year." But it will never be a "best seller."

Carolyn of the Corners

By RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart
Price $1.35

IN this latest age of the world, if we are to believe the precepts inculcated by present day juvenile fiction, it is the children who have fallen heir to all the wisdom of the past. It is to them that a bewildered and helpless elder generation must look for the guidance and direction, the spiritual sustenance and kindly encouragement which they are all too eager to give. The children of modern literature are adepts at the practice which a homely proverb defines as "teaching your grandmother to suck eggs," and none more so than "Carolyn of the Corners." She is one of the host of children who follow in the footsteps of Pollyanna the Glad, bestrewing our paths with obnoxious virtues in a manner which the ordinary adult is apt to find decidedly irritating. Providentially, there is seldom more than one of her kind in any community and the hard work incident upon converting the rest of the community to righteousness generally leads to her early death. However, this volume should take its place in the shelves of the Sunday School Library beside Elsie Dinsmore and Pollyanna, and will undoubtedly be popular in such environment.

The Cream of the Jest

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL
J. M. Dent & Co.
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THE main thesis of "The Cream of the Jest" seems to be that, as another author has worded it, "We are all islands shouting to each other across seas of misunderstanding." Felix Kennaston, novelist, man of the world, and seeker after beauty, has discovered a talisman by the aid of which he lives largely in a world of dreams, finding there the answer to the riddle of human existence. Mr. Cabell has, in this volume, endeavored to unfold before us the mystery of the dual personality of mankind, with what success it must be left to the reader to decide.

The Scar that Tripled

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
Musson Book Co.
Price 50c.

THOSE who have read Richard Harding Davis' last story, "The Deserter," which was reviewed in the March issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, will naturally be interested in the future of the hero of that tale. In his little booklet, "The Scar that Tripled," Mr. Shepherd tells us of his meeting with the lad in London a year later, and of hearing from his own lips the story of how gallantly he had redeemed the past, although; indeed, it was only in intention that he had erred. These two little volumes give a very vivid picture of the dangers and discomforts of life at the front, and of the compensations that make those discomforts bearable.

Heart of the Hills

By ALBERT DURRAND WATSON
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart

IN his former volumes of verse Dr. Watson has proved himself possessor of a true lyrical faculty, and has written many charming lines, although he is often curiously unequal in his work; and in this volume, "Heart of the Hills," he has maintained his usual standard. His poem, "The Sparrow," is a dainty little word-picture:

"A little meal of frozen cake,
A little drink of snow,
And, when the sun is setting,
A broad-eaved bungalow.

"A little hopping in the sun
Throughout the wintry day,
A little chirping blithely
Till March drifts into May.

"A little sparrow's simple life,
And Love, that life to keep,
That careth for the sparrow
Even when it falls asleep."

On the whole, the volume is a creditable one, though Dr. Watson, in common with so many of our Canadian versifiers, has made several excursions into the wilderness of *vers libre*.

The Terror

By ARTHUR MACHEN
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MR. MACHEN, in "The Terror," has written a mystery tale, the climax of which will come as a surprise to the most sophisticated reader of stories of crime and its discovery.

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Reed Voices

By JAMES B. KENYON
James T. White & Co.,
Price, $1.25

"REED Voices" is a daintily gotten up little volume of verse from the press of James T. White & Co. It is one of a series of Modern American Poetry now in process of issue and is a capital specimen of typography and of the binder's art. The poems themselves have facility, and a certain grace and sweetness which will attract many readers and the book will be a welcome addition to the library of all verse lovers.

Aliens

By WILLIAM MCFEE
Musson Book Co.
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IN this book, "Aliens," the author of "Casuals of the Sea" has written a decidedly unusual story depicting the interest created in a quiet New Jersey household by the lives of the Carville brothers. While the sinister figure of the younger brother never directly appears in the narrative, his influence is felt through the whole course of the tale, and his sudden descent from the skies upon the little village in the flames of his wrecked aeroplane is a fitting climax to the volume.

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FREE TO GIRLS

BIG DOLL AND DOLL CARRIAGE

This Big Doll is 15 inches tall, has jointed legs and arms and natural head, hands and feet. The Doll Carriage has steel frame and wheels and the seat, back and hood are made of leatherette. It is 24 inches high and is just the right size for the Big Doll.

Just send us your name and address and we will send you 20 of our new lovely 16 x 20 inch colored pictures to sell at 15 cents each. When they are sold send us our money (three dollars) and we will send you the Big Doll, with all charges prepaid and we will also send you the Doll Carriage without any charge if you will show your Doll to your friends and get just three of them to sell our Pictures and earn prizes too. Send us your name and address to-day so you can get your Doll and Doll Carriage quickly.

Address—

HOMER-WARREN COMPANY
Dept. P 10
TORONTO

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. **A. O. LEONARD**
Suite 202, 70 5th Ave., New York City

ONTARIO

Make Your Vegetable Garden A Family Affair

THE best way to insure the success of your vegetable garden is to get every member of the family interested in it.

Don't put the whole burden upon father and mother. Any child over the age of ten years can, and usually will be glad to help, if his interest is encouraged; and even younger children may be shown how to help.

The way one family cultivated a very successful vegetable garden last year was as follows:

The husband and wife planned the garden. The man spaded up the soil and manured it as he went along.

Then he and his wife and their two eldest children raked it all over thoroughly and put in other fertilizer. In this way they got the ground into good condition.

The man planted the potatoes, the corn, the tomatoes and the cabbages. The woman attended to the beans, peas, green onions, spinach, radish and lettuce.

The children looked after the late onions, parsnips, beets and carrots. And they all helped one another with the hoeing.

What was the result?

There grew up in that family a friendly rivalry and an interest in the garden such as no person would have believed possible had the experiment not been tried.

The family had plenty of salad vegetables during the summer. They preserved sufficient tomatoes, beans and pickles to last all through the Winter and they took off enough potatoes, beets, carrots, parsnips and onions to carry them through until March of this year.

What this family did, your family should be able to do. The way they went about cultivating their garden is described in a booklet entitled "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home." This book has been prepared by the Ontario Department of Agriculture for distribution to any householder who will send for a copy. It is full of helpful, practical suggestions, including plans for various sized gardens. You can get a copy free by filling out and mailing the coupon below.

Organization of Resources Committee, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

Dear Sirs:

Please send me a copy of your booklet "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home."

Name..... Address .....

ORGANIZATION OF RESOURCES COMMITTEE in Co-Operation with Canada Food Board

Ready for a Spring Outing

Courtesy of "The Dry Goods Review"

MOTORING days—*real* days, with good roads and sunny skies are upon us. The whole country-side calls to us. The Spring motor shows invite us, tempt us, captivate us.

The woman motorist is assembling her wraps. In all Fashion displays, motor clothes are the order of the day—and what an array of them confronts the prospective buyer!

One of the most attractive of the many motor coat models shown this season is that of purple leather as shown above. One of the light-weight felt, satin, or even a tight-fitting straw hat may be worn with it. The close-fitting collar may be buttoned up to keep out the May breezes which, though exhilarating, are not as yet quite warm enough for either health or comfort.

How Has Your Car Helped Win the War?

IN every comunity today there are women who own and drive cars. It hardly seems conceivable that there are any of them who do not devote at least a small percentage of their time towards patriotic endeavors.

We believe that automobiles are playing a stupendous part in the winning of this war. Quite aside from the marvellous achievements of the tanks and other motor propelled war-machines, right here at home there are accomplishments to be recorded. How are you helping out with your car? How are the leading women in your town utilizing theirs in patriotic work?

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will pay $2.00 for every bona fide idea accepted and $3.00 for every tale of achievement accompanied by a photograph of the woman or women in question. Contributions must be addressed "Automobile Editor, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

The Amateur Beekeeper's Outfit

AS explained in the article on page 12, any woman may keep bees. The following list will indicate how inexpensive this patriotic occupation may be

Two colonies of bees in 10-frame Langstroth hive	$10.00
Bee smoker	1.00
Bee veil	.35
Book on bee-keeping	2.00
¼ lb. No. 30 tinned wire	.15
Spur wire embedder	.25
For each colony add one spare 10-frame hive withself-spacing frames and 1½ lb. medium brood foundation to take a possible swarm	3.00
	$16.75

Either of the following sets of supplies—

For comb-honey production:

3 comb-honey supers, 150 sections in the flat and 1 lb. thn super foundation	$3.00

For extracted honey production:

2 ten-frame hive bodies fitted with Langstroth frames in flat	2.00
Brood foundation	1 60
1 queen excluder (wool-bound)	.30

The Best-Fed Boys

Get 5 Cent Breakfasts

So with all folks—men and women.

The basis is a dish of Quaker Oats with garnishings. Then a dish of fruit and a cup of some hot drink.

The oat is the supreme food. In energy units it yields 1810 calories per pound—twice as much as round steak, more than twice as much as eggs.

It is the recognized food for growth. It is rich in minerals. All needed elements are in it and in the right proportions. It has a wondrous flavor.

At this writing, Quaker Oats costs but one-seventh what meats or eggs cost—on the average—for the same nutrition.

Seven abundant meals can thus be served at the cost of one average meat meal.

Reduce the cost of living by using more Quaker Oats. Make it the entire breakfast. Mix it with your flour foods. A multiplied cost can buy no such nutrition, no such delights, without it.

Quaker Oats

Flaked From Queen Grains Only

In Quaker Oats you get all the oat nutrition, plus exquisite flavor. And without extra price. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. By discarding the small insipid grains we get but ten pounds from a bushel. All oat foods are doubly welcome when you make them with Quaker Oats.

35c and 15c Per Package
Except in Far West

Quaker Oats Muffins

2 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes, add sugar, salt and melted butter, sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats overnight in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits
The Oat Macaroon

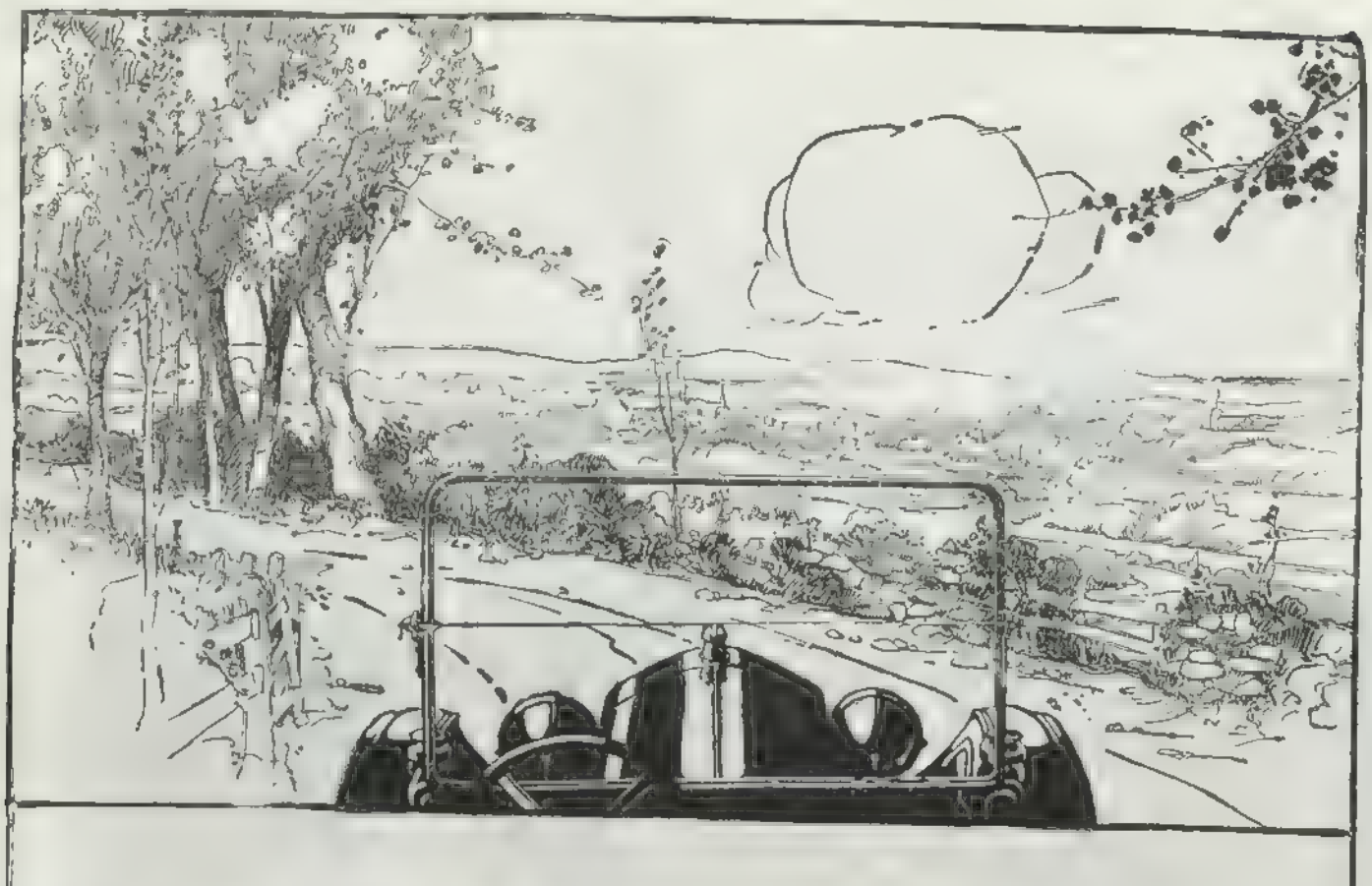
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon butter
2½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon. Put very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Peterborough Canada **The Quaker Oats Company** Saskatoon Canada

1922



Get Behind the Wheel of a Ford and Drive

TRY it just once! Ask your friend to let you "pilot" his car on an open stretch. You'll like it, and will be surprised how easily the Ford is handled and driven.

If you have never felt the thrill of driving your own car, there is something good in store for you. It is vastly different from just riding—being a passenger. And especially so if you drive a Ford.

Young boys, girls, women and even grandfathers—thousands of them—are driving Ford cars and enjoying it. A Ford stops and starts in traffic with exceptional ease and smoothness, while on country roads and hills its strength and power show to advantage.

Buy a Ford and you will want to be behind "the wheel" constantly.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Runabout - -	$575
Touring - -	$595
Coupe - - -	$770
Sedan - - -	$970
Chassis - -	$535
One-ton Truck	$750

F.O.B. FORD, ONT.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited
Ford, Ontario

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Here is Your Chance to Fill Your Pockets With Money

Norman Shortt earned $14.50 and won a $50.00 bicycle in one week after school. Oscar Bennett of Galt has made over $20.00, and won many fine prizes. Mabel Plummer made $15.00 in a few hours.

You can easily make

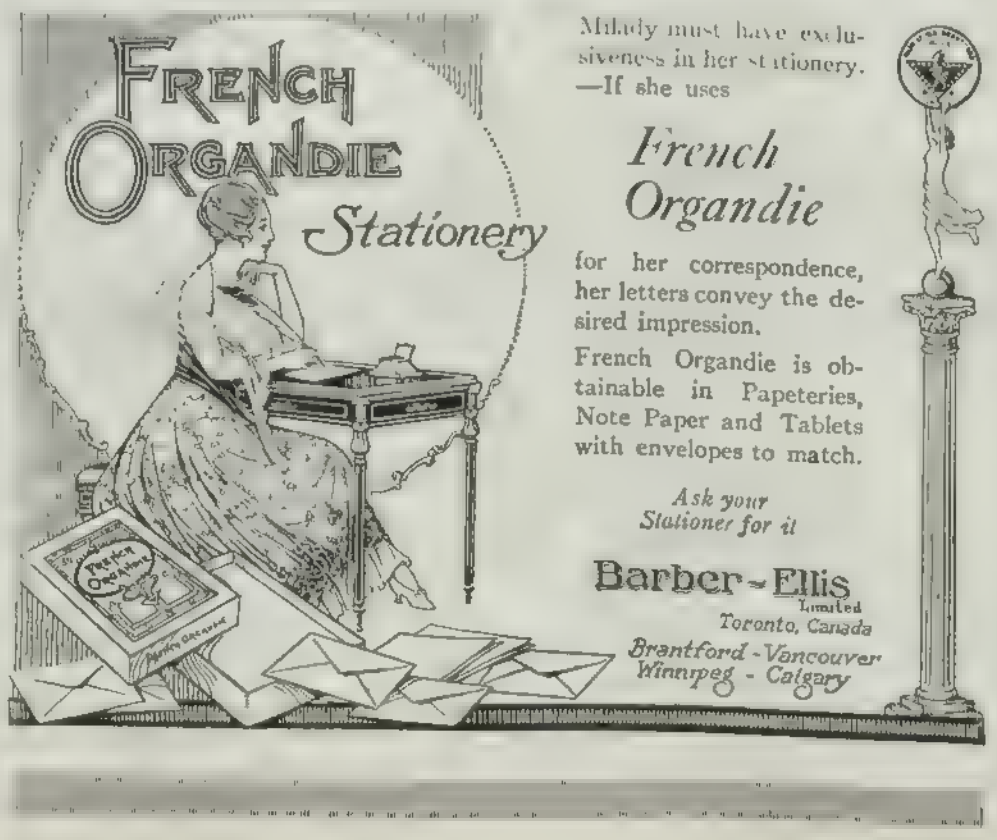
$5.00 to $10.00

Any bright boy or girl can make this much and more every month by delivering Everywoman's World to customers in their own neighborhood.

You take no risk and invest no money. We send the magazines each month as soon as they come out. You sell them and keep out your big profit. You make more money on Everywoman's World than any other magazine in Canada—more money than you would possibly earn so easily in any other way.

Write to-day without fail for particulars:

Sales Division B.,
Continental Publishing Co., Limited
Toronto - Ontario



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French Organdie

for her correspondence, her letters convey the desired impression.

French Organdie is obtainable in Papeteries, Note Paper and Tablets with envelopes to match.

Ask your Stationer for it

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Toronto, Canada
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Winnipeg - Calgary

Laugh Time Tales

"Life Without Laughing is a Dreary Blank"

Not Dry Literature

IT was after prohibition had reached a certain town in Ontario that an express agent telephoned a man prominent in the town. This was the message: "Please tell Mr. X. we have a package of books for him, and we wish he would arrange to get them at once as they are leaking badly."

Biography

NO one would have more heartily enjoyed than Strathcona himself, had he been alive, the following answer, which was given this year at the junior public school graduation examination to a question asking for an account of his career: "Lord Strathcona was an Indian at the beginning of his life. When the missionaries were sent out he became a convert. He grew to be a good man, and, after a while, he became a minister, and he grew in the ministry until he was knighted lord.'

Who Started the War

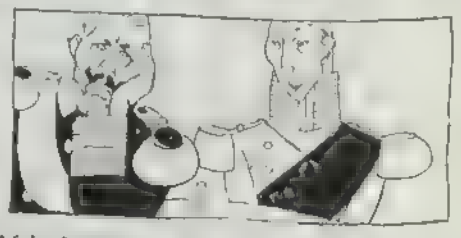
THE Kaiser and the Crown Prince were sipping a cordial.

"Father, who started the war?" quoth the Crown Prince, pulling on his cigarette.

"Why, we've proved it on England, France, and Belgium, to say nothing of Russia," sharply answered the Kaiser.

"Yes, I know," said the Prince, "but who was really responsible?"

"Well," his father answered, "if you must know it was like this. You remember when Roosevelt came back from



Africa? I gave him a good time. I showed him all round and I took him out and together we reviewed the Army. When we got back to the palace, Teddy clapped me on the back and said: 'Bill, you can lick the world.' And, like a fool, I believed him."

High Finance

"IT'S no use talking," said Jackson dejectedly, "it's impossible to make a woman understand the first principles of finance."

"What's the matter now?" enquired his friend.

"Matter!" ejaculated Jackson. "Why, when I was away yesterday, the baby swallowed a penny! And what does my wife do but call in a doctor and pay him two dollars for getting the penny back."

The Soft Answer

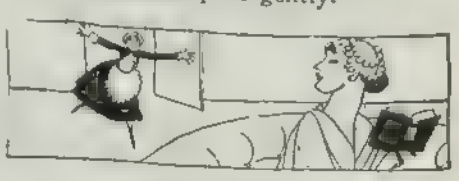
PROFESSOR Copeland of Harvard, as the story goes, reproved his students for coming late to class.

"This is a class in English composition," he remarked with sarcasm, "not an afternoon tea."

At the next meeting one girl was twenty minutes late. Professor Copeland waited until she had taken her seat. Then he remarked, bitingly:

"How will you have your tea, Miss Brown?"

"Without the lemon, please," Miss Brown answered quite gently.



Her Day Out

ELLEN rushed into her mistress' apartment and cried:

"Please, Mrs. Midgly, Kate's been tryin' to light the fire with paraffin, and she's been blown out of the window."

"Oh, well, it's her day out, isn't it?" rejoined the mistress.

Faithful Unto Death

A LITTLE dried-up negro boy had become very much attached to his Lieutenant. He had been heard to say that he would follow him through France or anywhere else. The Camp Religious Work Director attended a religious meeting which was being held at the colored barracks. He noticed that Sam was very much interested in the service and asked him if he would like to go to Heaven. Sam said: "No, sah, I jes' aims to go 'long wid de Lieutenant."

Thrift and the Auto

BECAUSE a free-lance economist happens to know, or has heard of, some fellow with a two-cylinder income, who has bought a six-cylinder automobile, that does not warrant the said economist in framing an argument upon the issue. It is an incident—not an average performance.

Bankers of fifteen years' association with the profession can recall the time when messengers were despatched with their value parcels from the City Head Office, to the Clearing House and Branches, in hacks of the "sea-going" variety. This work is now done more promptly, efficiently and economically with the aid of automobiles; but, again, this special application has no material weight. Here is a subject that has to be more widely considered. Deductions in economics are based on broad averages.

There are approximately 200,000 automobiles registered in Canada to-day, and writers on economics judge from these figures that the savings accounts of the nation are being depleted to maintain the upkeep of so many vehicles using gasoline, oils, tires and accessories. The figures are imposing, but they do not tell the whole story. During the period the automobile industry has been developing, savings accounts have been steadily increasing. There has been no noticeable rush at any time to draw out savings deposits. People seem largely to have arranged their daily routine to save the expense of their automobiles. There has been less dabbling in the stock market; shorter and fewer summer excursions; trips abroad have been cancelled for jaunts along the country roads at home.

There's a man who buys an automobile, and you know his affairs well enough to declare he couldn't afford it. Therefore, he ought to be so much the worse off. But he appears better off to his neighbors; and, as for himself, he thinks, and he feels, better off. People generally who buy automobiles seem to be satisfied with their bargains.

Whatever is popularly advertised has an attraction for savings accounts. When you read the advertisements of a retail store, announcing that blankets are to be sold cheaply on such a day, you may know that some family savings accounts will be reached into to buy blankets. So it follows with every article and commodity—whatever is most advertised draws the most money—oil, mine, development, and industrial stocks, prairie land and real estate—the money that takes up the opportunity comes out of savings accounts. Automobile advertisements have been conspicuous in the daily newspapers for fifteen years, always attracting purchasers, and yet the depletion in savings accounts has not been noticed. And, on the other hand, the automobile has created a new class of savings depositors—chauffeurs, machinists, and garage men have replaced the cabman or hack driver, livery man, hostler and stable hand, that used to be associated with the horse-drawn vehicular service. The younger men of this class are to-day in a smarter business, for which they receive better pay.

The automobile is essentially an improved method of transportation of such wide utility that it has in a large measure created the prosperity which maintains it. Any measures of restriction upon its use, or service, will disturb an equitable balance of internal trade.—From "The Home Bank of Canada Monthly."

If Everywoman's World Is Late

IF your copy of Everywoman's World is late in reaching you, or perhaps is lost altogether, please remember the difficulties under which EVERY ONE is working just at present.

We are trying to give you the best delivery service possible and will gladly replace lost copies or extend subscriptions to cover.

The mail service throughout Canada has been greatly disorganized owing to the previously unheard-of congestion of the railroads and the depletion of staffs in post offices and elsewhere due to the Military Service Act.

Before complaining of non-delivery, kindly allow a couple of weeks after publication date for your copy to reach you.

Conditions everywhere are unusual and we will all help best to get them back to normal quickly if we exercise a little tolerance. So we ask that you co-operate with us and

—BE PATIENT!

THIS
IS A WOMAN'S WAR
In this terrible war sometimes it is forgotten that everyone of our soldiers is some woman's husband, son or brother. It is impossible to appreciate the anxiety and distress that our women have to bear, and these, in connection with their Red Cross and patriotic work, entail sacrifices that are almost beyond human endurance. This strain cannot be maintained without some relief.
The one way in which this can be obtained is to have the mind diverted and the body recuperated by getting out into new scenes and enjoying the fresh air.
Come to
The Pacific Northwest
Oregon, Washington and British Columbia
For Your Summer Vacation
with your families and your friends, and get out into the
World's Greatest Out-of-Doors
Where, upon the mountain tops and the valleys beneath; on the inland seas and fresh water lakes; in the fruit laden orchards, and on the ocean beaches; playing golf on its beautiful evergreen links or fishing its trout streams and rivers, you may forget for a while your terrible anxieties and renew your health that is so vital if the women of the nation are to maintain their poise and to continue to bear the sacrifices that must be made.
A TRIP TO THE
INTERNATIONAL PACIFIC NORTHWEST
will broaden your mind and educate you to the wonderful extent and richness of the country your men are fighting for, and will give you some idea of the opportunities which are offered by the natural resources in agriculture, in fish, in mines, and in forests, that await development WHEN THE BOYS RETURN.
Write for free illustrated booklet to any Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce or Commercial Club in the Pacific Northwest, or the Tourist Department, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C., Capitol Buildings, Salem, Oregon, or Olympia, Wash., or the Office of the Executive Secretary, Herbert Cuthbert, Pacific Northwest Tourist Association, 1017-1018 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Wash.
OUR INTERNATIONAL PLAYGROUND
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Sold in Different Sized Packages
Made Under Our Own, More Exacting, Pure Food Laws
The purity and goodness of McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas is assured by the careful selection of the very best materials; by the skill of our experts who bake them; by the perfect cleanliness and appliances of our great, snow-white, sunshine factory; and finally, by the perfect protection of an air-tight, sealed package that excludes all dust and moisture. Ask your grocer.
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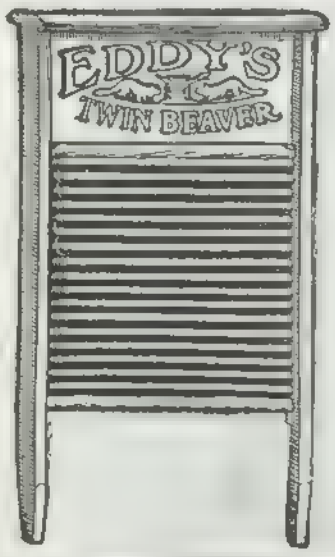
SOLD FRESH EVERYWHERE



EDDY
Household Supplies

Zinc, tin, galvanized iron and wood are badly needed by the Allies, consequently goods made of these products continue to rise in price. FIBREWARE, however, costs practically no more now than before the war. The demand steadily increases; 1,000 pieces of Indurated Fibreware are made daily to meet the requirements of Canadian Housewives. Consider the qualities of these products.

The Twin Beaver Wash Board

Made entirely from Canadian raw products and therefore not increased in price by duty. Two rubbing faces one on each side, which give it double use. It will stand severest use on wash day and wear much longer than the old fashioned zinc or wooden board. Buy one from your dealer next time.

Baby Bath Tub

Here is the ideal tub for baby's bath. It's smooth glossy surface and the freedom from the chill of the tin tub recommend it for baby use. Adults who indulge in a foot bath before retiring will likewise find the small sized tub most convenient. On Monday morning it will serve equally well for the family wash. Solid construction gives long wear without rust or warp.

E. B. Eddy Co., Ltd.
Hull, Canada

Makers of the famous Eddy Matches since 1851. No other kind so sure and safe. BUY THEM.

ONE CENT WILL SAVE ME

That's all it costs for three weeks' feeding with

Pratts Baby Chick Food

The young chicks need a scientifically prepared food. It cannot digest coarse grain. It must have fine, soft food like and other kinds of animal matter. If with it you get the "Pratts" principle—Cod Liver Concentrate—to tone every chick with vitality, to teach no rickets and build up against the losses. At your dealer's in 5 lbs. and 25, 50 and 100 lb. bags.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

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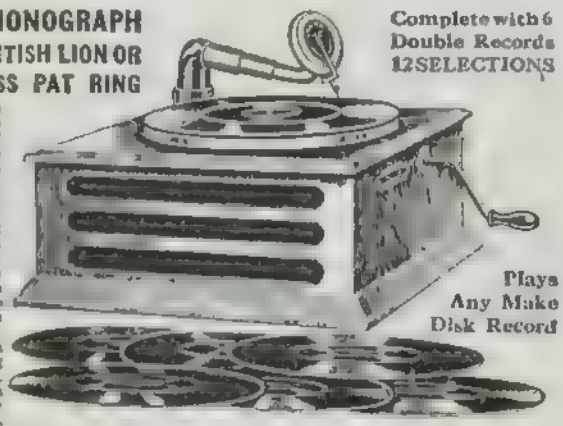

Plays Any Make Disk Record

Don't give $25.00 for a phonograph. You can get this beautiful machine complete with 12 of the newest selections absolutely free of cost. It is a genuine Disc Machine. Has a fine powerful motor and plays any make disc record. Victor, Columbia or Edison. It has a handsome mahogany finished case, tapered legs, nickel trimmings, powerful motor, and in fact many of the big features found in the highest grade machines.

Every local Customer we place with this magnificent British Lion or Princess Pat gem ring. They are the latest creation in fine jewelry. The Lion ring has a massive carved Lion head with wide open and mouth—the emblem of British Royalty. The Princess Pat is an exquisite design set with five sparkling brilliants and having all the appearance of a $50.00 diamond ring.

These grand prizes are being given away FREE to quickly advertise and introduce "Fairy Berries" the delightful, new, Cream Candy Coated breath perfume that everybody just loves. Send your name and address to-day and we will send you free a big trial package and just 25 handsome 10c premiums to introduce among your friends. Open your free package, try Fairy Berries for breath and ask all your friends to try them. Everyone wants a pack once two at 10c. They are delicious. Fairy Berries sweeten the breath, purify the mouth, and leave a lasting fragrance. You'll sell them like hot cakes. Then return our money, only $2.50, and we'll promptly send your choice of the beautiful rings, all postage paid, and the grand phonograph and records complete you can also receive for just showing our premiums to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

SEND NO MONEY. Just send your name and address to-day. A post card will do. Address 6B

THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY
Department P. 4 Toronto, Ontario

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THE great truth of life, told in a simple, beautiful and comprehensive way, as only one who has been a mother can tell it. The story of our being is explained—all the workings of Nature are told in a wholesome, simplified, direct and unusual manner—and just such information is given as is needful and helpful for the young maturing girl. Every mother will find this little booklet is just the assistance she is looking for to help her in telling this wonderful story to her daughter. Price 25c. by mail.

The foregoing and all other books obtainable at lowest published prices through

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Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
625 Inter-Southern Bldg LOUISVILLE, KY.

Teachers Wanted in Alberta

By NELLIE L. McCLUNG

THERE are about nine hundred empty schools in Alberta, and probably fifteen thousand children will go untaught this year,—unless the signs are changed!

We cannot expect men-teachers to help to fill these vacancies; our men-teachers went out in large numbers, at the first call for men, for they felt theirs was a place women could fill.

The enlistment of men in cities, made many vacancies in other occupations which women could fill, and the rural teachers gave up their schools to seek employment in the cities where life is more varied, and more comfortable. Steam heat, electric light, and water-taps have their influence!

And this is how it has come about that many country districts, rich as they are in grain, and cattle, and richer still in bright-eyed, eager-minded children, are teacherless, and weeds grow in the school yards, and ambition will die in many a young heart, unless teachers can be found.

There is no lack of money in these districts, for wheat sells at $2.21, and the crop last year, and the year before was abundant. Pigs have sold as high as fifty dollars, and cows for a hundred and fifty. We are needy but not "broke." We have gas, oil, minerals in abundance, wheat fields, forests and mountains. We have one-seventh of all the available coal in the world. We have sparkling sunshine and blue sky by day, and summer nights of dewy freshness. Our area is slightly larger than Germany. But money, and cows, and coal, and land will not save us.

An Appeal

WE want teachers! A campaign is going on to find out what teachers we have among our home-staying women, and many of our own women are going out to teach, for love of country, just as our boys, for love of country, went to fight! And it is a sacrifice, too, for women to break their homes,—but who has any license to live comfortably in these sad and terrible days? Many more of our women will go when they know the need, for the service flag which the Alberta women hang in their windows, is not a vain show, but a true symbol of that other spiritual service flag, which they have wrapped around their hearts to keep them from breaking.

The colors in these flags are true, and steadfast, and will not fade or run, even when the cold rains of discomfort beat on them! And because we know that the hearts of women all over Canada are the same, we are making our appeal to the older provinces to give us of their abundance; and we venture to remind them that our problem is also theirs, for we are one country bound together for good or ill. The Ontario child is not safe if the Alberta child is neglected! Illiteracy is a deadly flower, the poison of whose breath carries far, and it can grow on the western Canadian prairie, as well as on the steppes of Russia, and, while today, we have a fighting chance of destroying it,—if the older provinces will help us—in another year, it may have gone beyond us.

The vacancies are largely in the foreign districts, where the percentage of illiteracy is already high, and where the legislation of last August has left many an honest heart, sore and bitter, and rebellious!

Heroism Not Dead

WE NEED at this time as never before, healers and binders, and that is particularly women's work. They love to mend, and surely, surely there is no lack of opportunity for anyone who can ply the trade of mender, for the world is shot to pieces, with hatred, and fear, and misunderstanding. Here in our own province, where we have so many races, and creeds, the need is especially great, and after all, the call which we are sending out is much the same as the call which brought out the youth of our land, and sent them to another continent to measure their young strength with the organized forces of evil. President Wilson phrased it well, when he said, his nation entered the war to make the world safe for democracy. Democracy is only safe, when it is an educated, and enlightened democracy. The democracy of the world today is threatened by the military power of Germany, which would deny the right of a freeborn people to govern themselves, and, just as truly threatened, though not in such spectacular fashion, by every agency that seeks to

(*Continued on page 30*)

FINEST IN EXISTENCE

is what Mrs. C. A. Campbell, of Powassan, Ont., says in describing Zam-Buk. She writes:

"I blistered my heel badly by wearing new shoes. Some dye from my stocking got into it and caused a poisoned sore. It was extremely painful and for a week I could not put a shoe on. Then I heard of Zam-Buk and commenced using it. It was just wonderful the way it drew out the poison and inflammation, ended the pain and healed the sore. Zam-Buk is certainly the finest balm in existence—everyone should know of it."

Zam-Buk is also best for eczema, boils, pimples, ringworm, ulcers, old sores, piles, burns, scalds and cuts. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 50c. box, 3 for $1.25.

Zam-Buk

KEEP YOUR GOOD LOOKS

For twenty-five years we have successfully treated facial blemishes such as Pimples, Blackheads, Redness, Wrinkles, Freckles, Tan and non-contagious disfigurements. For 50c we send a large bottle of Princess Complexion Purifier and for 75 cents a package of Complexion Cream. Consultation by call or by letter, FREE.

Send for Booklet "W"

Hiscott Institute Limited

61 E. College Street, Toronto, Ontario

Delicious, Economical Muffins for The Little Folks and Grown-Ups, Too!

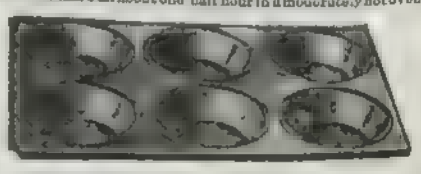
Restrictions regarding the use of wheat in order that a sufficient supply may be conserved for our fighting heroes need not necessitate the absence of delicious muffins from the family table.

This recipe not only saves wheat, but produces tasty, nourishing and satisfying muffins.

Cooked Rice Muffins
10 to 12 Muffins.

1½ cups flour
2½ teaspoons Baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup cooked rice
¾ cup milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons melted fat

Sift together dry ingredients. Add the milk, beaten egg and melted fat to the cooked rice. Beat the mixture briskly and turn into hot, well greased pan. Mix well. Bake in "Wear-Ever" Muffin Pan about one half hour in a moderately hot oven.

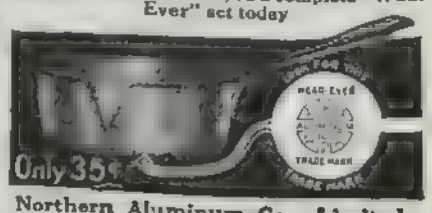


"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Muffin Pans

cost so little and contribute so much toward good baking that no home should be without them. "Wear-Ever" aluminum cuts excessive fuel and thus pay for their cost in a comparatively short time.

Replace utensils that wear out With utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Ask your dealer to show you a complete "Wear-Ever" set today



Northern Aluminum Co., Limited,
Dept. 48, Toronto, Ont.

Send prepaid, a 1 qt. (wine measure) "Wear-Ever" Steamer. Enclose 15c in stamps—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until June 30, 1918, only.

Name.....

Address.....

"Cheer Up and Thank God for the Y.M.C.A."

Boys!!

Here's your chance to do a fine stroke in the big war! Help the Y.M.C.A. to help your big brothers overseas by joining in the

"Earn and Give" Campaign

Six thousand Canadian older boys are invited to earn and give at least Ten Dollars ($10) to the Red Triangle Fund. That means $60,000 in all! Splendid! Five thousand dollars will be used for boys' work in India and China; another $5,000 for the National Boys' Work of Canada, and $50,000 to help big brothers in Khaki. Ask your local Y.M.C.A. representative for information and pledge card. When you have subscribed one or more units of Ten Dollars, you will receive a beautifully engraved certificate.

War Work Summary

There are:

—89 branches of Canadian Y.M.C.A. in France.

—74 branches in England.

—Dozens of Y.M.C.A. dug-outs in forward trenches under fire.

—300,000 letters a day written in Y.M.C.A. overseas buildings.

Vast Issues Depend Upon the Welfare of Our Men

TRY to picture yourself in the muddy cold trenches after exciting days and long nights of mortal danger and intense nervous strain. Rushing "whiz-bangs" and screaming "coal boxes" are no respecters of persons. You are hit! But despite shock and pain you still can face the long weary trudge back to dressing station. Weary, overwrought and depressed, you are prey to wild imaginings of that other coming ordeal with the surgeon. There are other "walking wounded," too! You must wait, wait, wait. And then—

Up comes a cheery Y.M.C.A. man, the ever-present "big brother" to the soldier, with words of manly encouragement. Close beside the dressing station the good generous folks at home have enabled him to set up a canteen. He hands you biscuits, and chocolate or coffee.

"In thousands of cases," writes an officer, "it was that first hot cup of coffee that dragged the man back to life and sanity."

The tremendous helpfulness of the Y.M.C.A. as an aid to the "morale," or fighting spirit, of the soldiers is everywhere praised. No wonder the Germans make every effort to smash the Y.M.C.A. huts out of existence.

The Y.M.C.A. is **everywhere.** You first met the helpful, manly Y.M.C.A. worker in camp, then on train and boat, at camp in England and in France, close to the firing line. Often he risks his life to reach you in the trenches. He has won the warmest praise from military authorities, statesmen—the King!

* * *

Have you a precious boy at the front? You cannot be "over there" to guide him away from fierce temptations of camp and city. You cannot comfort him in his supreme hour of trial. Your parcels to him are necessarily few. But the Y.M.C.A., thank God, is "over there," going where you cannot go—doing the very things you long to do—doing it **for you and for him.**

Will you help? This vast organization of helpfulness needs at least $2,250,000 from Canada for 1918. For your boys' sake be GENEROUS!!

—$100,000 needed for athletic equipment. (Helps morale of soldiers.)

—Y.M.C.A. saved hundreds of lives at Vimy Ridge by caring for walking wounded.

—Over 100 pianos in England and France, also 300 gramophones and 27 moving picture machines.

—Y.M.C.A. helps boys in hospitals.

—More than 60,000 cups of hot tea and coffee distributed daily in France—free. Estimated cost for 8 months, $48,000.

—150,000 magazines distributed free every month. (Estimated cost $15,000.)

Y.M.C.A.

Red Triangle Fund

$2,250,000, May 7, 8, 9

Canada Wide Appeal

—$125,000 used in 1917 to build huts in France.

—Concerts, sing-songs, good-night services and personal interviews energetically conducted. Concerts, lectures, etc., cost $5,000 a month.

—Thousands of soldiers decide for the better life.

—Y.M.C.A. sells many needful things to soldiers for their convenience. Profits, if any, all spent for benefit of soldiers.

—Service to boys in Camp hospitals.

—Red Triangle Clubs for soldiers in Toronto, St. John and Montreal. Centres in Paris and London for men on leave.

—Out of Red Triangle Fund, $75,000 to be contributed to the War Work of the Y.W.C.A.

National Council, Young Men's Christian Association

Headquarters: 120 Bay St., Toronto

JOHN W. ROSS (Montreal)
National Chairman of Red Triangle Fund Campaign

G. A. WARBURTON (Toronto)
National Director of Red Triangle Fund Campaign

40

THE LATEST ECONOMICAL RECIPES CONTAINED IN THE PURITY FLOUR COOK BOOK

have been reviewed and approved by the DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT of the famous McDONALD INSTITUTE

Mailed post paid for 20 cents

Western Canada Flour Mills Co Limited

TORONTO.

21

FREE DANDY BICYCLE AND GREAT WATER PISTOL

Boys send us your name and address to-day and you can get a Real Daisy Water Pistol and our great Flying Champion Bicycle in return for a little easy pleasant work. This is the finest bicycle any boy could own. It has a 22 inch frame, coaster brake, non-skid tires, roller chain, and all the most up-to-date improvements—just the slickest, quickest bicycle you've ever seen. And the Daisy Water Pistol beats all. Just what you've always wanted. It looks like a real automatic revolver, but shoots a straight, powerful stream of water that will chase dogs or cats, & provide a barrel of fun.

Looks like a real revolver, shoots a straight powerful stream of water.

Here's Our Proposition for Live Boys

No Money in Advance.—Just send your name and address to-day and get a free sample package of "Dainteen", our delicious new whipped-cream candy coated breath perfume that we want everybody in the land to try. With the free sample we send you just **30** handsome packages that we want you to introduce among your friends at only **10c.** a package. The sample package will make it easy for you. Just open it and ask your friends to try a couple of "Dainteen". They will like them so much that everyone will buy a package or two at once. A couple of little "Dainties" will purify the mouth and perfume the breath. Everybody just loves them. No trouble at all to sell.

Return our **$3.00** when the breathlets are sold and we will promptly send you, all charges prepaid, the dandy Daisy Water Pistol, and the grand bicycle you can also get without selling any more goods, by just showing your fine prize to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. Write to-day boys and you can soon own these fine rewards. 18

Address—THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. N 4 TORONTO, ONT.

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

Stop Backache

DOES your back ache? That is usually the first sign that the blood is retaining poisons. It is the business of the kidneys to purify the blood stream, eliminating the waste matter from the system.

On the kidneys depend health, happiness and success, and no man or woman can afford to neglect the warning given by backache.

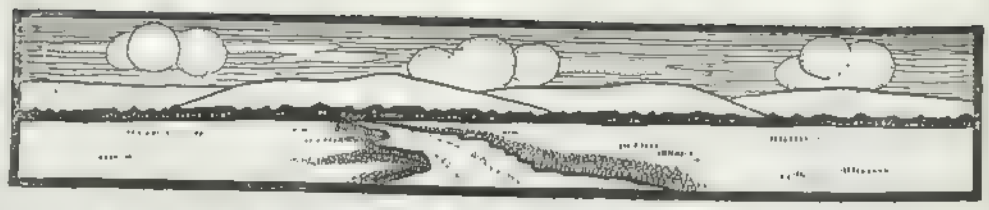
Hundreds of Testimonials

We can show you a letter from Nova Scotia from a man relieved by Gin Pills after suffering for twenty years from kidney and bladder trouble; another telling of his freedom from Lumbago and Rheumatism; others from stone, gravel and urinary derangements; dozens from people who used Gin Pills successfully for backache.

50c a Box, or 6 Boxes for $2.50

Sample Free upon Request to

National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto



A Y.M.C.A. of Your Own

Why not start one in your Home Town?

THERE are few towns in Canada without their quota of returned or visiting soldiers, but in many places there is no local Y.M.C.A.

If you live in a community where there are soldier boys with "no place to go," why not have a Y.M.C.A. of your own?

When the explosion last December wrecked a large part of the City of Halifax the recreation rooms and the naval hut belonging to the Y.M.C.A. were put out of commission. Most of the buildings were situated in or near the devasted area, and not one of them was spared. The central building did not suffer structural damage, but it was taken over by the military authorities and used as a hospital.

The result was that the thousands of soldiers and sailors in Halifax were deprived of their Y.M.C.A. privileges, and as other places of recreation, and in some cases their barracks, were seriously damaged, the lot of the boys was an unhappy one. The school basement of St. Matthews' Presbyterian Church was most kindly placed at the disposal of the Y.M.C.A., but this did not accommodate a tithe of the men desiring the service of the "Y."

It occurred to a number of the big-hearted citizens of Halifax that a few private "Y.M.C.A.'s" would help to ease the situation. Accordingly a number of homes were opened to the boys in khaki and blue. On certain nights from ten to twenty men are invited to enjoy the hospitality of some of the best homes in the city.

Games and music and "eats" are indulged in, and for most of the boys it is an experience to which they have long been strangers. They entertain themselves, and the variety of talent that these small social gatherings draw out is surprising to a degree. Men who can never be persuaded to perform in the "huts" or concert rooms before a crowd readily recite and sing at these informal but delightful gatherings. What began as a hesitating experiment has become a fixed custom. Hostesses soon discovered that the pleasure was not all on the side of the guests, and now they are competing for the privilege of entertaining the soldiers.

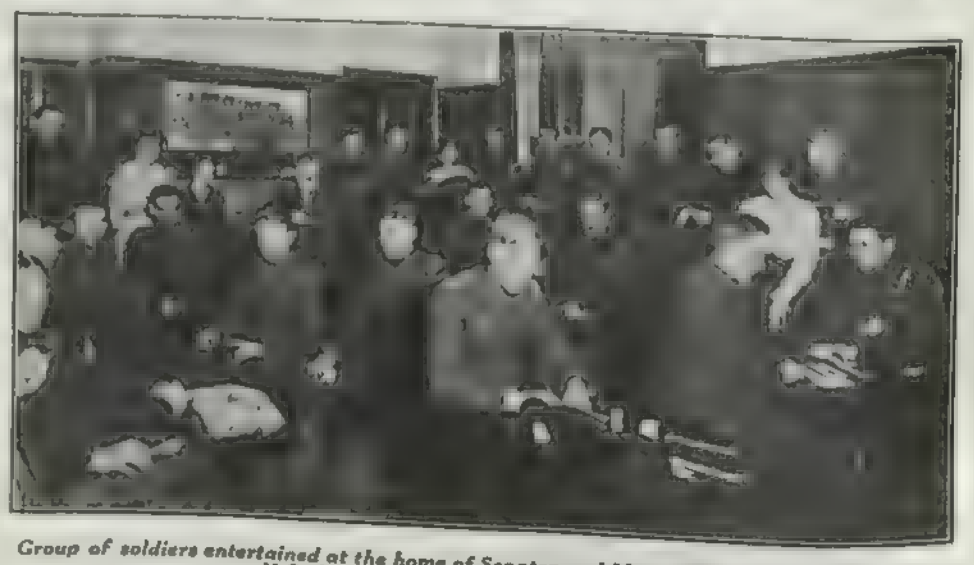
For that reason we ask, "Why not have a Y.M.C.A. of your own?" Put that large room to some definite, beneficent purpose. Donate your hospitality to the boys who are defending your home. It is the boast of the Y.M.C.A. that until the boys come home it takes home to the boys. You can do as much. Organize a little "Y" of your own. Here is the recipe:—

One or two rooms
One piano
One gramaphone
Games
Girls
"Eats"

Don't let the ingredients simmer too long. Cook over a hot fire and serve at once.

The illustrations show two groups of men at the home of Senator and Mrs. Wm. Dennis, Halifax, N.S.

Group of Convoy Signallers at home of Senator Dennis. Lady with white wings Mrs. Archdeacon Armitage of Sailors' Comforts Committee, who has just presented each man with a kit bag containing sox. Mrs. Dennis at her right.



Group of soldiers entertained at the home of Senator and Mrs. William Dennis at Halifax, N.S. Senator Dennis standing at fireplace.

Teachers Wanted in Alberta

(*Continued from page 28*)

render any people unfit for self-goverment, and the outward sign of one of these, is the empty school house, with its broken window panes, and weed grown yard!

The Department of Education is doing all it can to meet the needs. The minimum wage is fixed at seventy dollars a month. Any provincial certificate will be accepted, and every effort will be made to furnish comfortable accomodation.

It may be a bit dull for the city woman she may be weary many times, and homesick too, and at times perhaps uncomfortable. Even so. I believe she will come. Heroism is not dead.

The Call to Canada

DURING the next four to five months food conservation on this continent must be the sole hope of the Allied nations in Europe and of friendly neutrals. The problem is to "stretch" supplies over the interval until this year's crops are harvested. In Great Britain, in France, in Italy, the people are alive to the situation. Their spirit was expressed by Lord Charles Beresford the other day when he said, "We are tightening our belts and we are going to win." Canadians, too, must tighten their belts and help the Allies to win. Use should be made on this continent of every available substitute for wheat, beef and pork.

The Witch's Grandchild

(*Continued from page 5*)

CLOVERSEED.—He's a rude fellow! Hush, a horn I hear!
The Queen is coming. Let us welcome her.
(*Enter Queen. All the fairies bow deeply to her. Margery steals in L., and hides behind a tree.*)
QUEEN.—Welcome, my fays! The spring is in the air;
The hawthorn buds are bursting everywhere.
CLOVERSEED.—All through the woods the crocus breaks in flame.
MAYFLY.—And every wind is whispering her name.
MARYBUD.—The violets to the breeze their perfume spill.
QUINCEBLOSSOM.—I heard the robins calling on the hill.
QUEEN.—Come, let us dance, while the moon gives her light.
Day is for mortals—for the fairies, night.
(*Dance. Margery is discovered.*)
QUEEN.—Whom have we here?
MAYFLY.—Say, mortal, what you be?
MARGERY.—I am the witch's grandchild, Margery.
QUEEN.—How came you here?
CLOVERSEED.—You should be in your bed, A child like you.
MARGERY.—They said that I should wed My cousin Hans.
QUINCEBLOSSOM.—What? That great, ugly thing
Who yesterday tramped through our fairy ring?
MARGERY.—Yes, that was he. He told grandmother so,
And laughed, and said he'd make all fairies go
Away from here, if he could have his way.
MARYBUD (*angrily*).—These woods are *ours*, not *his*, and here we'll stay.
QUEEN.—Fear not, my little maiden, you shall be
Protected from him, Is it known to you Why he would wed you?
MARGERY.—Please, your majesty,
He never liked me, but would always do All that he could to hurt me. Yesterday Grandam and he told me I must obey And marry him.
QUEEN.—And you?
MARGERY.—I'd rather die.
He's old and cross and ugly
QUINCEBLOSSOM.—Never fear!
For you must know the fairies never lie, And the Queen says she will protect you, dear.
QUEEN (*Taking jewel from her neck and giving it to Margery*).—While you wear this, child, you may call on me If he molests you.
MARGERY.—Thanks, your Majesty.
And may I live here with you always?
QUEEN.—Nay.
Where fairies are, a mortal cannot stay.
Yet you shall rest and watch us dance and sing.
(*Margery seats herself beneath a tree.*)
Haste ye, my fays, and form our fairy ring.
(*Fairies dance and sing.*)
FAIRIES (*Singing*)—
O the gorse, and O the broom, and O the bonnie heather,
Little room is there for gloom when they three bloom together.

All along the mountain path gold the gorse is growing,
Through the purple heather swath bees are coming, going.

Even now the fairies dwell where the broom's in flower,
Broom and gorse and heather bell, fairies know their power.

Never sorrow, pain nor woe, never hurt comes nigh them,
Fairy laughter soft and low sounds forever by them.

O the gorse, and O the broom, and O the bonnie heather,
Little room is there for gloom, when they three bloom together.

Margery falls asleep while they are singing.
QUEEN.—What shall we do with her, my fays?
CLOVERSEED.—We'll find
A husband somewhere that's more to her mind.
QUEEN.—Lo, by my mystic power, I divine
She comes, unknown to her, of royal line.
She is the rightful Princess, stolen at birth.
MAYFLY.—Was e'er such wickedness known upon earth?
MARYBUD (*clapping her hands*).—Your Majesty! Your Majesty! I know.
The fireflies told me half an hour ago

(*Continued on page 34*)

CHEVROLET

MODEL F-A

Baby Grand Touring Car

A New, Efficient and Powerful Model which materially reduces motoring cost.

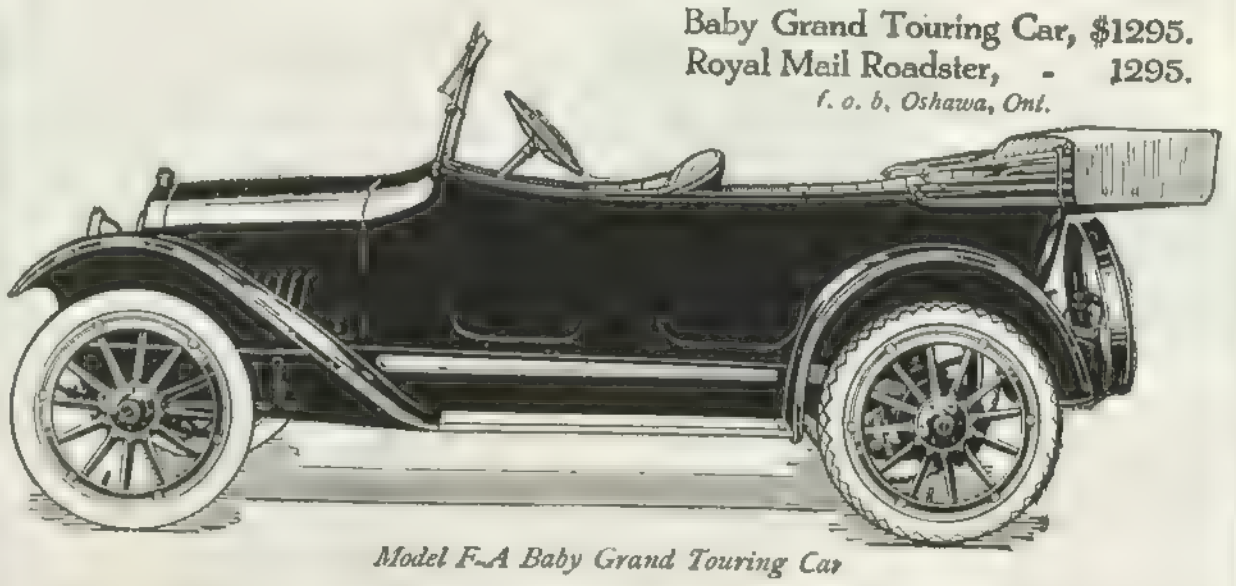
Now that the motor car is a necessity to crowd more into the busy day there is a demand for a sturdy, roomy, powerful car, economical to buy and economical to run—a car that is comfortable and will give good service day in and day out.

This new Chevrolet model fills this demand and is offered at a price far below that warranted by its value, and represents more CAR for your money than any new model on the market. See this model before you buy.

CHEVROLET MOTOR Co of CANADA LIMITED
OSHAWA ~ ONT.

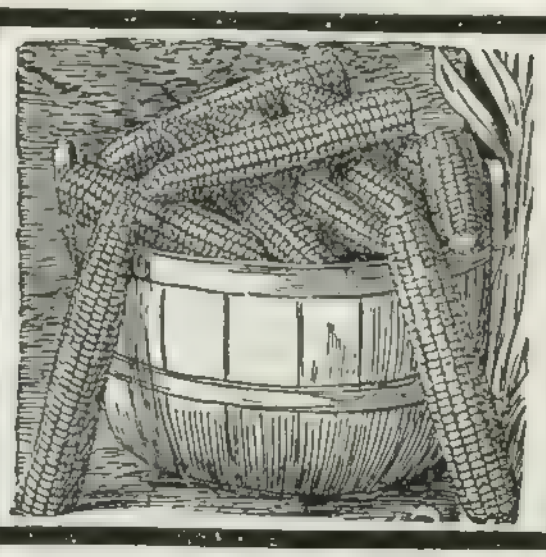
Western Parts and Distributing Branch: REGINA, SASK.

Baby Grand Touring Car, $1295.
Royal Mail Roadster, - 1295.
f. o. b. Oshawa, Ont.



Model F-A Baby Grand Touring Car

There is a CHEVROLET SHOW ROOM in Your Vicinity
Call and See the Latest Chevrolet Models



BRUCE'S HIGH GRADE SEED CORN

Our samples of Seed Corn will be good and of high germination; send in your order now and we will ship about the 30th of April—We doubt if we can get any Flints or extra early Dents. We offer, subject to being unsold, prices here, cash with order:

CORN	Bushel.
Improved Leaming, Bruce's	$ 5 00
Reid's Dent	5 00
Eureka White	5 00
Leaming	4 85
Selected Giant Red Cob	4 25
Selected Mammoth White.	4 55
GRASS SEEDS Bushel, 48 lbs.	
Timothy Regal, No. 1 G. S.	$ 6 50
do Ex. Choice No. 2 G. S.	6 00
do Choice No. 2 G. S	5 50
do Prime, No. 3 G. S	5 00
do and Alsike, No. 3 G.S.	5 50

CLOVER SEEDS. Bushel 60 lbs	
Alsike, Regal, No. 1 G. S.	$17 00
do Choice No. 2 G. S.	15 75
do Prime, No. 3 G. S.	14 50
Alsike & Timothy No. 3 G S	9 50
Lucerne Ex Choice, No. 2 GS	15 00
do Choice No. 2 G. S.	14 00
Red, Regal, No. 1 G. S.	24 00
do Choice No. 2 G S.	23 50
do Prime, No. 3 G. S.	21 00
Sweet Clover, White Blossom	18 00

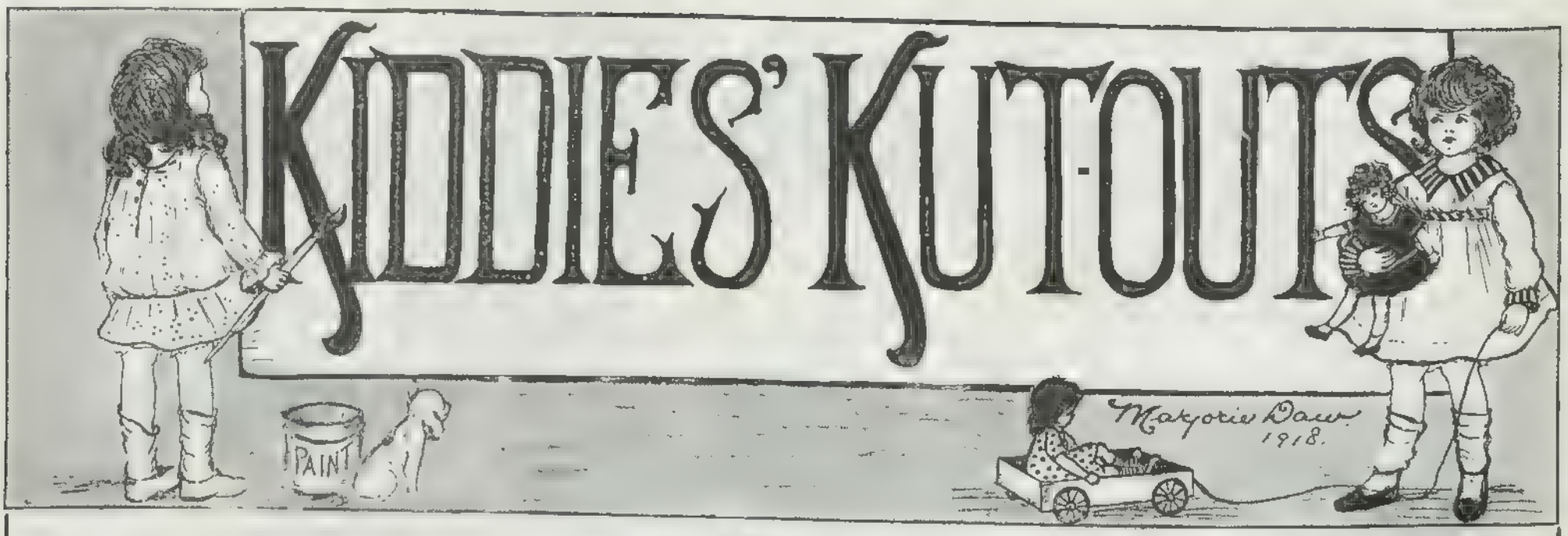
Our Extra Choice Lucerne and Timothy is No. 1 Purity. 2¼ bushel cotton bags 50c each, extra.

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO., Limited
HAMILTON SEED MERCHANTS Established - 1850 ONTARIO

Don't Worry! Make your spare time bring you a Dollar a day extra to help pay the bills that are accumulating in spite of your efforts to make both ends meet. Start a business of your own. No capital necessary. All you need is some spare time and a desire to succeed in introducing EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. For particulars write to Subscription Department:—

THE CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED - - TORONTO CANADA

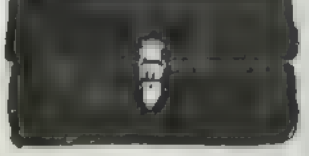
KIDDIES' KUT-OUTS



Don—

Nancy's Brother

For Scissors, Paints and Crayons

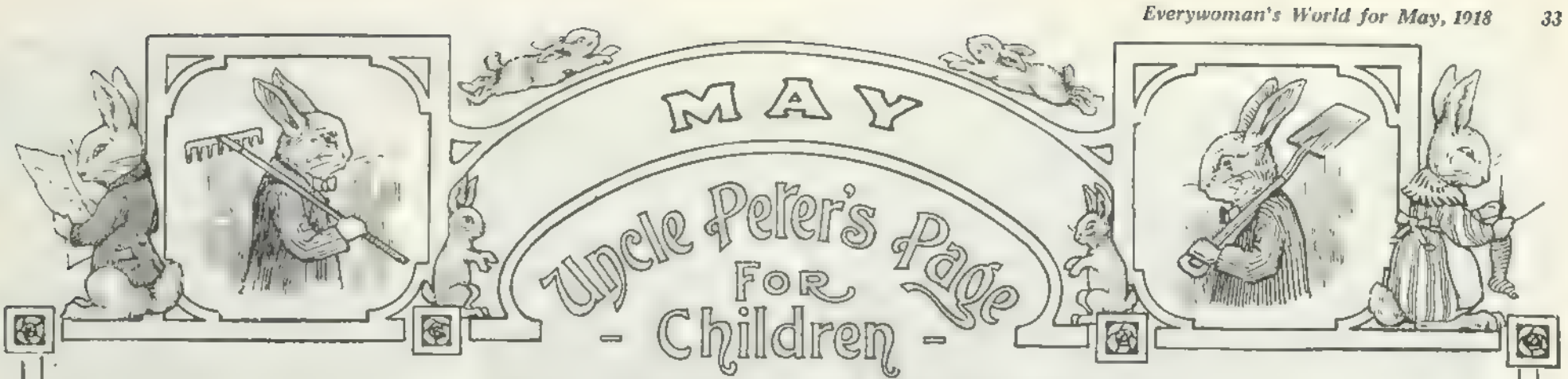


How to Dress Don

PASTE the entire sheet on thin paper or thin cardboard before cutting out. Color the suits, etc., in the prettiest way you can. Use light pink for flesh color and a deeper pink for the cheeks. Cut hats along dotted lines and bend back tabs on other clothes.

PRIZES.—Ten boxes of paints will be given to the senders of the ten best colored sets. Mail them to Marjorie Daw, care of EVERY WOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance St., Toronto. All sets must be mailed before June 10th. A stamped self-addressed envelope must be enclosed if you wish the set returned.

Marjorie Daw
1918.



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The Bunnies' 1918 Garden

John Bunny sat looking around him,
The trees were beginning to green,
He said, "It's a long time since any old fox
Round this part of the world has been seen."

"We'll lay out a patch for a garden,
And grow lots of things bye and bye;
For this you all know, that the things which you grow
Are much better than those which you buy."

"So lettuce grow beans and potatoes,
Cauliflowers, turnips and beets,
We shall all be all right if from morning to night
We cultivate all kinds of eats."

"Now first we will start with a tape-line
And measure our ground out with speed,
It will cause you surprise and you'll open your eyes
When you learn that I've got all the seed."

The Bunnies were all quite delighted,
To hear of so dandy a plan.
And they cried with great glee, "You will certainly see
That we'll all work as hard as we can!"

So off they all started together,
And came to a beautiful spot;
By the side of the wood, where the soil should be good
They laid out a fine garden plot.

John Bunny got paper and pencil,
Made a plan of the "garden to be,"
He planned it with care—gave each Bunny a share,
Then said to them—"Listen to me."

"Before any seeds can be sown here
You must dig the ground over with care,
And we'll all take a hand in preparing the land,
Easy work—if the labor we share."

"And when we have dug it, and raked it
We'll divide it all into small strips;
A small house we will build, which with tools can be filled—
It will save us a great many trips."

"And one will grow beans and tomatoes,
Another grow cabbage and cress,
And no one need wait as a patch of potatoes
Will keep us all busy I guess."

The Bunnies all started in working
Their plot by the side of the hill,
They dug and they raked till their little arms ached
But they stuck to the job with a will.

They dug and they hoed and they raked it
Each doing the best he was able,
Then they raked it some more, till at last I am sure
It was smooth as the top of a table.

Said John, "We have now got a seed-bed
As good as a seed-bed could be,
We will now with all speed start sowing our seed
And soon some results we shall see.

* * *

The Bunnies all stood there together
Not one of them saying a word,
When a voice through the trees floated down on the breeze,
And this is the message they heard—

"I am the voice of the Sunshine,
I bless every seed that you sow.
Through the long summer days the warmth of my rays
Will ripen the crops that you grow."

UNCLE PETER'S MONTHLY LETTER

My Dear Bunnies,

If you all work as hard this Spring and Summer as the Bunnies in my pictures are working you will certainly have some fine gardens. There is nothing which can help better to keep up the spirit of our Bunny-Club Motto. "Contentment" is the natural reward of all gardeners, as it is so easy to see results which are gained through "effort" in gardening work. So "Effort with Contentment" will make a very good Garden Motto for us all in 1918.

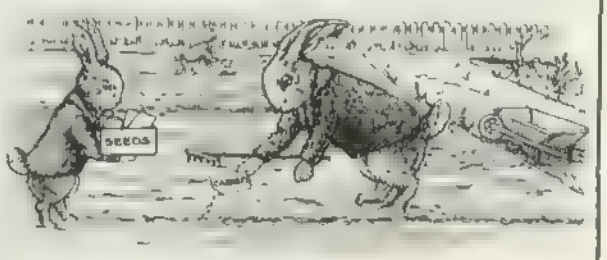
Later on this Summer I hope to have a Garden Competition for the Bunnies, and to give prizes for the best descriptions of what Bunnies have actually done in their very own gardens, planted and tended by themselves. I do hope that hundreds of you will be right in line to take part in such a competition as that.

New Bunny-Club Members receive a pretty Membership Badge if they write to Uncle Peter's Bunny Club, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, sending their age and their full name and address, and enclosing the application fee of five cents.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,
Uncle Peter.

Then a voice spoke in tones soft and liquid:
"I am the voice of the rain,
When the sun's rays by day take the moisture away
I'll bring you refreshment again."

Then a whisper came out of the twilight,
"I am the voice of the dew,
When the rain fails to bring its relief, I will wing
Through the night with my blessing for you."



The next day the Bunnies all planted
Their seeds in the ground they had worked;
Each one did his best to do more than the rest,
And no one his task ever shirked.

Radishes, turnips and onions
Potatoes and cabbage as well
Lettuce and cress and some others you'll guess
Their garden was certainly swell.

The rain and the sunshine both helped them,
The dew did its part while they slept,
And each impudent weed was uprooted with speed:
Their garden was very well kept.

So here we will leave them all working
And weeding that garden so neat,
And later this year, we will go, never fear,
And see what they'll give us to eat

* * *

In some countries now the poor children
Have little or nothing to eat—
We can serve in this way, so get started to-day
And help in the SAVING OF WHEAT.

The Bunnies you see in the pictures
Are creatures of fancy, it's true,
But yet you'll agree when their efforts you see
There's a lesson for me and for you.

And all you Canadian Bunnies
Can each have a garden as fine,
Observe their example, and show me a sample
Of what you can do in that line!

The Day of His Going

In a million homes, pictures are keeping the story of the war as it touches those homes. John in his first khaki as he proudly marched away, and John, tanned and hardened, as he looked when home on leave.

More than ever the Kodak Album is keeping the home story. To-day that story means history, and more than ever it is important that it be authentic history—that every negative bear a date.

Memory plays strange tricks and one of its favorite vagaries is to fail in the all important matter of dates. But with a Kodak there's no uncertainty. The date—and title too, if you wish—is written on the autographic film at the time the exposure is made. And it is there permanently. It makes the Kodak story authentic and doubly interesting.

It is all very simple, is the work of an instant and there's no extra charge for autographic film.

Let the Kodak keep the dates.

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CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited

Toronto, Canada

You're Proud to Own a Nordheimer When Musical Friends Call

All people of artistic tendencies lay stress upon the Piano—and require that it be worthy of its surroundings.

Pride value gives the Nordheimer its place in the more exclusive environments. But it is also the logical choice for the humbler home. Musically, all Nordheimer Pianos are of one grade, but there are several styles of case, the plainer and less costly designs possessing all the quality characteristics of the more ornate.

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(East of Fort William, Freight added for Western Canada)

This particular style (shown at left) may be obtained in mahogany, walnut or fumed oak. In appearance it has that simplicity which is the truest form of art—and in its musical quality, a power, depth and resonant richness comparable only to the largest and most costly of pianos. Its price is a popular one—well within the reach of all who wish a really artistic piano.

Write for Design Book E, containing full particulars

Nordheimer Piano & Music Co., Limited

Corner Albert and Yonge Streets, Toronto

The Witch's Grandchild

(*Continued from page 31*)

The Prince, her cousin, hunting in the wood,
This very day that's past, has lost his way.

QUINCEBLOSSOM. I know the spot in which his footsteps stray.
I'll lead him hither. (*Exit.*)

MAYFLY.—And then if we could
But make them meet!

QUEEN.—Off with you! Bring him here. (*Exit Mayfly.*)

CLOVERSEED.—They'll make a pretty pair. Marybud, dear,
Come with me, and we'll make the bluebells sing
A merry chime, to guide him to our ring. (*Exit Cloverseed and Marybud.*)

MAYFLY (*enters*).—He's near, your Majesty.

QUEEN.—Then, we'll begone.
'Twere best that he should find her here alone.
(*Exit Fairies.*)

PRINCE (*Enters*).—I'm weary of this wandering. All the day
I have been trying to find my homeward way;
And then I thought I heard some person call,
And followed. (*Shouts.*) Robin, John, where are you all?
Well, I will go no further for to-night.
I'll rest me here, and wait till morning light.
(*Goes to sit down under tree and discovers Margery.*)
Who's here? A sleeping maiden! Why, 'tis she
Who gave the flower that I wear to me.

MARGERY (*In her sleep*).—How fair the Prince was! What blue eyes he had!
Oh, how I wish—Margery, are you mad!

PRINCE.—She speaks my name!

MARGERY (*Sleeping*).—What folly! *You* and *he*——
The Prince of all the land!

PRINCE.—She dreams of me!
Dear little maid, what a fair face it is!
I wonder, dare I wake her with a kiss?
(*Kneels and kisses her. Margery starts up.*)

MARGERY.—The Prince himself! Sir, did the fairies bring
You here?

PRINCE.—Nay, I have seen no fairy thing
Except yourself, sweet maid.

MARGERY.—No fairy, I!
Only the witch's grandchild, Margery.
But here the Fairy Queen and all her train
Were scarce a moment since.

PRINCE.—They'll come again
Perhaps, ere long. Won't you sit down here? (*Spreads his cloak on bank*) See!
I'm wearing still the flower you gave to me.

MARGERY.—It's withered now.

PRINCE.—Give me another, then.
(*As she offers flower, he kisses her hand.*)

Enter MOTHER WOTHERWOP and HANS.

HANS.—Well, this is a nice business! (*To Prince*) Do you know
The girl's my sweetheart?

PRINCE.—Margery, is it so?

MOTHER WOTHERWOP (*Trying to seize her*).—Go, hussy, quickly. Get you home again.

MARGERY (*Clinging to Prince*).—No, no! Don't let them take me. 'Tis not true.
(*To Hans*).—I told you I would never marry you,
I'd sooner die.

PRINCE.—You hear her? Get you gone!

HANS.—I'll take her with me.

PRINCE.—Leave the maid alone. (*They fight.*)

MOTHER W. (*Seizing her*).—Come, girl, with me.

MARGERY (*Breaking away and holding up jewel*).—O fairy Queen, appear!
And help me.
(*Fairies flit in. Prince and Hans start asunder.*)

QUEEN (*to Mother W.*).—Wretch! How dare you enter here?
Haste ye and flee, before I use my powers
To blast you where you stand. This ground is ours.

MOTHER W. (*Trembling*).—I did but come to seek this girl, for she
Is promised to my son.

QUEEN.—That must not be.
She is of royal line; a churl is he.

PRINCE AND MARGERY (*together*).—Of royal line?

QUEEN (*to Prince*).—Your cousin, stolen away
By this vile woman.

HANS.—Curses on the fay!
And curse the goblins, too, who promised me
She should be mine.

PRINCE.—Dear Cousin Margery,
You shall be Queen, and I your servant be.

(*Continued on page 35*)

See that Iron-mould Stain?

One touch of Movol and it entirely disappears. Movol is a wonderful preparation that entirely banishes every sign of Iron-mould.

TRADE MARK
MOVOL
Regd

Removes Iron-mould, Rust, Fruit and Ink-stains from Clothing, Marble, etc.

Contains no acids and does not harm the most delicate fabric in any way. Clothes having a YELLOW TINGE have their original color completely restored by adding a spoonful to the rinsing water.

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GIRLS - Here is the greatest prize offer ever made in Canada. The Big Doll is simply exquisite. She is over 16 inches tall and has long curly hair and loveliest clothes imaginable. She is fully jointed so that she can sit down or move around in almost any position. The big handsome Go Cart is lovely enough for a real baby. It has genuine rubber tired steel wheels, a folding hood to protect dolly from the sun and best of all, it can be folded right up flat when it is not in use.

You and all your friends will just be delighted with the beautiful gold finished birthday Pendant and Chain and the lovely ring we send you. The pendant is the newest style, handsomely engraved, set with a sparkling birthstone jewel with a nice pearlet drop and if you will tell us the month of your birth your pendant will have your own birthstone in it. The ring is genuine gold filled and is set with five lovely sparkling manufactured jewels that glisten like diamonds.

Girls we offer these beautiful presents in order to obtain agents to help us quickly introduce "Daintees" our delightful new Whipped Cream Candy Coated Breath ets. Write us today and we will send you FREE a big 50 cent package of "Daintees" to try yourself and just 25 large handsome packages to introduce among your friends. You'll sell them instantly by opening your sample package and asking your friends to try them. Everyone will buy a package or two because they cannot resist the delicious flavor. Two or three little "Daintees" will perfume the breath, cleanse the mouth and leave a lasting fragrance.

Return our $2.50 when the "Daintees" are sold and we'll promptly send you all charges prepaid the beautiful birthstone pendant and ring just as represented and the lovely doll with her fine go-cart too, you can also receive with us selling any more goods, by simply showing your grand presents to your friends and getting only five of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Don't delay girls. Write today and in a short time all these lovely presents will be yours. Address 98

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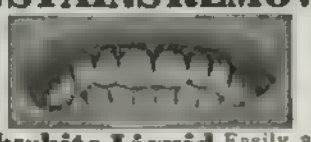

Toothwhite Liquid Easily applied with cotton and is harmless. Try it. Leaves healthful, beautiful, natural color. Send 25c, stamps or coins, for special trial bottle today.

Toothwhite Laboratories, Dept. 12, Evanston, Chicago

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BROOKS' APPLIANCE, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap.

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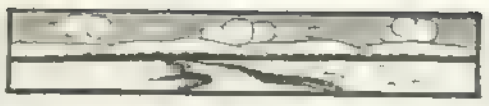

Girls of Ontario

"Play the Game" of Food Production

THEY will "play the game," the Girls of Ontario! They did not need to be "born a boy" for service in food-production. They will help on a farm, if they have the opportunity. If they cannot work on a farm, they will have gardens of their own, or organize Girls' Community Gardens.

Here is a little story of the production work of three Fergus girls last summer.

"You have asked for particulars concerning our work last year. There is not a great deal to tell, since our little share seems so trivial in comparison with what others have done. We three girls, Margaret Russell, Marian Templin and I, took lots in the town park that had been broken up by our local War Production organization, the two aforementioned girls taking one-half an acre, while I was allowed only one-quarter.

"As we only started about the end of May, our vegetables were rather late. We all planted white beans, using the seed purchased by the Town Committee. Margaret Russell was luckiest with this crop, producing about ninety pounds. She also had the best turnips, while I came out ahead in potatoes, procuring very often sixteen in a hill. Margaret too, was very fortunate with her corn. Marian's was a late variety, and didn't ripen, and mine was tramped on by people going to other lots.

"On the whole, Margaret had the best results. Her cabbage and cauliflowers were of the best, and her tomatoes were excellent, though a portion of them did not ripen, on account of the late planting. Besides those mentioned, she had pumpkins, carrots, beets, and a splendid crop of mangels.

Sunflowers for Chicken Feed

"MARIAN'S 'specialty' was sunflowers, which she sold for chicken-feed. She grew field carrots instead of mangels, and had an abundant crop. She also had about two hundred and fifty cabbages. I had the greatest variety, but, as I said before, my 'winner' was potatoes. My squash and pumpkins ripened very well, and were used as vegetables by a good many people. I had a far greater demand for cauliflowers and pickling cucumbers than I could fill, although I had a fair supply of both. My tomatoes were awfully good, but did not ripen as well as I could have wished.

"I might mention that the town gave prizes for the best kept lots in the field (there were about twenty-five in all). Margaret Russell came first, Marian second, and I third.

"I must tell you about our prices. All through the season the corn was sold at fifteen cents a dozen, while the grocers were charging twenty-five, and our potatoes went for seventy-five and eighty-five cents a bag. The beans brought us ten cents a pound, while cabbage we sold for five cents each, and two small ones for five cents.

"Hoping this little report will be of use, and expecting we will be able to do better this year."

The Witch's Grandchild

(*Continued from page 34*)

MARGERY.—No, no, my Prince, your crown I will not take.

QUEEN.—Why, then, between you two a match we'll make.
What say you, Prince?

PRINCE.—I love you, Margery.
Say, will you be my bride?

MARGERY.—Right willingly.

QUEEN (*to Hans and Mother W.*).—Go, get you home. Repent, or doom shall fall
Upon you. (*They creep out with hanging heads*).
(*To fairies*).—And now, my fairies, one and all,
One frolic more, ere the moon veils her ray,
The while these mortals wend their homeward way.

PRINCE.—We thank you, Madam, Margery and I.

MARGERY.—Indeed, indeed, we do.

FAIRIES (*in chorus*).—Mortals, goodbye.
(*Exit Prince and Margery.*)
Fairies dance

MARYBUD.—Lo, now, the dawn is here and we must go!

QUINCEBLOSSOM.—To-morrow night we'll dance once more.

CLOVERSEED.—I know,
But we are weary now.

MAYFLY.—The sky grows bright.

QUEEN.—Day is for mortals. For the fairies, night.
(*Fairies go out and exeunt.*)

Are Better Shaves Worth A Five Dollar Bill?

While a man can stand for one poor shave, a steady run of them gets on the nerves and spoils his temper and his efficiency. There's no reason in the world for his putting up with them, either, when five dollars will buy a Gillette Safety Razor.

The Gillette positively guarantees shaving comfort *every* morning, year in and year out. It saves his time—he can shave with it in five minutes! It saves his face, for he can adjust it with a turn of the handle to suit any sort of a beard. The

Gillette Safety Razor

works so smooth and easy—shaves with never a pull or gash—and no honing, no stropping! If there is anything that will add five dollars worth to his personal daily comfort, it's the Gillette Safety Razor!

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CHAFED or broken skin, cuts, bruises, burns—you'll find nearly "101 daily uses" where Mentholatum will relieve *quickly*. The First Aid for over 24 years in many thoughtful homes.

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The Mentholatum Co., Dept. X., Bridgeburg, Ont.

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Called to the Bar

IT is encouraging, to say the least, to note the advance women are making in the professions. Ontario sees four more women called to the Bar on May 1st. Each has told Everywoman's World something of her inspiration and aspirations.

"IT was during high school days that I first felt the desire to study law. At that time I participated in numerous debates on public questions including the subject of woman suffrage in which I became greatly interested.

"It seemed to me that Canadian men did not lack confidence in our women, but that those who hesitated to extend the franchise looked at the question through practical eyes and were animated by a fear that women's activities had not yet reached a point which would ensure well founded judgment on subjects of national importance. Of course, the response of our Canadian women since the war has completely dissipated their objections.

"Law appeals to me as one of the greatest means by which to enter into a fuller and more useful citizenship."

Miss McNulty expects to practice in Ottawa, where she was born. She was articled to E. F. Burritt, Esq., of the firm of Code & Burritt, Ottawa, Canada.

Mary McNulty, of Ottawa.

Anita B. Lawson, of Toronto.

MRS. LAWSON is the daughter of Lewis J. Bateman, Esq., retired farmer, residing in Rosedale, Toronto. She was born at Bradford, Ontario, and became the wife of J. Earl Lawson, Barrister, of the firm of Robinette, Godfrey, Phelan & Lawson, in December 1915, during her first year at Osgoode. She has no intention of practicing law at the present time.

To fit herself to become a partner in the full sense of the word, to have a keener and more perfect understanding and interest in the life-work of her husband and be of assistance to him when the occasion demands it, was her principal idea in pursuing her studies along this line. The source of most enjoyment for her in the profession is the reading of Case Law, which enables her to work with her husband and still allows ample time for the management of her household duties and the care of her baby daughter.

"I STUDIED law because the profession offers exceptional possibilities for development of mind, sympathy and knowledge of human affairs. Also because it was practically a new departure for women, and the experiment had something of the appeal of adventure. I was articled to John B. Holden of the firm of Holden & Grover, Toronto, and shall probably practise in Belleville"

Miss Palen was born in Belleville, Ontario, and is the daughter of the late E. L. Palen Esq., and Helen Blackley of that city.

Helen B. Palen, of Belleville.

MISS THERESA CHERRIER was born in Hamilton, Ontario, where she received her primary and secondary education.

Theresa Cherrier, of Hamilton.

Through practical experience in law she developed an interest in the conduct of legal business which culminated in her taking out her articles in September, 1913. In the fall of 1915 she entered Osgoode.

By dint of ability and application, Miss Cherrier has reached the point where she is looking forward to entering upon the practice of her profession as a partner in the firm of W. L. Evans, of Hamilton, Ontario.

This New Spring Skirt

FROM the many queries and suggestions that drift in to our "Make-Over" Department from all parts of the country, the following thrift idea has been selected as the "hit" of the month. It represents a practical illustration of common sense economy. We regret that the photograph did not reproduce to very good effect. We assure our readers that the skirt itself is as chic a garment as any shown in the fashion displays of the season. Its cost?—Seven cents—The price of a spool of cotton!
—THE EDITORS.

A NEW spring skirt of the style I wanted could not be purchased in the shops for under $12.00. All wool material from which I could make a skirt myself was priced at $4.00 a yard, and only a very small assortment of patterns in cloth of questionable quality was available at that price.

Such war time prices made me regret the slightly out of style and little worn skirts I had discarded in "before the war" days, and I decided to go up to the storeroom and rummage, before making a purchase.

Almost the first thing that caught my eye was my husband's old light overcoat, discarded last fall and put there to await the annual visit of the old clothes man.

Skirt made from man's discarded overcoat.

This overcoat had been given four season's hard wear. The material it was made of was an all wool cheviot which had worn smooth and shiny. The sleeves had been turned up at the bottom so often that when they again became frayed they were too short to allow of further mending. The button holes were ragged. In fact, the appearance of the whole garment was so shabby my husband was forced to discard it.

I RIPPED, cleaned and pressed the material and to my delight found the wrong side in such excellent condition that I immediately started to work, and in a few hours made the skirt shown.

This is a three piece skirt, of the style obtainable in any of the popular paper patterns. It is two (2) yards wide around the bottom. The fronts and back of the coat made the front and back of skirt. Part of the sleeves was used in making the pockets and belt. Underneath the patch pockets of the skirt are the neatly darned slashes which were formerly the pockets in the overcoat. The buttons on the skirt were on an old suit of my own, so I am not including them in the cost of making.

Hat by Mirette, 104 Wardour St. London, W.
Photo: Miss Gina Palerme; by Wrather & Buys.

Tulle that is Risk-free

YOU take no chances when you buy "Dynamo" Tulle—you *know* that it is rainproof, that it is lastingly durable.

For the all-popular scarf as well as for millinery purposes—it is by far the best. Being perspiration and moisture-proof, it does not stick to the fingers when handled or cling uncomfortably to the neck. It is crisp, fresh-looking and cool always.

"Dynamo" Tulle lasts so long that it is far more economical than ordinary tulle or imitations which are rainproof in name only. When at your dry goods store or your milliners ask for "Dynamo" Tulle *by name*, and refuse to be put off with an inferior imitation. For your protection, the name "Dynamo" is printed on the card on which the Tulle is wound.

DYNAMO Enquiry Dept. 80, Wellington Street West, Toronto

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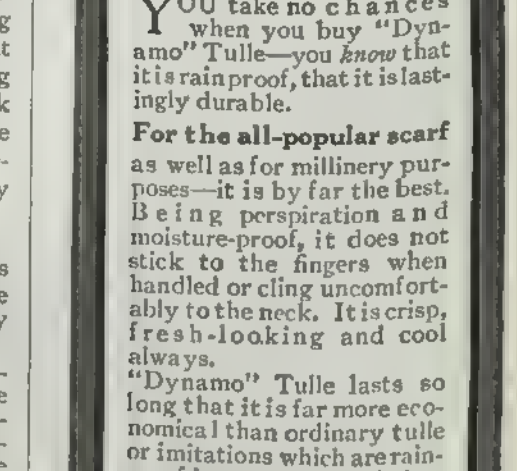

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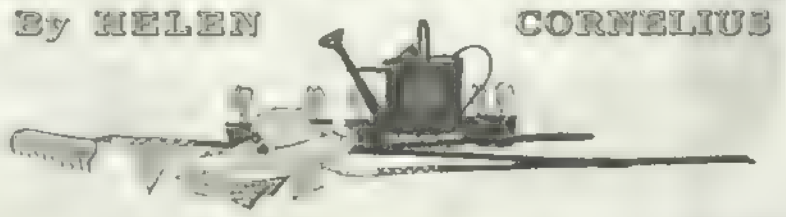
For Milady of the Spade and Hoe

Practical Modes for the Farmerette and Everywoman's Make-Over Department
Wherein Our Fashion Artiste Answers Queries on Clothes Problems

By HELEN CORNELIUS



SOME women are given the privilege of going "over there" to nurse the wounded, drive an ambulance, or take a hand in the hundred and one odd but useful jobs, but the majority of us stay "put," right back here to help fight the battle in the kitchen, the pantry or the garden. It's in the latter field where the big spring and summer engagement will start and finish; where sweet young things that juggled a tea-cup or flirted a pack of cards with the dexterity of an artist in pre-war days, will fall in line with women sunburned and serious of mien and join forces with the thousands of men and boys who answered the S.O.S. call of the government to arm with rigorous weapons of flashing steel rakes, hoes, shovels and trowels for a direct onslaught upon Gen. H. C. L. and his infamous colleagues, Famine, Want and Woe.

Even now the call for the mobilization of all "Minervas" to come into that work-aday place, the garden, with a basket on one arm and a spade in the other, is bringing an onward rush of feminine feet, flat of heel and comfortably broad of toe. Patriotic bazaars, Red Cross teas, and knitting bees have been tucked away in cotton and put on the shelf, just for the time being, by the prospective potato-producing squad. They stand at attention straight, lithe, clear of eye, after a long hard winter's grueling, waiting for the King of the North to fly his flag of truce; and Spring, confident of his sincerity, signs up for a season.

There's no law "agin" an old fashioned garden as a side show, but the high-heeled, lace-flounced, fluffy young damsel, who tripped her dainty way among the buds and brambles, snipping here and pruning there, with never a glance for the coarse cabbage or the blushing beet, has vanished, with other non-essentials, from the modern garden of valor.

In her stead, the Misses "Substantiality," and "Practicality" come along, trundling a wheelbarrow loaded with the smartest of the smart and gayest of the gay modes of the farmerette, her mother, her sisters, her aunts and her cousins.

These sisters of "Success" buried all their hopes in the prevailing military shades as soon as the first gun was fired on the field and cling to the theory that in the garden or out of it one can't really

be smart without them. The fashion artists, always ready to do their bit, put their indelible O.K. to the idea and submitted uniforms of khaki, Joffre blue, battleship gray and emerald green, relieved by a piping here or a pocket there in contrasting hues, for feminine personages to flash among the ripe, red, luscious tomato, the cold, hard, drab potato, the sullen turnip and the pale green lima bean.

SO much for color, now for form!

First and foremost the comely, comfortable bifurcated garment, left to woman when man went to war, as a token of his esteem and admiration of her versatile capabilities from bus-driving to boiler-making, returns for another engagement after a successful season in Canada's war gardens, and the feminine sirens of the soil, be they 14 or 40, slender or portly, will don them. In some communities, uniformity of costume may prevail, but every Maud and Mary that agrees to exercise her flirtatious power upon wooing an onion from the soil may entertain different ideas about her garb, and for her there are the bouffant bloomer, the curt skirt or the slip over apron, belted and pocketed, that missed being a full fledged dress by lack of an extra run of stitches up the back.

But a gardener without a smock is like a soldier without a tunic, and the easy freedom of motion permitted by the lines of this garment place it in the front ranks for Agricola-in-urbe wear. It's a matter of but a few hours for the home dressmaker to fashion this rural toggery too. A simple paper pattern, a smooth surfaced cutting board, a few yards of any of the numerous inexpensive materials displayed in the shops, and a woman with a little originality can accomplish wonders. Anything in the artcraft line is voguish to-day, and gives opportunity for using some of the most utilitarian materials in a most artistic fashion. Unbleached muslin, first aid to an economy preaching and practising populace, dipped in a diluted solution of brown dye until it becomes a clear shade of peasant brown, opens up an entirely new line of thought for the family of smocks. With conservative brown as a back ground, the decorative effects of collar, cuffs or trimming have the privilege of running riot in color. For instance, a stenciled border of conventionalized daisies and grasses in the same shades that nature conceived them, placed around the base of this brown smock, would have a two-fold advantage to the wearer—emphasizing her charms and enabling her to cast her spring blossoms before her in her garden of prosaic vegetables.

Some of those old fashioned chintzes, splashed here and there with daring posies of almost every color in the dye pot, would create a sensation in the most modern of gardens if the flowers were cut out and appliqued in border effect around a smock.

A nonchalant, sketchy design, couched in brilliant oriental-toned wool, to introduce a colorful and inexpensive touch on a neutral back ground, would be another means of helping to reduce the problems of the potato breeder to the minimum, and restoring harmony in the garden of Eden.

NATURAL pongee, shantung or any of its roughly woven allies will again be "among those present" in the back-lot agricultural gatherings, and in these days of simple living and dressing, these inexpensive, cool fabrics have no peers in their own line. Their chief charms are their resistance to the relentless summer sun's rays, and in the order of the bath; they emerge from a soap and water plunge

Everywoman's Make-Over Department

Ques.—Could you suggest a way to retrim my summer hat, which is perfectly good and of black milan straw, rather large, drooping shape, 14 ins. in width. I have a quantity of black satin, also some yards of black satin ribbon, a medium size American beauty rose, and about nine tiny pale yellow ones. I should like to trim it without any extra expense if possible, if you do not think it would be too much black. It will be a general wear hat.

Also could you tell me how to trim very simply a white straw mushroom shape for a little girl of five, using tiny pink forget-me-knots.—Mrs. Frank Hamlin.

Ans.—The possibilities for a smart hat made of the materials you mentioned in your letter are numerous. Would suggest facing hat with black satin after you have given your hat a freshening touch by rubbing over the surface with a small piece of old velvet or plush to remove any particles of dust and a drop of olive oil applied on a piece of flannel to restore the natural lustre of the straw.

Soft crowns are modish this season and satin lends itself well to this style. Rip out the original straw crown and replace it with one made of satin. To obtain the crushed effect in crown, cut your side crown of satin at least six inches in width. The top crown should be corded in and the whole thing lined with thin flannel or soft crinoline to give it body. The straw of the crown could then be ripped apart and made into three round ball ornaments and placed at the left side front of the crown, crushing the latter a trifle by drawing it down towards the brim in slight folds.

A four-looped wired bow of the ribbon placed near the top of the crown at the front running horizontally across the crown and centered by a cluster of the little yellow roses would not necessitate removing the original crown, and would undoubtedly prove simpler in the making.

The black ribbon sewed perfectly plain, edge to edge with the brim of the hat and caught to the upper part of the brim where the ribbon would fall, with the little roses, without the foliage would be smart. Little round balls about an inch and one half in circumference made of your black silk, stuffed with cotton and placed about the crown would provide a nice finishing touch.

A yard of pale blue narrow ribbon velvet, made into five bow-knots, and placed at intervals around the white hat with a cluster of forget-me-knots centering each, makes a pretty trimming for a child's hat.

Ques.—"Could you suggest a smart, practical, inexpensive material suitable for a one-piece dress, particularly for spring and summer motoring wear. I prefer light clothes, but the average linen looks hopeless after a few hours wear, and I require something that washes well.—Mrs. J. C., Winnipeg."

Ans.—Unshrinkable flannel, known as "Viyella," would undoubtedly meet your every need. It is particularly suited to all-summer out-door wear, and among its many sterling qualities is its looks-as-good-as-new appearance after washing. Skirts, whole suits or dresses are often made of it with the most satisfactory results.

Ques.—I've looked with longing upon those more fortunate girls who can wear low-necked gowns on summer evenings, but I have always been too self-conscious about my thin and obviously bony neck to don them myself. Is there any particular style of gown with perhaps a net yoke or collar that would tend to hide this prominent deficiency? —E. M. S., Almonte.

Ans.—A yard of flesh colored maline swathed about the neck and shoulders will not only cover a multitude of "deficiencies," but cast a spell of enchantment and charm about the wearer, make pink cheeks, pinker and soft flesh softer. A gown with a yoke, no matter how transparent, would never be as flatteringly lovely as just the careless scarf of tulle.

Some of those old fashioned chintzes, splashed here and there with daring posies of almost every color in the dye pot, would create a sensation in the most modern of gardens if the flowers were cut out and appliqued in border effect around a smock.

A nonchalant, sketchy design, couched in brilliant oriental-toned wool, to introduce a colorful and inexpensive touch on a neutral back ground, would be another means of helping to reduce the problems of the potato breeder to the minimum, and restoring harmony in the garden of Eden.

NATURAL pongee, shantung or any of its roughly woven allies will again be "among those present" in the back-lot agricultural gatherings, and in these days of simple living and dressing, these inexpensive, cool fabrics have no peers in their own line. Their chief charms are their resistance to the relentless summer sun's rays, and in the order of the bath; they emerge from a soap and water plunge quite as ship-shape as a pocket "mouchoir." Coarse linen crash has come into its own again too, and rivals the silkier weaves, but with no loss of popularity to either. A slip-over apron of this coarse cloth, cross-stitched after the manner of ye olde time sampler, in contrasting shades of wool, would strike the keynote of success for some Eve in an Adamless garden.

The splash or dash of color on costumes of any of the aforementioned fabrics could also be introduced by a sprinkling of the new, colored, round, wooden beads, that have been so well represented on the season's latest head wear, sewed on hem, pockets, collars and cuffs. Red beads on a tan linen, and the smocking below the shoulders embroidered in the same shade, would be a triumph.

Many of the smartest effects can be realized with the least possible time and money expended in the effort, two leading and vital matters for consideration to the conscientious but fastidious woman of 1918, and let him or her who is without a bit of natural vanity cast the first "stone." at the farmerette who desires to be ornamental as well as useful.

EVEN the Hun of the Hills, the potato-bug, would be forced to retreat in the face of some of the other numerous designs and fabrics fashion has decreed for Milady of the Rake and Spade, not least of them being the peacock blue, emerald green or cerise mercerized cotton crepes, cut in sleeveless bodice effects and collared, cuffed, bound and belted in white organdie. A guimpe and sleeves of the latter audacious material is a security for success when worn under the bodice, and white bone

buttons cast a steadying influence upon the self-willed, perky belt. These sleeveless offerings, which extend into sporting circles, can be accomplished with linen, chambrey or wool jersey, and still maintain their usefulness and chic on the inside of the garden gate.

Where "trouserettes" fear to tread, the short skirt of dust-disguised khaki, linen or cotton garbardine exerts an influence upon the entrenched forces of feminine agriculturists. To be strictly in accord with "Hoyle," however, the skirt, be it ever so bouffant or slender, must be cut from the same material as the smock or blouse. The materials that submit to the soap and water method of cleansing, naturally meet the demands of the mode, and just here a word for the wise may be said about washable flannel, unshrinkable and guaranteed thoroughly practical to meet the demands of the summer maid or matron with inclinations towards motoring, sporting, or gardening.

HATS with a droop or slant or any other shading, or freckle or sun-burn proof facilities, were, are, and always shall be, the "farmerette's" most valued and trustworthy friend. Large, flamboyant affairs of coarsened straw set off with a twist of ribbon, silk, cotton-puffed pomegranates, exotic apples of daring hues, careless sprays of chenille or wheat, or glazed, blushing cherries, have started an "offensive" that will continue to "advance." Fabric hats to match the uniform or smock have attained a place of prominence and are encrusted with trimming that corresponds to that used on their accompanying costume.

To complete the "tout ensemble," for the "garden of dreams," there's the basket deserving of consideration. Last year's market-basket, relieved of a year's dust, and camouflaged by a coat of black paint, set in relief by conventionalized fruit or flower designs, is an achievement that costs but little. Large bags of crash, to match the costumes for carrying the smaller and less weighty vegetables will play an important part in the latter end of the season.

Frocks that Rank First in Fashion's Favor and are Suitable for Serge and Silk

Pattern 1212.—Ladies' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 44-inch material, with 2 yards 36-inch contrasting. Dress in size 36 measures 2 yards at lower edge of skirt. Price, 15 cents. Emb. 14799, 15 cents.

Pattern 1091.—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch material, with ¾ yard 36-inch silk and 3/8 yard 14-inch organdie for vest. Dress in size 36 measures 2¼ yards at lower edge of skirt. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1159.—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 3/8 yards 54-inch material, with 5/8 yard 30-inch contrasting and 6½ yards braid. Dress in size 36 measures 2½ yards at lower edge of skirt. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1366.—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch material, with 1¼ yards 36-inch contrasting. Dress in size 16 measures 2 yards at lower edge of skirt. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 1188.—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1244.—Ladies' Three-Gored Foundation Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, and 34 inches waist. Size 26 measures 2 yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents.

Patterns 1188-1244.—Dress in size 36-inch bust and 26-inch waist requires 5¼ yards 44-inch material, with 3/8 yard 32-inch contrasting.

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The price of each pattern is 15 cents; this includes prepayment of postage. We guarantee safe delivery. Send money by Dominion Express Order or any way that is convenient to you—the mails are safe. Home patterns are the easiest of all to use, and the styles are always up-to-date. Every pattern is guaranteed to fit perfectly, and a guide chart accompanies each pattern Orders are filled the same day as they are received When ordering, it is important that you write very plainly; that you give your name and address the number and size of pattern wanted and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns for any design illustrated on this page may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns, and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dainty Frocks for Party and Confirmation Wear

9278

Emb. 14725

Pattern 9878.—Girls. One-piece Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 ⅜ yards 36-inch material with 2⅜ yards insertion and 3 yards edging. Price 15 cents. Emb. No. 14725. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1090. Girls' Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch material with 3 yards insertion; 2 yards edging and 2 ½ yards ribbon. Skirt having straight lower edge. Embroidery flouncing is especially suitable for its development. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 9977.—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 7/8 yard 36-inch material with 3¾ yards 16-inch flouncing and 2½ yards ribbon. Dress is here developed in embroidery flouncing but any soft material would be just as dainty. Price, 15 cents.

1090

9884

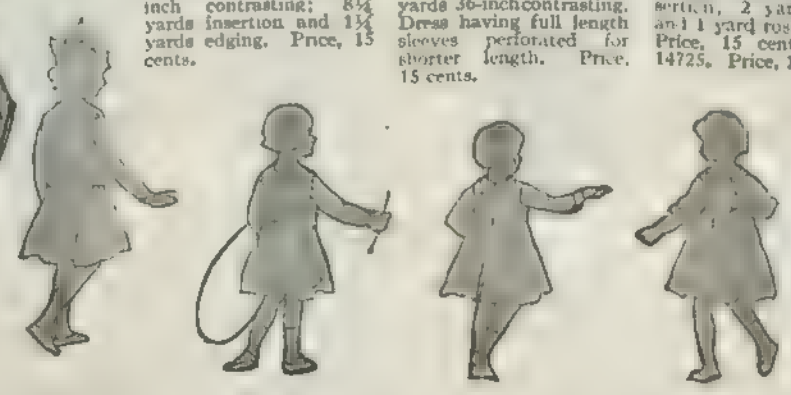
9977

9935

Pattern 9974.—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting; 8¼ yards insertion and 1¾ yards edging. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1130.—Girls' Empire Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch material with 1¼ yards 36-inch contrasting. Dress having full length sleeves perforated for shorter length. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 9919.—Girls' Empire Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch material with 2 yards insertion, 2 yards ribbon and 1 yard rose banding. Price, 15 cents. Emb. 14725. Price, 15 cents.



9939

Pattern 9935.—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 5/8 yards 36-inch material with 11 yards insertion and 3½ yards edging. Dress having long sleeves that are perforated for shorter length and one-piece straight gathered skirt. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 9939.— Girls' Empire Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material with 7½ yards 5½ inch flouncing and 5 yards narrow ribbon, 1½ yards wide ribbon. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 9884.—Children's Dress. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 4 requires 1 ⅛ yards 36-inch material with 1 7/8 yards 16-inch flouncing. ¾ yard insertion, 2 yards edging and 2¼ yards ribbon. Price, 15 cents.

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Dignity Marks These Frocks for Both Matured and Youthful Years

Pattern 1236.—One-Piece Dress. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 4 requires 1 7/8 yards 36-inch material with 3/8 yard 18-inch contrasting goods, 1 1/8 yards insertion, 2¼ yards edging and 2 yards ribbon. 15 cents.

Pattern 1421.—Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. 15 cents.

Pattern 1410.—Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist. 15 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 3 yards 36-inch material with 2 yards 36-inch white goods.

Pattern 1419.—Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. 15 cents.

Pattern 1386.—Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist. 15 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 5 3/8 yards 36-inch material with 2 yards 36-inch black satin and 1 ¼ yards 6-inch lace.

Pattern 1257.—Waist. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. 15 cents.

Pattern 1244.—Three-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 in. waist. 15 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 5 yards 44-inch material with ¾ yard 30-inch contrasting goods.

Pattern 1442.—Slip-on Blouse. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. 15 cents.

Pattern 1428.—Two-Gored Gathered Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches, waist. 15 cents.

Costume in 36 bust, 26 waist, requires 4 yards 45-inch material, 6 yards insertion, 2 yards ribbon.

Pattern 9957.—Ladies' Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 ins. bust. 15 cents.

Pattern 1309.—Two-Gored Gathered Skirt. Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist. 15 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 4½ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 27-inch white goods and 3/8 yard 36-inch satin.

Pattern 1600.—Girl's Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 18-inch flouncing, 7/8 yard 36-inch material, 2 yards insertion, 6 yards edging, 1 yard ribbon. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 1589.—Misses' and Small Women's Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 1/8 yards 36 inch material, 7/8 yards 36 inch white organdie, 4 yards ribbon. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 1559.—Children's One-Piece Dress. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/8 yards 27-inch material, 3/8 yard 24-inch contrasting. Price 15 cents.

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and I tried it on the mantel. See!—the dullness and smokiness are all gone. The beautiful quartered-oak again shines *like new*.

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379 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.

Bridgeburg, Ont., Canada

The Dream of Flight

(*Continued from page 9*)

excellent in the charge. Sudden changes of air pressure in ascent and descent are conditions which the aviator must meet. Men coming too quickly into the open after working under high air pressure underground have learned the danger of the formation of bubbles of gas in the blood vessels. The man who is over-nourished is more likely to suffer from this trouble than the man inclined to be under-nourished, and therefore we find the aviators inclined to be men of slight rather than of rounded build.

Naturally men accustomed to high altitudes, mountaineers, make the best aviators. Italy finds her best aviators among her mountaineers. Canada and the United States have large sections where the altitude favors the development of the large lunged type. The mountains of Switzerland, should the little Mountain Republic take up seriously the development of aviation, should produce some of the world's best aviators.

The Aviator's Face

CORRESPONDING to the type of body, the physical characteristics discussed above, is a certain type of face. Just look over the pictures of the aviators on this page and notice how closely they all follow these rules.

First look at the chin. There is not a small, weak, or receding chin in the lot, for the chin is the facial indication of the heart, and the heart capable of meeting the strain of high altitudes is always accompanied by a well developed chin.

Then look at the nose. Note the large nostrils. Not a small, weak or turned up nose in the lot, while the long, prominent nose is a conspicuous characteristic of the four Italian aviators.

Again in the face, in the distance from the opening of the ear to the upper lip we have the indication of love of speed, and quickness of movement, essentials in flying and air fighting. Notice how long this distance is in every face.

Disposition

I AM convinced that there is something in the soul of the real bird-man that makes him love the air. It is that love of attainment, that delight in the sense of power and superiority that finds gratification in looking down from the clouds upon common folks below. It is the quality which has impelled men to scale high mountains, and to seek political and military power. It is related to the development of the back top part of the head, and I have yet to see the aviator of marked ability whose head was not decidedly high in this section, and whose face did not show the corresponding indication of a decidedly flexible and mobile upper lip.

Some are inclined to think that the aviator must be reckless. Nothing is further from the truth. The aviator may appear to be reckless, but the days of the aviator who takes a single unnecessary chance are numbered and the number is small. It is the man who takes every precaution, who makes certain that every detail of his machine is in perfect working order, who keeps himself in physical trim, and who has studied to be prepared for every emergency who is able to perform apparently reckless stunts and live. A study of the successful aviators confirms the view that the aviator must be a cautious rather than a reckless man. He must have courage, but recklessness is not courage. Caution is an element of courage. Caution is indicated in the squareness of the upper back head, which shows so well in the portrait of our brilliant Major W. A. Bishop.

Of course pessimism unfits a man for any work requiring initiative, courage and energy, and therefore it stands to reason that the aviator must be an optimist. The face of every successful aviator shows that cheerful expression and the head that well rounded form in the middle top section characteristic of the man who habitually sees the silver lining to every cloud, and confidently expects, however dark things may appear for the moment, that the light will break.

Mental Equipment

MENTALLY the equipment of the aviator must be of the very best.

In the first place, his powers of observation must be of the best. You may look in vain to find a single aviator with eyes set close together. Observe your friends and you will find that the average distance between the eyes is the width of an eye, and very many of them have less. But study the portraits of the aviators on this page, and of all the really successful aviators whose portraits you may come across, and you will find that every face is conspicuous for the distance between the eyes. This distance between the eyes is related to the ability to recognize and interpret forms. The man or animal with eyes wide apart will find his way around with ease when the night is so dark that others are hopelessly lost. O. S. Fowler tells of an ox on his father's farm that had eyes an inch farther apart than any other animal he ever met, and was able to find its way home through the woods on the darkest nights when the other animals were lost. To the aviator, the ability to perceive and interpret the faintest indications on the ground below from a great height not only means much to his efficiency but in case of a night or forced landing it may mean life or death.

The ability to judge distance, speed, balance and momentum is also of great importance to the aviator. The brain centres related to these powers are placed just above the eyes, and when well developed give the forehead prominence in the neighborhood of the inner corners of the eyebrows. You will see plenty of people in the street whose eyebrows seem to come down close to the inner corners of the eyes, but you will find none of these among successful ball players or aviators. The man with any defect in his brain development in this region is very apt to damage more than his share of machines in learning to fly, and if he does succeed in winning his wings, his inability to correctly gauge the speed and direction of his adversary makes him an easy victim in an early engagement.

Resourcefulness is an important quality of the air fighter, and will no doubt be an important quality in the air pilot for many years to come in days of peace. He must be able quickly to detect the cause of trouble. He must be able to decide quickly and correctly on the right course to pursue. He must know how to climb out of an unfavorable wind. All of this means that he must not only have a thorough training in all that relates to the mechanics of his machine, to weather conditions, and to map reading, but he must have the ability to put his knowledge to instant use. In the early days of aviation, the need for mechanical and inventive ability was more pronounced than it is to-day, but even yet, and for a considerable time to come, the aviator will need to have the type of mind that readily understands machinery. The inventor needs more width through the head just above the temples—notice the extraordinary width of the head of Capt. T. S. Baldwin, one of the pioneer aeronauts—in proportion to the development between the eyes and just above the root of the nose, while the pilot to-day needs more prominence in the latter section. Yet the time will hardly come when it will be safe to let a man without mechanical ability enter the air alone.

In military work, the necessary mastery of many related arts and sciences, of meteorology, map reading, telegraphy, photography, etc., requires a trained mind and a decidedly superior intellect.

A Perfect Airman

OF all the air men whose photographs have come to hand, Capt. W. A. Bishop, destroyer of 47 German planes, is the most perfect type.

Note the lithe active build, and the large well formed head, indicative of quickness and intelligence. The rather long, prominent chin indicates a strong heart and steady hand. The long, prominent nose indicates the large active lungs, ability to stand the high altitudes and capacity for intense effort. The flexible upper lip and the head decidedly high in the crown indicate great ambition, an intense desire for excellence. The squareness which shows above the ear in the photograph indicates discretion, caution, the ability to foresee danger and provide against it. Notice again the remarkable development of his head between the eyes and between the eyebrows, indicating his powers of observation, and the fullness through the temples and across the top of the forehead, indicating mechanical ingenuity and resourcefulness. Not that Major Bishop's head is perfect in every respect. If I were insuring his life, I should like to see it a little wider through just back of the lower lobes of the ears, more like

(*Continued on page 47*)

The Proper Training of Your Children

By Inspector W. A. GUNTON

Of the Department of Neglected and Dependent Children, Ontario Government

CHILDREN should not be led to believe that fairy stories and fiction are untruths. They are facts, only facts of the imagination. A nephew of mine claims there is a big, fat nigger up in their attic. He wears a red flannel shirt, grey trousers and an old straw hat. He comes down after midnight and feeds up on chicken and water-melons. This boy has often seen him. Why should the pleasure of that boy's imagination be spoiled by accusing him of telling lies?

Why should good works of fiction be denied children on the grounds that they are not true? So long as they are true to life, even if somewhat overdrawn, so long as the child knows there is no effort to deceive, there can be no reasonable excuse for denying them the privilege of reading such literature.

But what about Santa Claus? Unless the child understands he is a fairy or a personage of the imagination only, there is great danger of teaching falsehood and deceit in a most attractive style. My own practice has been to tell the child that father and mother are the persons behind the acts and there is no such person as Santa Claus excepting in imagination.

THE practice of telling questionable stories cannot be too severely condemned, especially in the hearing of children. The memory seems to be so constituted that these vile things remain when higher and holier things have been forgotten. Many a man would give a fortune if he could erase from memory little rhymes, foul stories and obscene pictures. But the most serious part of the matter is that the child whose mind is directed in such channels will later on become degenerate and excessively licentious. He becomes a menace to society and his own worst enemy. The time has long since passed when unclean conversation should go unrebuked.

Allowances

NO matter how small a man's income he should make a weekly or monthly allowance to each child as soon as he is old enough to make choice, say as he enters his 'teens. This should be in cash and handed to the child itself. It should not be squandered or merely for luxuries but to cover all his needs apart from food and lodging. At first, and possibly for several years, the parents should guide his expenditure, of this allowance so that by wise planning it will meet all his requirements. Gradually this supervision should be withdrawn and later given up altogether. He should be compelled to keep a strict account of all he receives and how he spends it. This practice has many advantages. First, it will cure the spendthrift. Second, it will teach him the value of money. Third, it will enlist his co-operation in the matter of economizing because he will see how much it takes to support the family. Fourth, it will help to develop his self-control. Fifth, he will see the necessity of planning ahead. Sixth, he will learn to keep books, as all men should. Seventh, it will remove the fearful temptation to steal. In many years experience with juvenile delinquents I have found very few who willingly stole, who received regular allowances. A parent said to me: "Why may I not buy everything for the child?" Not only for the reasons given above but for the further reason that any child would rather spend five cents than have twenty-five spent for him. Eight, in a few short years the parents will be free from further worry about purchasing a child's supplies, which means much, especially in a large family or for a child who is hard to please.

Ninth, when a child is left dependent or goes out into the world alone, he will not make himself ridiculous because of his ignorance of financing. Parents who have tried this plan have been greatly pleased with the results and have witnessed wonderful development of character.

Another suggestion is that he be taught to lay aside one-tenth of his income for charitable and religious purposes. This proportion may be increased when he becomes a wage-earner but will be a fair proportion for some years. Minor objections to this plan may be mentioned but the benefits far outweigh them. My conviction is that you will some day be sorry if you do not carry out my suggestion and what I fear most is the moral effect and the possible danger of a dishonest or poorly developed character.

Is the Bible Practical?

A statement of the Bible itself is, "All scripture is given and is profitable for correction and instruction in righteousness." Why, then, not use it in correcting and training children?

An experience of my youth suggests this paragraph. I had misbehaved. My mother reported me to my father upon his return from business. He was one of the most patient men I ever knew and the most genuine in his Christian faith and practice. For about half a minute he looked at me with mingled sorrow, pity, annoyance and love, but said nothing. After the evening meal and as I had taken my book to prepare my school work he handed me a slip of paper with six or seven scripture references and quietly said: "I want you to read these before you do your homework."

I opened a bible at the first passage and it read: "A wise son maketh a glad father but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." I never felt more foolish than at that moment. All the other passages referred directly to my conduct of the day. I have never recovered from the effects of that discipline.

On another occasion he would give me an entirely different set of scripture passages to suit the need of the occasion.

The idea is to select, for instance to meet falsehood, statements about lying and the value of truth. If the child steals, choose passages on stealing starting with the great command "Thou shalt not steal."

If he is given to hatred have him read about love. Passages may readily be found to meet all manner of requirements

Prayer is also a power in training. On one occasion my father decided to give me a thrashing. He took me to a room away from the family directing my mother to accompany us. My outer clothing was removed and as he was ready he assured me that it would hurt him more than it would me. I said "Go ahead. You will never get another chance." His humor came out then in the remark, "I suppose you mean you will behave so well I will never find it necessary again." But I think he knew I contemplated running away from home. He told me he did not want to punish me but found it necessary because I did not realize how evil my act was. I told him I did. He was satisfied with my explanation and decided to forgive me and not to whip me because I already realized what he wanted me to. I thought it was all over, but he said: "You have sinned against God also and must therefore ask His forgiveness." He kneeled beside a chair, mother following and I was motioned to do the same. With all three heads bowed in silence my father told me to ask God's forgiveness. I got out one sentence and broke into sobs. He quietly prayed for me and mother followed him. I have forgotten many other kinds of punishment but never this or any of its kind.

Then again, parents should talk about the bible to their children, not preaching at them but telling those most fascinating stories unequalled in any other literature, with practical lessons drawn therefrom.

Not less than one verse every day should be learned by rote so that the mind may be stored with these precious and most valuable truths which in later years will cause the children to call their parents blessed. The bible is practical.

(To be continued)

INSPECTOR GUNTON has met thousands of children yearly in his inspection of neglected and dependent children for the Ontario Government. His opinions are not idle notions. His article next month on the school-life of the child will of vital interest to every parent

—THE EDITORS.

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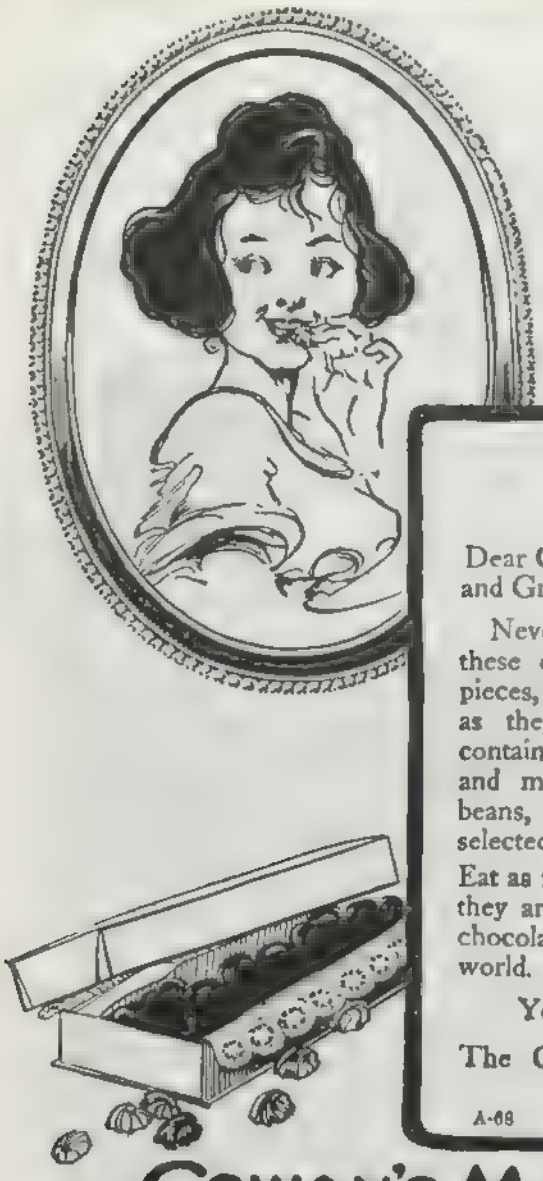

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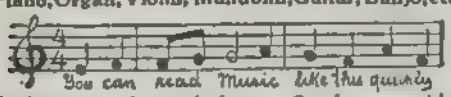

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The Magpie's Nest

(*Continued from page 14*)

'Not even knowing good and evil?" asked Hope.

"Oh—good and evil!" Mary paused a long time. "It's not so simple as that, I don't think—you can't talk of it as if it were, say, sweet and sour! Maybe Adam and Eve did know good and evil after they ate the apple; but observe, they never explained the matter to anyone else. So might you 'if you could win to the Eden tree, where the four great rivers flow,' but you can't. No, we are not gods—and I must say, in this age, we ought to be! I can't think of a time in human history when every man and woman has been so carelessly entrusted with the charge of his own soul! It's rather a glorious experiment for humanity, but a little alarming."

"Is it?" asked Hope the radical. "Why should I be more alarmed at having charge of my own soul than at giving it in charge of someone else? If I don't know my right hand from my left, do I know enough to pick the guardian of my soul?"

"Oh, you—— Shut up," said Mary candidly. "I wasn't talking to you; I was talking to that non-existent creature, the Average Woman. I know you'll upset my theoretical apple-cart as soon as I get it nicely filled with platitudes. Consider this, as an Average Woman, you'd never have been allowed to choose that guardian—the guardian would have been chosen ages before you were born—up to a century ago——"

"And my Good and Evil would have been as much a matter of chance as it ever could be now if I came down to flipping a nickel for decisions," Hope pointed out. "Only then I'd never have questioned results, which perhaps I might now, and so may learn something."

"My dear," said Mary, "you'd have benefitted by the wisdom of the ages, embodied in law and custom."

"Fine," said Hope, "if nothing but wisdom were embodied in law and custom."

"Ah, what are we talking about?" said Mary. "You are only trying to tell me you're grown up. And I knew it, the moment I looked at you a second time. And that is all you mean to tell me. Isn't it? No, I am not asking. Plague take her; who is there?"

Mrs. Dupont it was; the news of Mary's engagement was still fresh, and she had been deluged with callers. Her surprise at seeing Hope was slightly ludicrous, since it was evident she was uncertain how great a degree of cordiality was called for. After she had congratulated Mary in a moment of confusion, she turned affably to Hope and asked:

"You have been married, too, haven't you, since we met?"

"Oh, once or twice," said Hope, and dropped her eyes demurely.

Mary coughed, slightly, and with extreme gravity said:

"What've you done with them all?"

"Poisoned them," said Hope lugubriously. "Awful nuisance, don't you think? They do get under foot so."

To her surprise, Mary turned suddenly to Mrs. Dupont, with that touch of studied impulsiveness she could make so fetching, and dropped their little burlesque.

"Hope is a widow, Bessie," she said. "Perhaps you never heard that Ned Angell is dead? I knew you would be sorry. And you must congratulate Hope, not me—" smiling slightly. She went into details.

Here was something Mrs. Dupont could grasp; to Hope's great surprise, she found genuine sympathy, if not great comprehension of anything but material details, in this woman, with whom she had never been able to exchange a spontaneous word in the old days. There was something sincere about Mrs. Dupont, a certain bonhomie. Well, at least, she was one of those people who help one to appreciate and enjoy success.

"I shall have some gossip to carry about, I'll be very popular for a day or two," she said in parting. "Sorry you're not in town long enough to come over and see me. I shall insist on it when you return. I'm going to see Cora now."

"And tell her," added Mary. "She'll thank you."

They laughed, to the bewilderment of Hope, to whom Mary said later:

"You're even with Cora, anyway. She weighs quite two hundred and fifty now.

"She never did anything to me," said Hope.

Mary shook her head hopelessly.

"But at least," she said, "you're humanised. You'll never have right sense, of course, but you can go through the motions. You made Mrs. Dupont like you! But you'll never, never be an Average Woman. What a pity!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

NO, she did not yet know what she was going to do, not even on a day in Autumn when her visit home had extended to several months. It was to find out, if possible, that she was stretched out quite by herself, prone in the grass a half-mile from the new ranch-house her father had built since her last visit home, arraigning her soul and weighing her life.

She had gone out to meet life as a brave adventure, and life had taken her captive and led her blindfold, through strange and devious ways, here to her starting point. She, that would have her will, saw now that life made beggars of the best of us, and that we can do no more than ask graciously, saving our pride so as not to cry for things denied, or, worse, for things granted. If there was any sense in it at all, any meaning, beyond that, it was past her understanding. Ready-made explanations for bargain-counter minds one found at every street corner, but she could not make them fit her individual soul, and it stood naked before her to be judged. So, seeing it on the one side and the great universe on the other, she felt she could only laugh at the disparity, and let it go in search of a better arbiter. Never having judged another, she could not do it for herself.

Having made nothing of it all, save amazement at the absurdity of her own actions and wonder at the inevitableness of them, she opened the gates of memory to all she had striven to forget for sanity's sake. Being dead, Ned's memory took on a seeming of unreality; in a sense, he had never been. Oddly, she could find no great regret for anything. "Things are as they must be," she remembered the words gropingly, "and will be brought to their destined end."

So her destiny awaited her still. The days when desire should fail were far from her.

Nay, destiny awaited no one, but stood always by one's side, so that one went neither to it nor from it, but with it. It walked with her here, on this wide stretch of golden grassy plain, as it had gone with her through the thronged streets and brought her to the one among five million she could choose to love. That was fatalism, perhaps; but a healthy fatalism; it avoided brooding, and invested all things with a quality and significance beyond their intrinsic value. As it had brought Nick to her, across the world, before either of them was awake to its purpose, and let them drift again for years until they had grown to understanding, when they were led again to look on each other's faces, so it had taken him from her.

But what agency? She could think of it now without that surge of revolt, of wild demanding, which made reason a mockery; though she still loved him no less. That he was dead she still would not believe. He had merely gone away—something much less explicable—to Chicago? to Europe?

The impossibility of his having done both these things smote her on a sudden. So positively had she been told, her dazed mind at the time actually accepted one statement as reinforcing the other. Now they made each other absurd. There had been something, something unexpected, like that episode which threatened so menacingly down at the shore, and dissolved into nothing when confronted boldly. A word, a look, might have removed it, if she but knew the cause. And after all, she had not fought, as she promised she would. She had left it all, and gone away weeping, like a child in a dark room. Destiny, if it had a sense of humor, might be chuckling sardonically now over her easy discomfiture. Women, she thought disgustedly, gave destiny good cause to laugh. They never did fight back; they simply sat down and cried foolishly over any misfortune. A man got up and went on. When women learned to do that, to throw away their luxury of despair, to cease taking morbid pride in their own fragility, they might also come near finding themselves liberated from many more palpable inequalities. They needed the lesson of cheerful old Sir John of the ballad: "I am a little hurt, but I am not slain!"

Well, it was time to "arise and fight again." She obeyed the thought literally, and flung out her arms in a gesture of gladness. She would go back and claim

(*Continued on page 45*)

The Experimenters

The Fable of a Little Boy Whose Parents Practised on Him

By THE DOCTOR THEY DIDN'T HAVE

(Continued from last month)

LONG ago there was a very wise man, and he was a Scotsman. His name was Duns Scotus. He knew everything that everybody else knew, and a good deal more that was all his very own. He wore a cap, like all other Scotsmen; they call it a "bonnet." But when he wanted to think hard, he put on a very tall cap, like a long thimble. The space at the top was to hold his thoughts, you see. This was Duns Scotus' Cap; and people called it Dun's Cap, and bye and bye they called it Dunce's Cap; and later on, boys at school were punished by having to stand in a corner wearing such a cap. Now Duns Scotus was a very wise man, and was not a dunce; yet his cap came to be called dunce's cap; which shows how the world changes as it grows older.

We all change as we grow older. "Only" (that was the name of our little boy) changed as he grew older. His parents called him Only because he was the only one of his kind. Most little boys are the only ones of their kind, and that is a good thing, else the mothers would get their children mixed up, and would often put the wrong boy to bed. Only grew taller and heavier every year, and he learned to read and write and cipher. And in his Mother Goose book, he found these verses:

"There was an old woman, and what do
you think,
She lived upon nothing but victuals and
drink;
Victuals and drink were the whole of her
diet
And yet this old woman could never keep
quiet."

And he put on his dunce's cap, and began to think. And the first thought that came to him was this: "I live only on victuals and drink; and I make a good deal of noise, too, just like the old woman. Not perhaps the same kind of noise, for I don't suppose she played with balls and kites and a wheel-barrow; but she did make a noise of some sort. It must be that victuals and drink make people noisy." Then he noticed that when he was ill, and didn't care to eat, he became very still and quiet. And this made him feel sure that victuals and drink were the cause of noise. Now that was pretty good reasoning, don't you think; and proves how helpful a thinking cap can be. Every time Only put on his thinking cap, his brains began to work. And soon he came to the conclusion that victuals and drink make people noisy because they made them active. It is only when a wagon goes that it makes a noise; and as sure as a boy or a man does anything worth talking about, there must be noise. Why, talking itself is only noise. And if we work or play hard enough we soon get hungry, and then we want more victuals and drink, and we begin again to make a noise. So it would be a very bad thing to stop the noises that are in the world; that would be to stop the world's activities. So Only came to be glad of noises.

And when Only told his parents all this, they were delighted and said: "Now we have found out the greatest thing of all. We have discovered that Only has brains, and if we fail to become famous, perhaps our boy will become famous, and that will please us just as well."

And they explained to him that this activity that comes from victuals and drink was called Energy; and Only remembered the word. And I hope that you, too, will remember it.

And it came to pass that the word "Energy" made such an impression upon the boy that he kept his eyes open for examples of energy. When he saw a horse pulling a load he said, "there is energy." When he saw the calves running about in play, he said, "that is energy." When he saw dogs fighting each other, or men digging a drain, or birds flying, he thought, there is energy.

And he soon found that many examples of energy could be found in things that were not alive. The lid of the kettle was lifted when the water boiled, while the locomotive pulling a long train and the engine making wheels go round, were surely examples of energy. And here, for the first time, he learned that when energy makes things go, the things wear out and may break down.

He saw a wheel come off a loaded wagon which had to be taken to a smith's shop for repairs. His father told him that very frequently the locomotives were sent to the repair shops, because some parts of them were more or less worn, and if they were made to go while bolts were loose or bearing parts worn too thin, they would surely break down.

And he thought "I wonder if the horses and calves and dogs and men have to be sent to the repair shop. Do they wear out, like the engines?

Somebody asked him: "Why do men stop work at 12 o'clock, and again at 5 o'clock?" That made him think that perhaps they needed to go to the repair shop at those hours, to be mended up, and made all right again. Perhaps the dining room was their repair shop.

Now this was really very clever of Only and before very long, he learned how right he was in his thinking. And at night they go to bed and rest and sleep, and this is another repair shop, he concluded. And how do they know when it is time to go to the repair shop? The answer is "When the bell rings or the gong sounds." But suppose they don't mind the bell! Well then they soon get a tired feeling and they get so weak that they must stop.

That is the difference between the man and the engine. The engine doesn't feel tired, and so it goes on working till it breaks down, unless somebody stops it.

But the engine stops when the coal is all burnt! And this may be before the machine is worn out. So that two things are necessary to keep the machine running—there must be a repair shop; and there must be coal. And to keep a boy active there must be two things—repair of the parts of his body that are worn out, and food, which takes the place of coal in the engine. And it can only be from his food that the worn out parts of his body are repaired. So that food serves two purposes. It repairs the wornout body parts, and then it produces the energy to make the body active. And as it takes time to make repairs, why, that is the reason we have to sleep so long. Our bodies are then in the repair shop.

Will any kind of food do? Does it make any difference what we eat? Only's past experience with different sorts of food made him think that some kinds were better than others; and when he asked his teacher about this, he soon learned the reason why.

(To be continued.)

The Magpie's Nest

(Continued from page 44)

from her glittering city some of its promise, go on with her life, still follow the unknown as her father had. Find Nick, if she could. But if that might never be, she saw her life enriched through him still.

She might have asked Edgerton to help her find him, before she left New York. He would have. But it would have struck her as a little unkind, because of the things she did not know. How little we ever know!

In the light, crystalline air her vision was sharpened like her wits. Very far away, so far that not the faintest murmur of sound came to her from its thunderous progress, she saw the express from the East crawling across the face of the prairie, a line of black with wavering plumes of smoke floating pridefully backward. There was a station, a mere water-tower, garnished with a stately name borrowed from overseas, within sight of the hill above the ranch-house. The sight of the train roused her to activity by an unconscious sympathy; she began walking homeward, to meet it—though with no such thought. But to see her going steadily, with that quick light step under which the grass bent and sprang again as to a small wind, one would have thought she knew the train was bringing her something. Her face was eager, her eyes alight. But again, if she had known, she would have sped like Atalanta. For now Destiny, having wearied perhaps of attending her wilful, stumbling course, was bringing her heart's desire to her.

Aboard the train, Nick, sighting the water-tower, saw instead the gates of Paradise. And whether he really won to them or not, there are few who may ever see them. For Hope, she had always said, and still maintained, that the earth was very good, and Paradise could wait its turn.

THE END.

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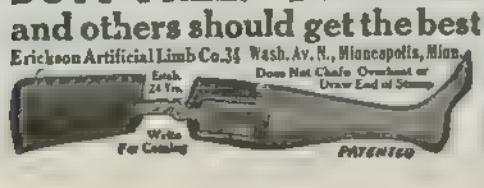

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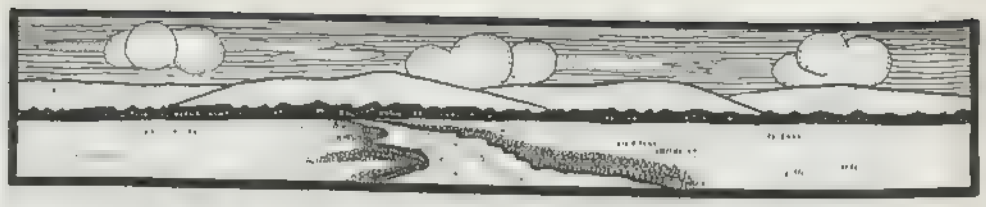


Cleo-on-the-Spot

(*Continued from page 10*)

"Ah, but I can!"

"What?" from a chorus of five.

"I have been going to business college all autumn. Sneaked out when you thought I was designing. Plenty of time for both. And I am some little speeder. You'll never miss poor Dakin. 8.30 a.m. and a salary?"

The head of the House of Bender had to be convinced, but after a few moments spent in watching a flying pencil, the atmosphere cleared and Cleo was engaged. She smiled more than usual at the face which greeted her from the mirror that night.

She attacked her new work with characteristic energy and joyousness. "Truly, a dynamic force," opined Mr. Peterson, admiringly. "A damn-amic force," corrected his chief with heavy jocularity.

Does it seem too incredible that a girl of seventeen should be a real factor in a huge business? Let it be remembered that she had grown up with Non-pareil, that she had no other interests, domestic, artistic or social. Above all, she had towering ambition, and one might be permitted to observe that the sum of ambition, energy and ability is apt to be success.

So there she sat, as she had always meant to sit, in her own little office, and meddled cleverly in all departments of the business. Operators and cutters were her friends, the lesser dependents of the factory were her willing slaves and the salesmen were her fond adorers.

Ezra Bender not infrequently found a cue half a corridor long waiting outside her door. Impartially, she discussed designs, Mrs. O'Malley's rheumatism, the price of crepe de chine, and the domestic infelicities of married employees. But she consistently refused all invitations to lunch, dinner and the movies. Such was Uncle's stern command, and it suited her to obey him.

Things went exceedingly well, until one night in an unusually heavy vapor, he trod on the edge of Miss Agatha's favourite rocker, flung himself to the floor and broke his leg.

The gentle sisters were all sympathy and helplessness. The sounds which issued from their brother were terrifying and the interpretation thereof, unprintable. Cleo came flying down stairs and in a moment took command of the situation.

"Keep away," roared Brother, waving a piece of the shattered rocker at her. "I'll kill any of you who comes near me! Imbeciles, can't you help me at all? Lift me up, somebody!"

"Uncle," said Cleo, fearlessly wresting the weapon from him, "stop that racket and let me see where you are hurt. Ah, that's the place, just above the ankle." She began deftly bandaging the injured spot with towels and table napkins, giving clear, concise orders all the while.

"Aunt Prue, 'phone for Dr. Maitland, East 374. If he is not there, try the Hospital, North 5777. Aunt Sophie, run across the street and bring back the new man, Bradbury. The rest of you can help me; a drink of water might be acceptable, Aunt Agatha."

"Keep your hands off," bellowed the patient, but submitting all the same. "What do you know about bandaging?"

"Quite a little," Cleo told him as she worked. "I have been taking Home Nursing lessons for months, poor dear. Doesn't that feel easier?"

He tried to say it didn't, but the truth slipped out before the lie was told, and he only gasped a little as Cleo questionably assisted by the Aunts, got him to the Chesterfield.

Dr. Bradbury was young and impressionable, and was greatly struck with the excellence of Cleo's work. The pain considerably eased, and his sisters forbidden the room, Brother had no particular reason for violence and grudgingly acquiesced, making it appear, however, that only his forethought had been responsible for his niece's knowledge of First Aid. Cleo continued to assist Dr. Bradbury without a smile.

Seeing them work so well together and accomplish such amazing results in the matter of his comfort, an idea came to Ezra Bender. Somehow, it communicated itself to Dr. Bradbury, who grew a little flustered by such close proximity to the girl. He stammered when she asked curt questions, and dropped things when she raised her eyes to his. In spite of which he lingered in an ecstasy of embarrasment long after he had rendered his patient every service known to the profession. He begged Cleo to report to him early in the morning.

"You do it, Aunt Prue," said the girl. "I will have my hands full placating Dr. Maitland, whom Uncle positively refuses the house. He says he would rather have a live young wire, than a grey-haired old goat. I prefer Dr. Maitland myself, having no antipathy toward gray hair or goats, but as the new man seems to have made a hit—" she shrugged and added, "after all, it isn't my leg!" Then with this irrefutable statement she dashed for a car.

Everything at the office ran with oil-like smoothness. As a self-bestowed reward, Cleo lunched tete-a-tete with David McKim for the first time in her soon-to-be-eighteen years.

To Brother Bender, David could not be explained. After several futile attempts, Cleo gave up, wagged her wise little head and prepared to wait until events turned in the direction she had planned. They always did, sooner or later.

McKim had been a Non-pareil salesman; one of the best, too. But his employer objected to his lunching in the same restaurant with his niece and himself, objected to his spending even a brief five minutes daily in the designer's office, and dismissed him. "That young fellow's too big for his collar," was his only explanation.

Separated from lingerie, McKim threw in his lot with rain coats and success came to him not in showers, but it poured. At the time referred to—the luncheon with Cleo—he had just been taken into the firm.

"They won't be sorry," he told his vis-a-vis. "I'm going to make a rain coat to beat anything the market's ever seen. It will fit inside—er—a vanity box, almost."

"Oh, Dave!"

"You'll see. Thin as oiled silk and the prettiest colors. Blue, mauve, red, green! I'll give you the first one off the machine, and I hope it will rain cloud bursts the next day, so you can hurry up and tell me how fine it is."

"I'm awfully excited about it," smiled a pair of red lips. "I wish I could reciprocate, and dress you up in my new 'slip-over'. It is going to be a dandy little seller."

In this wise they thought they were pulling wool over the eyes of a small, invisible gentleman who is already blind, but he only laughed at them and sharpened his arrows.

Before they parted Cleo had the address of a Spanish teacher. McKim had already reached the point where he could ask for a glass of water and enquire after the health of his aunt's sister's rose garden, in the language of the Dons.

He was not a vindictive chap, but hoped that the recovery of his late chief might be slow. Non-pareil having come to its slack season, the little designer was fairly free to spin about the country in his roadster, and it was characteristic of her to demand, after the third outing, to learn the art of driving, herself.

In the meantime, Dr. Bradbury conscientiously attended his patient. Such zeal shown by Dr. Maitland, of the gray beard, would have thrown Brother Bender into a frenzy of vaporous annoyance. But the idea born on the night of his accident, had flourished until it had become a fixed purpose, so the doctor's visits were encouraged. "We've got used to seeing you around," said the convalescent, by way of invitation.

But of Cleo the visitor saw very little. She always managed to elude him. Sometimes, she declared Peterson required her help after hours, and sometimes the designs had to be corrected; buyers were always coming in, or salesmen going out. He was bewildered by the variety of her excuses. And Brother Bender, fuming at his slow recovery, dared not urge her to neglect the business.

"If I could only get about," he complained, "I wouldn't mind the pain." By which Cleo understood that there was no more pain to mind.

"It's a pity sir," Mr. Peterson, who was paying his respects, had been carefully prepared in his lines, "that you never bought a car. The fresh air would do you a world of good, and hiring cabs and taxis robs one of the pleasure of driving in them."

The firm's head replied sulkily that he ought to have a motor. He was just the man who needed one, and he would have bought one long ago if his house were not full of imbeciles. "Can't afford a chauf-

(*Continued on page 48*)

The Dream of Flight

(*Continued from page 42*)

Lieut. de Mandrot. He would then be a little more careful of his life and would stand a better chance of recovery in case of accident or injury. But for the air fighter, perhaps it is as well that he should not care too much for his life. If I were his wife, I might prefer to have him a little broader and squarer across the eye brows. There would be less difficulty in keeping the house tidy when he was around. If I were hiring him as a salesman, I should like to have the upper lip just a little longer and that cautious corner to his upper back head just a little less conspicuous. But as an aviator, especially for the somewhat spectacular work of warfare, Major William Avery Bishop comes very close to the perfect type.

OF all the opportunities for service in this great war, none is in the nature of the case more conspicuous or more romantic than that of the aviator.

However slow the Allies have been to recognize the fact—and in the early days they did seem inexcusably slow—to-day both sides realize the importance of supremacy in the air, and both sides are embarking on the building of planes and the training of aviators on a scale undreamt of even two years ago.

Even in Canada where for two years after the war began, the would-be aviator had to go to a private school and pay down five hundred dollars of his own good cash for instruction in the mysteries of aviation, hundreds of men are now being trained at government expense, and the entrance of the United States into the war with an initial appropriation of over $600,000,000, now increased to $1,000,000,000, for aviation alone opens up an opportunity for men by the thousands to learn to fly.

Whether the war continues for months or years, the benefit of the impetus which has been given to aviation will remain, and the work of the aviator is bound to stand as an honorable and remunerative profession, a profession of great importance to the community and the nation, and a profession that regardless of all the improvements in equipment that may develop, will never be without the element of hazard and adventure.

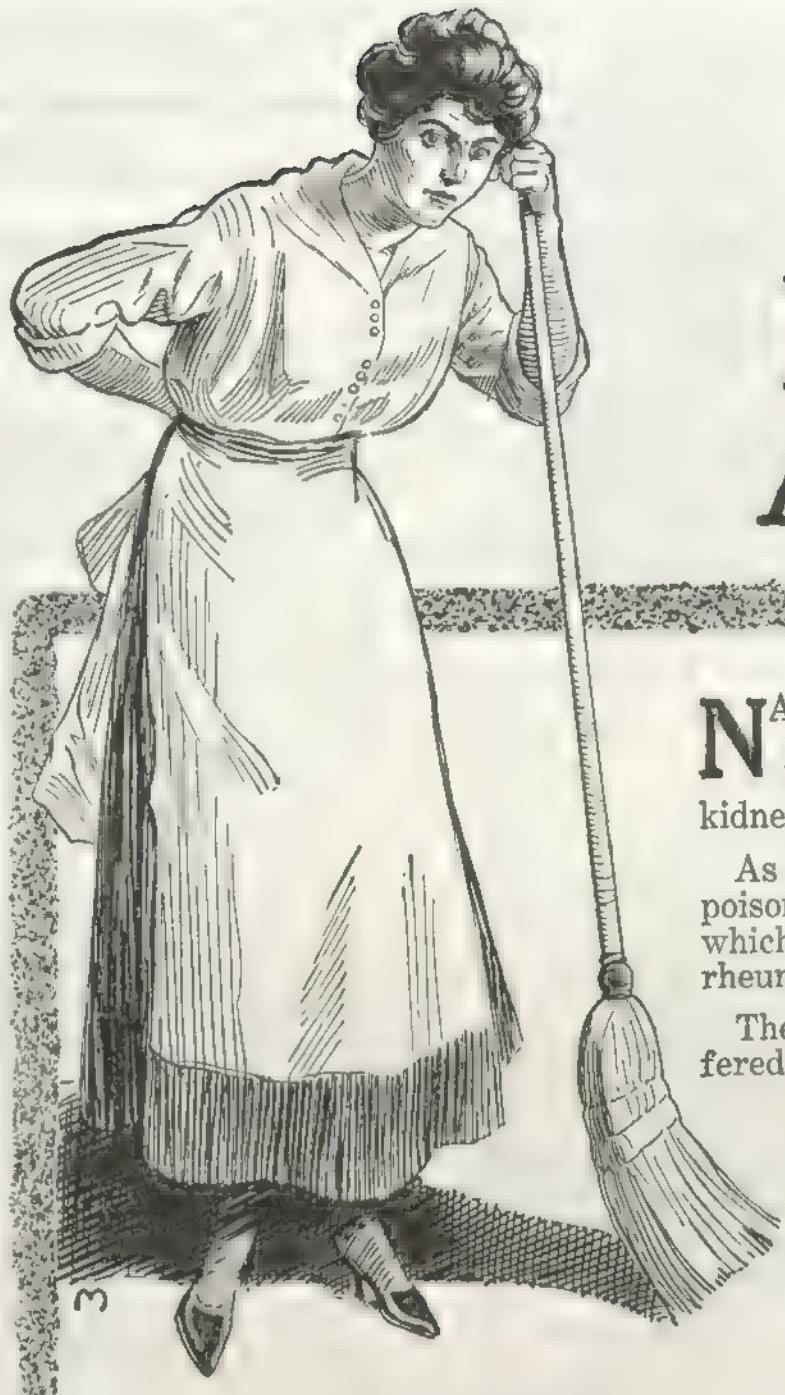
One reason why, when the war is over, the profession of the aviator must remain a remunerative profession is that it costs a good deal to make an aviator. The cost will of course be reduced. At the present time it is estimated that the training of five thousand aviators means the destruction of six thousand machines costing an average of about $7,000 each, so that there is plenty of room for the cost to be reduced. It also costs the lives of a good many men—and lives too are expensive. This cost also is being rapidly reduced, but even when the best results have been accomplished, the cost of training an aviator will be sufficient to protect the profession against an over-crowding of the market, while the utility of the aeroplane for the transportation of mails and valuable light merchandise will open up, in fact is already opening up unlimited fields for its operation.

Enlightening

Absolute knowledge, I have none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son,
Heard a policeman on his beat,
Say to a laborer on the street,
That he had a letter, just last week,
Written in the finest Greek,
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo,
Who said that the negroes in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown,
That a man in the Klondike heard the news
From a gang of South American Jews,
About somebody in Borneo
Who heard a man that claimed to know
Of a swell society female fake
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her seventh husband's niece
Had stated, in a printed piece,
That she has a son, who has a friend,
Who knows when the war is going to end.

For Brides and Mothers

THE June issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will appeal to two classes of particularly brides and mothers. June is always the bride's month, and next month's issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is to be designed especially for her. June is also a month when mothers begin to build fortifications for baby against warmer weather. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will tell them how to do it. Don't miss the June number, it will be crammed full of useful suggestions.



Back Ache!

NATURE gives warning of approaching disaster, and backache tells you that the kidneys are deranged.

As soon as the kidneys fail poisons are left in the blood, which cause aches and pains, rheumatism and lumbago.

The digestive system is interfered with, and there is gradual loss of flesh and harshness and dryness of the skin. There is often headache and dropsical swelling of the limbs.

The most effective treatment is that which awakens the action of the liver and bowels, as well as the kidneys, for these organs work together in removing the poisonous impurities from the system.

This is the reason why Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are so successful in the treatment of diseases of the kidneys. This is why they frequently cure when ordinary kidney medicines fail.

Just put this medicine to the test when you have backache, headache and other indications that these filtering and eliminating organs are sluggish in action, and see how quickly they will respond.

Prevention is always the wiser course. For this reason it is well to keep Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at hand, and by regulating these organs forestall serious disease.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint. 7

$10.00 A MONTH
For Your Spare Time!

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You'll be delighted with these exquisite gifts.

HERE are the most beautiful and useful presents ever offered to ladies and girls, and you can get them without a single cent of cost. The beautiful Princess Mary Toilet Set is just what you need. It contains a large beautifully shaped mirror, a good sturdy bristle hair brush, and a neat strong dressing comb. All are in rich ebony finish and the brush and mirror have lovely Nickel silver monogram mounts. The set fits in a nice box and we give you a lifetime of good service.

The exquisite gold finished watch is a beauty, stem wind and set and has a genuine expansion bracelet which fits snugly on any wrist. Bracelet watches are now worn by everybody, to the entire exclusion of every other style of watch and this lovely watch is as beautiful as any you could buy.

Send your name and address to-day, and we will send you all postage paid, just 32 handsome bottles of Princess Toilette perfume to introduce among your friends at only 10c. each. Six delicious odors: Rose, Carnation, Wood Violet, Heliotrope, Lily of the Valley and Jacqueminot. They sell like hot cakes. You have only to hand them out and take in the money. It's easy.

Return our $3.20 when the perfume is sold and we will promptly send you this beautiful Princess Mary Toilet Set complete, just as represented, and the lovely bracelet watch you can also receive without selling any more goods. By sending us your beautiful present to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our free premium easy as well.

Write to-day. Be first to sell in your new line in your district. No expense attached. We prepay all charges on your presents right to your door. 218

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For Safety's Sake Demand
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REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
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The danger time!

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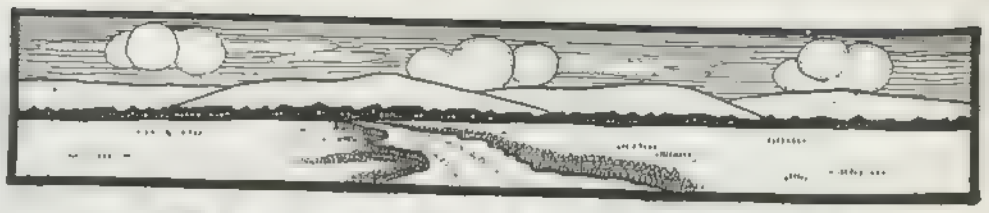


Cleo-on-the-Spot

(*Continued from page 46*)

feur," he sighed. "No one to drive me."

"Dear Uncle," murmured Cleo, "why did you not mention this before? I can drive a car."

She bought one that afternoon. Bender appeared once more in his official sanctum and McKim retreated from the line of lingerie to a solid mass of raincoats.

Cleo's correspondence was very heavy. "I am taking the Love-Making Course in the Home Correspondence School," McKim wrote peevishly. He tried to conduct his courtship after commercial methods—push every obstruction from the field, but Cleo foiled his efforts with masterly diplomacy. "Be patient a little longer," she begged. "I have a system, too. . . . I plan my work, then work my plan. Send me some of your expansion literature."

McKim was a regular contributor to several trades magazines in which he expressed his views on Expansion. For months he had been at work to set up competition with the French houses in the South American market. To the end that there might be better transportation facilities he was anxious to interest firms other than rain coat manufacturers. The article he mailed to Cleo laid especial emphasis on this point, and was most convincing. Cleo left it carelessly in Brother Bender's way. Not long afterwards, he said to her,

"Here is some jackanapes tackling a subject of which he, of course, knows nothing. But the germ of the idea is good, and an experienced man with something good to offer, might do worse than consider it. Look it over, some time, will you?" She picked up the book and smiled.

"There's something in this French competition stuff," Uncle continued, "particularly lingerie. Mind, I don't say it can be pulled off, but if anyone can do it, Non-pareil can. If you hadn't fooled away so much of your time, and had learned Spanish, you might have been of some real use to me."

"I have a list of Rio firms, and some in Montevideo and other places," Cleo remarked vaguely. "It wouldn't do any harm to open correspondence with them, I suppose?"

"Harm? No!" roared the other, vaporously, "but miserable idiots that they are, we won't get on very fast without an interpreter. I don't want another salaried lunatic around the place."

"But Uncle, dear, I can speak Spanish. *Beso las manos,*" cried Cleo laughing, only instead of kissing his hands, she gave a little peck to the end of his nose.

Brother gaped at the girl mutely, then he predicted unpleasant things for his immortal soul. He hurled rapid questions at her, and discovered that she had been learning Spanish during the evenings when Dr. Bradbury was cluttering up the den playing cribbage with his patient.

She opened correspondence with several South American firms, and devoted herself to judicious advertising. She kept her Uncle so interested in the commercial game that he neglected the gentler scheme tacitly agreed upon by the doctor and himself. In fact, he could not have spared Cleo one hour from the office at this juncture. But the doctor was persistent.

Toward him Cleo was always gracious in the abstracted manner of one who says, "Ah, yes, I ought to have remembered you. Now, what is your name?" which annoyed him almost as greatly as the fact that she forgot engagements with him and was apt to find cause for absenting herself from the house on the very evenings he arranged to be present in the Bender circle.

"Dash it all, Cleo," cried Uncle, at last, "I want you to be decent to the man."

She was. She spent three whole evenings with him and allowed him to discover that the dearest wish of her life was to travel. He sympathized and she permitted him to squeeze her hand.

Yet, Aunt Prudence felt a lack of warmth in the romance. "I don't know that the dear child favors the doctor's suit," she ventured.

"What do I care for that?" shouted the guardian of Cleo's future. "She doesn't know what she wants, but I do. Here's a fine young fellow, with independent means—I suppose it never occurs to you that I shan't always be here to slave to keep a roof over your heads. Do you want to turn the house into an asylum for aged spinsters? Imbeciles, the lot of you, and don't you meddle!"

THE summer passed without a serious clash of wills, and as autumn glowed over the country, Cleo's correspondence became much lighter. She held frequent conferences with David McKim who, returned from the tropics, was almost bursting with plans for a gloriously rainy future. Unlike the doctor, he found it quite simple to combine romance and business; in fact he felt that one was dead without the other. There was LOVE writ large in every sentence spoken and no amount of cold water—or warm water, as one must describe Brazilian rain—could dampen that aspect of his conversation. It frequently ran like this:

"They had never seen anything to equal the Ever Ready. . . . Don't move, my darling; this is one of my happiest dreams come true . . . The violet ones were our best sellers although South American ladies have a penchant for bright colors. . . . Kiss me, again, dear little love. . . . I thought we would never land. Yes, the lingerie took well. They gobbled up the Cleo 'envelope.' But you'll have to make larger sizes. Most of 'em are built for endurance and not on speed lines. Forty and up, ought to fit."

Cleo went to her Uncle on the following morning.

"They've bitten," she told him. "I have orders from Rio."

Ezra Bender had conferred lengthily with the doctor on the evening previous, and was relieved to find an opening for what he had to say.

"Ah, yes, this South American business. . . . it interests me. I told you all along that we ought to expand."

He was too much engrossed in his own part to note a subtle difference in the child of his (sister's) adoption, as she stood demurely before him.

"I don't deny that you linked up with 'em pretty well, but that's not good enough for a firm like the Non-pareil. I'd like to see you go further. . . . I said to Bradbury last night, I said, 'There's a lot in a personality. Now that girl of mine,' I said, 'she ought to see this thing through. She can do it.' There, now, I don't mind telling him I said you could do it, meaning to get us solidly established with Senor—what's his name. But to do this, you'd have to be—"

"Cleo-on-the-spot," the girl suggested.

"Precisely. See the difficulty? Couldn't send you down alone. Can't go myself. Wouldn't wish one of the girls on you; she'd be seasick the whole way, I bet. but when you get married, I'll give you and your husband the Jim Dandiest little trip a pair of honeymooners ever had."

He stopped an smiled with overdone innocence. "Course, I don't happen to think of any special person at the moment, but—"

"You'd like me to get married and go to South America on my honeymoon?" Cleo repeated, seriously.

"Surest thing you know, sly little puss! You've had it in mind, yourself, I see it now. Poor Doc, what a life you've led him. Well, when can it be?"

"It has been, dear Uncle. And I am so glad we are all happy. I married David McKim this morning, and we've booked our passage on the next boat. What samples would you like me to show?"

Marjory Daw Kut-Out Winners

MARJORY Daw has spent many pleasant hours with Our Little Folk's Kut-Outs. There were so many hundred colored sets to judge, the announcement of winners had to be held until this issue. In the same way, the prize winners in the May Competition will be announced in July. Those little ones who were not fortunate enough to win a prize in last competition should try again for this one. Never give up!

All of the sets submitted were particularly good. It was with some difficulty that Marjory Daw finally selected the winners. They are:—

Helen C. Wood, Queenandra, P.E. Island Rural Route No. 1; Betty Scott, 193 Waterloo Ave. Guelph, Ont.; Beulah Popel, Box 69, Winnifred, Alta., Canada; Bessie Howse, R R No 1, Arissa Ontario, Mizpah Smith, 104 Victoria Ave Chatham, Ont., Jean Batty 79 Glendale Ave, Toronto Nora Copeland, Foxwarren Manitoba, Margaret McConnell, R R. No 5, London, Ont; Gladys Wonacott, Box 53, Milnapore, Alberta, Vera Bisdee, R R. No. 1, Consecon, Ontario.

All those who enclosed stamped envelopes with their dolls received their sets back. The remainder were sent to the Home for Incurable Children, to make other little folks happy. This month Marjory Daw has extended the time for submitting Kut-Outs to June 10th.

My Lady Caprice

(*Continued from page 7*)

suppose we talk of something else;" and I attempted, though quite vainly, to direct her attention to the glories of the sunset.

A fallen tree lay nearby, upon which Lisbeth seated herself with a certain determined set of her little, round chin that I knew well.

"And how long do you intend keeping me here?" she asked in a resigned tone.

"Always, if I had my way."

"Really?" she said, and whole volumes could never describe all the scorn she managed to put into that single word. "You see," she continued, "after what Aunt Agatha wrote and told me—"

"Lisbeth," I broke in, "If you'll only—"

"I naturally supposed—"

"If you'll only let me explain—"

"That you would abide by the promise you made her, and wait—"

"Until you knew your own heart," I put in. "The question is, how long will it take you? Probably, if you would allow me to teach you—"

"Your presence here now stamps you as—as horribly deceitful!"

"Undoubtedly," I nodded; "but you see when I was foolish enough to give that promise, your very excellent Aunt made no reference to her intentions regarding a certain Mr. Selwyn."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lisbeth. And feeling that I had made a point, I continued with redoubled ardor:—

"She gave me to understand that she merely wished you to have time to know your own heart in the matter. Now, as I said before, how long will it take you to find out, Lisbeth?"

She sat chin in, and staring straight before her, and her black brows were still drawn together in a frown. But I watched her mouth—just where the scarlet underlip curved up to meet its fellow.

Lisbeth's mouth is a trifle wide, perhaps, and rather full-lipped, and somewhere at one corner—I can never be quite certain of its exact location, because its appearance, is, as a rule, so very meteoric—but somewhere there is a dimple. Now, if ever there was an arrant traitor in this world it is that dimple; for let her expression be ever so guileless, let her wistful eyes be raised with a look of tears in their blue depths, despite herself that dimple will spring into life and undo it all in a moment. So it was now, even as I watched it quivered round her lips, and feeling herself betrayed, the frown vanished altogether and she smiled.

"And now, Dick, suppose you give me my—my—"

"Conditionally," I said, sitting down beside her.

The sun had set, and from somewhere among the purple shadows of the wood the rich, deep notes of a blackbird came to us, with pauses now and then, filled in with the rustle of leaves and the distant lowing of cows.

"NOT far from the village of Down in Kent," I began dreamily, "there stands an old house with quaint, high-gabled roofs and twisted Tudor chimneys. Many years ago it was the home of fair ladies and gallant gentlemen, but its glory is long past. And yet, Lisbeth, when I think of it at such an hour as this, and with you beside me, I begin to wonder if we could not manage between us to bring back the old order of things"

Lisbeth was silent.

"It has a wonderful old-fashioned rose garden, and you are fond of roses, Lisbeth."

"Yes," she murmured; "I'm very fond of roses."

"They would be in full bloom now," I suggested.

There was another pause, during which the blackbird performed three or four difficult arias with astonishing ease and precision.

"Aunt Agatha is fond of roses, too!" said Lisbeth at last, very gravely. "Poor, dear Aunt, I wonder what she would say if she could see us now?"

"Such things are better left to the imagination," I answered.

"I ought to write and tell her," murmured Lisbeth.

"But you won't do that, of course?"

"No, I won't do that, if—"

"Well?"

"If you will give me—them."

"One," I demurred.

"Both!"

"On one condition, then—just once, Lisbeth?"

Her lips were very near, her lashes drooped, and for one delicious moment she hesitated. Then I felt a little tug at my coat pocket, and springing to her feet she was away with "them" clutched in her hand.

"Trickery!" I cried, and started in pursuit.

There is a path through the woods leading to the Shrubbery at Fane Court. Down this she fled, and her laughter came to me on the wind. I was close upon her when she reached the gate, and darting through, turned, flushed but triumphant.

"I've won!" she mocked, nodding her head at me.

"Who can cope with the duplicity of a woman?" I retorted. "But, Lisbeth, you will give me one—just one?"

"It would spoil the pair."

"Oh, very well," I sighed, "good-night, Lisbeth," and lifting my cap I turned away.

There came a ripple of laughter behind me, something struck me softly upon the cheek, and stooping, I picked up that which lay half unrolled at my feet, but when I looked around Lisbeth was gone.

"So presently I thrust "them" into my pocket and walked back slowly along the river path toward the hospitable shelter of the Three Jolly Anglers.

CHAPTER II.

The Sheriff of Nottingham

TO sit beside a river on a golden afternoon listening to its whispered melody, while the air about one is fragrant with summer, and heavy with the drone of unseen wings!—What ordinary mortal could wish for more?

And yet, though conscious of this fair world about me, I was still uncontent, for my world was incomplete—nay, lacked its most essential charm, and I sat with my ears on the stretch, waiting for Lisbeth's chance footstep on the path and the soft whisper of her skirts.

The French are indeed a great people, for among many other things they alone have caught that magic sound a woman's garments make as she walks and given it to the world in one word "frou-frou."

O wondrous word! O word sublime! How full art thou of delicate suggestion! Truly, there can be no sweeter sound to ears masculine upon a golden summer afternoon—or any other time, for that matter—than the soft "frou-frou" that tells him She is coming.

At this point my thoughts were interrupted by something which hurtled through the air and splashed into the water at my feet. Glancing at this object, I recognized the loud-toned cricket cap affected by the Imp, and reaching for it, I fished it out on the end of my rod. It was a hideous thing of red, white, blue and green—a really horrible affair, and therefore much prized by its owner, as I knew.

Behind me the bank rose some four or five feet, crowned with willows and underbrush, from the other side of which there now came a prodigious rustling and panting. Rising to my feet, therefore, I parted the leaves with extreme care, and beheld the Imp himself.

He was armed to the teeth—that is to say, a wooden sword swung at his thigh, a tin bugle depended from his belt, and he carried a bow and arrow. Opposite him was another boy, particularly ragged at knee and elbow who, stood with hands thrust into his pockets and grinned.

"Base caitiff, hold!" cried the Imp, fitting an arrow to the string; "stand an' deliver. Give me my cap, thou varlet, thou!" The boy's grin expanded.

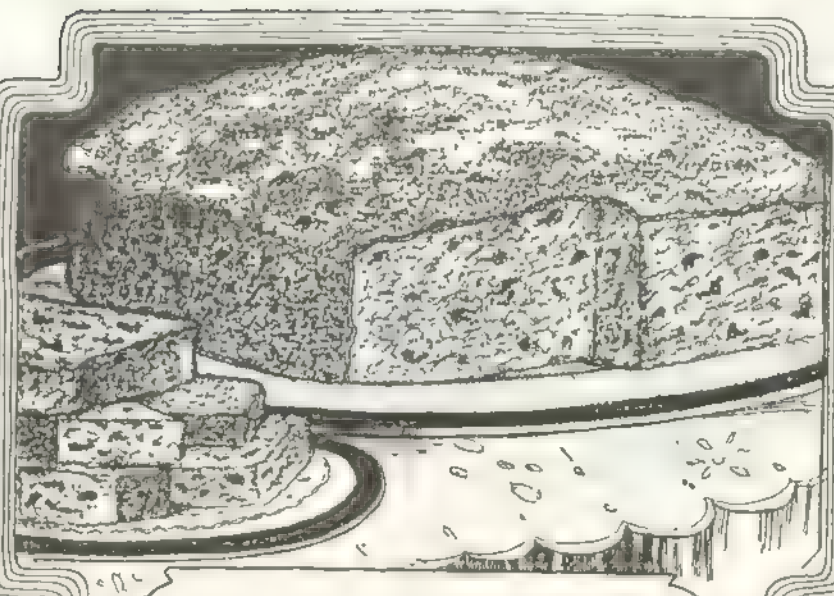
"Give me my cap, base slave, or I'll shoot you—by my troth!" As he spoke the Imp aimed his arrow, whereupon the boy ducked promptly.

"I ain't got yer cap," he grinned from the shelter of his arm. "It's been an' gone an' throwed itself into the river!" The Imp let fly his arrow, which was answered by a yell from the Base Varlet.

"Yah!" he cried derisively as the Imp drew his sword with a melodramatic flourish. "Yah! put down that stick an' I'll fight yer."

The Imp indignantly repudiated his trusty weapon being called a "stick"—"an' I don't think," he went on, "that

(*Continued on page 50*)



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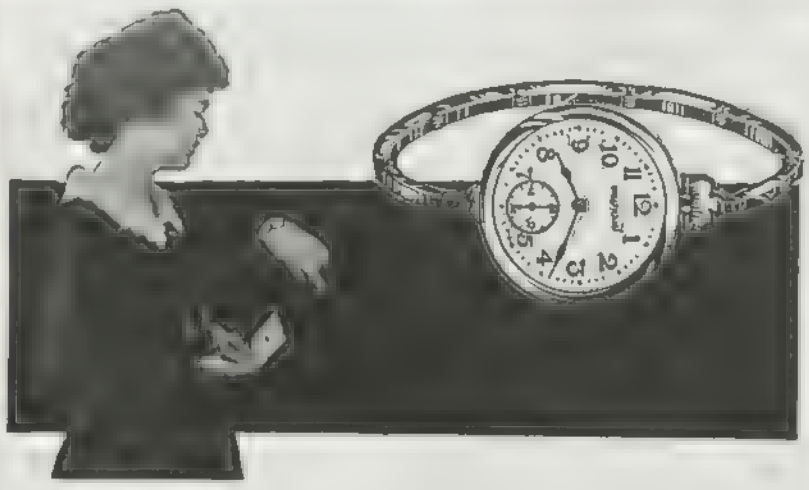

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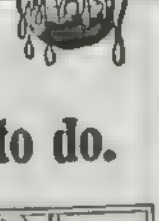

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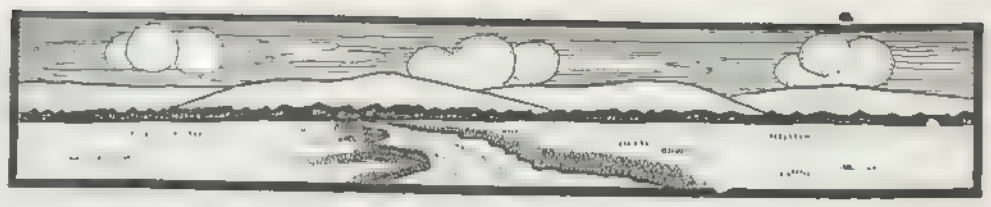

My Lady Caprice

(*Continued from page 49*)

Robin Hood ever fought without his sword. Let's see what the book says," and he drew a very crumpled paper-covered volume from his pocket, which he consulted with knitted brows, while the Base Varlet watched him, open-mouthed.

"Oh, yes," nodded the Imp; "it's all right. Listen to this!" and he read as follows in a stern, deep voice:—

"'Then Robin Hood tossed aside his trusty blade, an' laying bare his knotted arm, approached the dastardly ruffian with many a merry quip and jest, prepared for the fierce death-grip.'"

HEREUPON the Imp laid aside his book and weapons and proceeded to roll up his sleeve, having done which to his satisfaction, he faced round upon the Base Varlet.

"Have at ye, dastardly ruffian!" he cried, and therewith ensued a battle, fierce and fell.

If his antagonist had it in height, the Imp made up for it in weight—he is a particularly solid Imp—and thus the struggle lasted for some five minutes without any appreciable advantage to either, when, in eluding one of the enemy's desperate rushes, the Imp stumbled, lost his balance, and next moment I had caught him in my arms. For a space "the enemy" remained panting on the bank above, and then with another yell turned and darted off among the bushes.

"Hallo, Imp!" I said.

"Hallo, Uncle Dick!" he returned.

"Hurt?" I inquired.

"Wounded a bit in the nose, you know," he answered, mopping that organ with his handkerchief; "but did you see me punch 'yon varlet' in the eye?"

"Did you, Imp?"

"I think so, Uncle Dick; only I do wish I'd made him surrender. The book says that Robin Hood always made his enemies 'surrender an' beg their life on trembling knee!' Oh, it must be fine to see your enemies on their knee!"

"Especially if they tremble," I added.

"Do you s'pose that boy—I mean 'yon base varlet' would have surrendered?"

"Not a doubt of it—if he hadn't happened to push you over the bank first."

"Oh!" murmured the Imp rather dubiously.

"By the way," I said as I filled my pipe, "where is your Auntie Lisbeth?"

"Well, I chased her up the big apple tree with my bow an' arrow."

"Of course," I nodded, "Very right and proper!"

"You see," he explained, "I wanted her to be a wild elephant an' she wouldn't."

"Extremely disobliging of her!"

"Yes, wasn't it? So when she was right up I took away the ladder an' hid it."

"Highly strategic, my Imp."

"So then I turned into Robin Hood. I hung my cap on a bush to shoot at, you know, an' 'the Base Varlet' came up an' ran off with it."

"And there it is," I said, pointing to where it lay. The Imp received it with profuse thanks, and having wrung out the water, clapped it upon his curls and sat down beside me.

"I found another man who wants to be my uncle," he began.

"Oh, indeed?"

"Yes; but I don't want any more, you know."

"Of course not. One like me suffices for your every-day needs—eh, my Imp?"

THE Imp nodded. "It was yesterday," he continued. "He came to see Auntie Lisbeth, an' I found them in the summer-house in the orchard. An' I heard him say, 'Miss Elizabeth, you're prettier than ever!'"

"Did he though, confound him!"

"Yes, an' then Auntie Lisbeth looked silly, an' then he saw me behind a tree an' he looked silly, too. Then he said, 'Come here, little man!' An' I went, you know, though I do hate to be called 'little man.' Then he said he'd give me a shilling if I'd call him Uncle Frank."

"And what did you answer?"

"'Fraid I'm awfull' wicked," sighed the Imp, shaking his head, "'cause I told him a great big lie."

"Did you, Imp?"

"Yes. I said I didn't want his shilling, an' I do, you know, most awfully, to buy a spring pistol with."

"Oh, well, we'll see what can be done about the spring pistol," I answered. "And so you don't like him, eh?"

"Should think not," returned the Imp promptly. "He's always so—so awfull' clean, an' wears a little moustache with teeny sharp points on it."

"Any one who does that deserves all he gets," I said, shaking my head. "And what is his name?"

"The Honorable Frank Selwyn, an' he lives at Selwyn Park—the next house to ours."

"Oho!" I exclaimed, and whistled.

"Uncle Dick," said the Imp, breaking in upon a somewhat unpleasant train of thought conjured up by this intelligence "will you come an' be 'Little-John under the merry greenwood tree?' Do."

"Why, what do you know about 'the merry greenwood,' Imp?"

"Oh, lots!" he answered, hastily pulling out the tattered book. "This is all about Robin Hood an' Little-John. Ben, the gardener's boy, lent it to me. Robin Hood was a fine chap, an' so was Little-John, an' they used to set ambushes an' capture the Sheriff of Nottingham an' all sorts of caddish barons, an' tie them to trees."

"My Imp," I said, shaking my head, "the times are sadly changed. One cannot tie the barons—caddish or otherwise—to trees in these degenerate days."

"No, I s'pose not," sighed the Imp dolefully; "but I wish you would be Little-John, Uncle Dick."

"Oh, certainly, Imp, if it will make you any happier; though of a truth, bold Robin," I continued after the manner of the story books, "Little-John hath a mind to bide awhile and commune with himself here; yet give but one blast upon thy bugle horn and thou shalt find my arm and quarterstaff ready and willing enough, I'll warrant you!"

"That sounds awfull' fine, Uncle Dick, only—you haven't got a quarterstaff, you know."

"Yea, 'tis here!" I answered, and detached the lower joint of my fishing rod. The Imp rose, and folding his arms, surveyed me as Robin Hood himself might have done—that is to say, with an 'eye of fire.'

"So be it, my faithful Little-John," quoth he; "meet me at the Blasted Oak at midnight. An' if I shout for help—I mean blow my bugle—you'll come an' rescue me, won't you, Uncle Dick?"

"Ay; trust me for that," I answered, all unsuspecting.

"'Tis well!" nodded the Imp; and with a wave of his hand he turned and scrambling up the bank, disappeared.

OF the existence of Mr. Selwyn I was already aware, having been notified in this particular by the Duchess, as I have told in the foregoing narrative.

Now, a rival in air—in the abstract so to speak—is one thing, but a rival who was on a sufficiently intimate footing to deal in personal compliments, and above all, one who was already approved of and encouraged by the powers that be, in the person of Lady Warburton—Lisbeth's formidable aunt—was another consideration altogether.

"Miss Elizabeth, you're prettier than ever!"

Somehow the expression rankled.

What right had he to tell her such things?—and in a summer-house, too;—the insufferable audacity of the fellow!

A pipe being indispensable to the occasion, I took out my matchbox, only to find that it contained but a solitary vesta.

The afternoon had been hot and still hitherto, with never so much as a breath of wind stirring; but no sooner did I prepare to strike that match than from somewhere—Heaven knows where—there came a sudden flaw of wind that ruffled the glassy waters of the river and set every leaf whispering. Waiting until what I took to be a favorable opportunity, with infinite precaution, I struck a light. It flickered in a sickly fashion for a moment between my sheltering palms, and immediately expired.

This is but one example of that "Spirit of the Perverse" pervading all things mundane, which we poor mortals are called upon to bear as best we may. Therefore I tossed aside the charred match, and having searched fruitlessly through my pockets for another, waited philosophically for some "good Samaritan" to come along. The bank I have mentioned sloped away gently on my left, thus affording an uninterrupted view of the path.

Now as my eyes followed this winding

(*Continued on page 51*)

My Lady Caprice

(*Continued from page 50*)

path I beheld an individual some distance away who crawled upon his hands and knees, evidently searching for something. As I watched, he succeeded in raking a Panama hat from beneath a bush, and having dusted it carefully with his handkerchief, replaced it upon his head and continued his advance.

With some faint hope that there might be a loose match hiding away in some corner of my pockets, I went through them again more carefully, but alas! with no better success; whereupon I gave it up and turned to glance at the approaching figure.

My astonishment may be readily imagined when I beheld him in precisely the same attitude as before—that is to say, upon his hands and knees.

I was yet puzzling over this phenomenon when he again raked out the Panama on the end of the hunting-crop he carried, dusted it as before, looking about him the while with a bewildered air, and setting it firmly upon his head, came down the path.

HE was a tall young fellow, scrupulously neat and well groomed from the polish of his brown riding boots to his small, sleek moustache, which was parted with elaborate care and twisted into two fine points. There was about his whole person an indefinable air of self-complacent satisfaction, but he carried his personality in his moustache, so to speak, which, though small, as I say, and precise to a hair, yet obtruded itself upon one in a vaguely unpleasant way. Noticing all this, I thought I might make a very good guess as to his identity if need were.

All at once, as I watched him—like a bird rising from her nest—the devoted Panama rose in the air, turned over once or twice, and fluttered (I use the word figuratively) into a bramble bush. Bad language was writ large in every line of his body as he stood looking about him, the hunting-crop quivering in his grasp.

It was at this precise juncture that his eye encountered me, and pausing only to recover his unfortunate headgear, he strode toward where I sat.

"Do you know anything about this?" he inquired in a somewhat aggressive manner, holding up a length of black thread.

"A piece of ordinary pack-thread," I answered, affecting to examine it with a critical eye.

"Do you know anything about it?" he said again, evidently in a very bad temper.

"Sir," I answered, "I do not."

"Because, if I thought you did—"

"Sir," I broke in, "you'll excuse me, but that seems a very remarkable hat of yours."

"I repeat if I thought you did—"

"Of course," I went on, "each to his taste, but personally I prefer one with less 'gymnastic' and more 'stay-at-home' qualities."

The hunting-crop was raised threateningly.

"Mr. Selwyn?" I inquired in a conversational tone.

The hunting-crop hesitated and was lowered.

"Well, sir?"

"Ah, I thought so," I said, bowing; "permit me to trespass upon your generosity to the extent of a match—or, say, a couple."

THE second instalment—quite as satisfying and lengthy a one, will appear in the June issue. Send in your subscription now, so that you will not miss it.

What My Car Means to Me

By JACK LAIT*

EVER since aggressive, aggrandizing man first conceived the notion that there were faster and easier means of locomotion than pedestrian plodding, the mounted man has been the aristocrat, the pace-setter, the leader. And the means of quicker, further travel than two human feet afford have ever since been property of fundamental intrinsic value, because they meant practical wealth—power.

One horsed knight could disperse a thousand plodding peasants because, mainly, he was on horseback. A regiment of cavalry, later, terrorized battalions of infantry by multiplication of the same formula.

Then came the adaptation of the vehicle, first the drag or sledge, then the wheeled cart. And with every creak of the first crude wheel, civilization creaked its slow, steady, sure steps. Undoubtedly the greatest single invention since the birth of man was the wheel. Without it we would still be in primeval and abysmal savagery.

MAN'S passion for ease and luxury followed a breath behind the mechanical evolutions of the wheel's expediencies. Equipages progressed until no extreme of luxury had been overlooked.

Gradually came the final development, the motor car of to-day. It is final, because it now can travel with more speed than is physically safe—and, as congestion intensifies, the possibilities for exorbitant speed grow less urgent—and the motor car is as comfortable as man's innate yearning for luxury invites. So, through refinements of mechanical perfection and economy and simplicity and endurance will still come, it is not chimerical to believe that the ultimate of travel overland has been touched by the first-rate motor car of 1918.

To-day the same principles hold good and the same social, financial, economic equations of man since the first still obtain. The best mounted—now the best motored—man is the man who has the edge on his fellows.

I am proud of my car. I think it is the best of all cars. I naturally think so, because if I thought any other car were better I would have that car instead of the one I have.

NOW, having the best car, what good does it do me? Leaving out the minor advantages of superiority with the benefits of the last gasp in pulling power, starting convenience, noiseless propulsion and the like, and taking up the fruits of just having a good car—any good car—let's see:

I live in a fresh-air suburb. Before we had cars I lived in a stuffy flat. Before we had cars we all lived in the centre of town or very near it, and there were no suburbs; there were little cities nearby, but the residents of them mainly transacted their affairs in them, and did not work in town and live in Arcadia. Some, along main trunk lines of commuters' railways or main street car lines, did, but we cottagers and bungalowers didn't then dare to think of a house with flowers and grass and trees and space—room—extravagance of lawns and yards without any "Keep off the Grass" signs in sight.

My children go to school every day—in my car. I come down town every day—in my car. My wife goes to the theatre in town twice a week—in my car. On Saturdays and holidays I take my lads to the woods, to streams and fishing banks, to flower-picking Meccas and hunting grounds—in my car. My wife loves her mother and wouldn't have budged a mile away from her for me or a man twice as irresistible; but now we live nine miles away from the old homestead, for my wife can touch a button and be in her mother's arms about as quickly as she could walk a mile—in my car.

WHAT, then, do I owe my car? Health, superior social surroundings and environment, recreation, professional convenience (which means more time and zeal for better work), pleasure for the children, closer-knit family ties.

I could scarcely afford to own a house in the hub of a big city, but I own my home in the suburb. That makes me chesty and gives me that citizenly feeling which can come only with owning real estate, especially residential real estate. The fact now that a chosen pal or a favorite cousin lives miles away means nothing to me—I make it in my car. So it brings me close to all that I crave, all that I love, all that I need, all that any normal man can want. That's all my motor car means to me.

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Playing With Fire

By Mrs. WOODALLEN CHAPMAN

Field Secretary, New York Social Hygiene Society

WHO doesn't like playing with fire? From the earliest years we all have felt the fatal attraction of the dangerous sport.

In the early years of life, for each one of us it was the literal kind of fire that tempted us. What schemes we would work to lay our fingers on the forbidden matches! No sooner found, than off we would run to find some place, safely hidden from observation, where we could make the sparks fly forth from the tiny fire-sticks.

Oh, yes! Our parents told us that we might set the house on fire or the barn; that we ourselves were in danger of burning up from our careless proximity to lighted matches and bonfires and such dangerous playthings.

They told us of the fatal consequences that had come to other disobedient children. But what did we care? Those were foolish children, who didn't know how to get the fun without paying the penalty. But we—. We were clever youngsters. We would never burn our fingers or set fire to our clothing.

Then, one fatal day, we found we were no more exempt from the law of accidents than any one else. We thought we would prove to be the glorious exception to an irksome rule. But we found out we were no better and no cleverer than other people—and we paid the price of our folly.

We have a little scar remaining to this day, reminding us of our headstrong disobedience.

Have you such a scar?

Does it always serve its useful purpose of a reminder—or do you, even yet, refuse at times to listen to all that it would suggest?

It is not only in the early years of childhood that playing with fire seems alluring—girls, for instance, in their teens love to play with fire.

They love to play with the fire of a young man's passion. It gives them a sense of power that is most delightful. To know that by the glance of an eye, the toss of a curl, the twitch of a shoulder, they can make a young man's blood run faster in his veins: that they have but to call, and he will follow wherever they lead: that there is no abyss of folly into which he will not descend, if they but say the word—what a feeling of power it gives them!

They have been told that it is playing with fire—but what do they care? That's just where the fun comes in. The realization that there is a spice of real danger in what they do is what makes the sport worth while.

To be sure, the only danger they think of as possible is that of stirring the young man's feelings a little too deeply. But such a situation they feel perfectly capable of handling.

"I'd like to see any young man get fresh with me," remarked one of these girls, in modern parlance, the other day. "I should worry, I can take care of myself!"

That is what they all say—and that is what they all think.

They honestly believe that they have faced the danger in its entirety, and they feel perfectly equal to any emergency.

But the real source of danger has never entered their heads—their own inner nature. It never occurs to them that a chance spark may strike within, and so set fire to a dangerous explosive that has been hidden in the deep recesses of their own being.

Men are passionate creatures. They know that, because they have been told it so many times.

But women! They have nothing whatever of this kind to contend with.

So they reason. And so they blind themselves to their own greatest danger.

It is true that they have but little to fear from men with whom they associate, even when the passions of these are aroused, so long as they themselves remain cold and indifferent, and so in command of the situation.

But they are not sexless beings, as they too often imagine. Deeply hidden beneath the surface of their lives, the great, resistless current of the racial impulse sweeps on its majestic way, like a mighty, hidden river. Why, their very impulse to preen themselves whenever one of the opposite sex appears, to send out inviting glances, to smile coquettishly, to retreat that he may be led to advance—what are these but the outcroppings of that same unescapable instinct?

And the desire to play with the fire of personal fascination, bordering upon a dangerous intimacy—what is that but the push of the same great life-force?

The real dangers that threaten girls arise from within themselves. They are quite right in thinking they can handle almost any man. So they can, as a rule, just so long as they themselves are untouched by the fire they have kindled.

But they are not safe unless they realize just wherein their greatest danger lies.

The knowledge of their own weakness is their greatest safeguard.

This it is that mothers fail to teach their daughters. They tell them what awful creatures the men are and how they must keep away from them, until the girls are either so frightened that they don't dare look a man in the face, or, discovering that young men, after all, are but human beings very much like themselves, arrive at the conclusion that mothers are old fogies and don't know really what they are talking about. Maybe when they were young, girls were in danger from men, but the modern young woman is wise to the ways of the world and perfectly competent to look after herself.

So the girls think—and, in a way, they are correct. They have the power to protect themselves under practically all circumstances—provided they know their own sources of strength and of weakness.

Young people are too fond of adventure to be frightened away by what they consider to be but a bogy conjured up by an over-timid imagination.

Yet they are not, as a rule, foolhardy. They have a certain substratum of common sense. It is their ignorance which leads them to run such terrible risks.

They may be likened to one who ignorantly leans against a building used for the storage of dangerous explosives. Above his head is a sign which reads, "Danger! Keep fire away." But he has not read the sign. Unaware of his danger, he is striking matches, watching them flare up and blowing them out, just to amuse himself. Inadvertently he drops one before the flame is utterly extinguished. A bit of dry grass catches fire. Silently but quickly the flame travels towards the point of danger. Suddenly, the flash and boom of an explosion bears incontrovertible witness to the folly of playing with fire.

Through ignorance and a resultant carelessness, death and destruction have come, not alone to the individual, but to all who were within range of the explosion.

If he had comprehended the extent of the danger, the victim would never have run the terrible risk. Even though some one may have told him, in a general way, that he ought to be careful not to play with fire, he had failed to receive specific information concerning the hidden possibilities of the harmless looking building.

So it is with these young girls. They are warned in a general way not to "play with fire," but as to just what that phrase means or wherein the danger really lies they are left totally ignorant.

They would not so heedlessly venture into the danger zone, if they knew that they carried with them the explosive to be feared. They would defend more faithfully their first line of trenches if they realized that, when once they are taken, the explosion of hidden mines far within their own lines of defence becomes alarmingly imminent.

What is this hidden explosive?

It is the great creative impulse, the eternal substratum of life itself.

This is no new force suddenly making itself felt in the life. Neither is this impulse something abnormal, unnatural, of which one need feel ashamed.

It is the life-force itself, the essential of all existence. From it comes forth life with its manifold blessings.

Many seem to have the idea that the creative impulse itself is ignoble, something to be hidden, suppressed, denied. Such suppression and denial are themselves the source of most of the wrongdoing that has blighted so large a portion of the human race.

The creative force of the universe must have expression.

If normal expression is denied it, then it shows forth in abnormal ways.

What the human race must do is to recognize its existence and its power, learn its normal expression and for this provide the needed opportunity.

The creative instinct shows itself in the earliest years. The baby piling his blocks one upon the other is striving to create. He works to bring into physical form the thought that is struggling for birth within his brain.

The plays of childhood, what are they but the outcroppings of the creative faculty? The girl making doll's clothes, the boy building ships and railroads are giving expression to their creative power.

The business man devising some great plan and putting it into execution, is a creator. So is the sculptor, the musician, the poet, the architect, the engineer.

Mankind forever strives to reproduce itself, in the mental and spiritual, as well as in the physical, realm.

The life-force expresses itself in man in two great, fundamental instincts; one, the instinct for self-preservation; the other, the instinct for the continuance of the life of the race.

During the early years of his existence, man's energies are directed by the first instinct. He must become acquainted with the material realm about him and learn how to maintain his physical existence in his environment.

There comes a time, however, when the second instinct becomes supreme. All of the currents of the hidden life-force are directed toward the great goal, the continuance of the life of the race.

The impulse to bestow life upon another runs contrary to the instinct to preserve the life of the individual. Hence, the second impulse must be of enough strength to overcome the first.

So it is that, in the mating period of life, individuals are impelled by a well-nigh irresistible force toward reproduction in the physical realm. They may not understand the force that sways them, but unquestioningly they obey its impulse.

Because man is the active, positive, energetic half of humanity, the impulse shows itself in him upon occasion with more overwhelming power. In the negative, passive, feminine half, however, its force is none the less insistent. Less apparent, but not less powerful, it persistently pushes her forward to the great consummation of her life—motherhood.

The impulse must needs be strong, to compel her to overlook the discomforts and dangers of child-bearing and the long years of burdensome devotion to child-rearing which motherhood entails.

Man, too, is called upon to sacrifice youth, strength, freedom from care, leisure, possible luxury, for the maintenance and care of his young. Yet the divine instinct of paternity leads him to a joyous self-sacrifice.

This is the purpose of the great racial impulse in our lives, and the reason for its power.

Its force is to be exerted only upon occasion, and so it is hidden deep within the caverns of our being. It is connected with the surface of life by means of

(*Continued on page 53*)

MRS. Chapman in this article points out that girls are not safe unless they realize just wherein their greatest danger lies.

They have the power to protect themselves under practically all circumstances—provided they know their own sources of strength and of weakness.

We are glad to be able to give Everywoman's World readers the advantage of this information so beautifully and wholesomely presented.

The other facts on this subject which we have supplied our readers in former issues were appreciated everywhere. In Chatham preachers took occasion to recommend them to their parishioners, and at another point a school-teacher found they represented the proper information to read to her young girl pupils.

It is refreshing to know wherein we have served.

The Editors.

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"Proper attention" means frequent polishing with

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—the polish that makes the grain show up.

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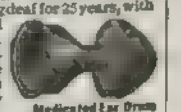

Medicated Ear Drum
Pat. Nov. 4, 1906

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
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Playing With Fire

(*Continued from page 52*)

nerves, which may well be termed fuses.

The explosive is ready, waiting to be called into action. The fuse is laid, in readiness for its part. At the periphery of human consciousness are to be found the emotional centres, where ignition may take place.

When we indulge in the pastime of playing with fire, what do we do?

We set a lighted match to an ignition centre, to see if it will catch fire. If it does, we enjoy the thrill of power, while watching the flame run along the fuse toward the hidden charge. The sense of danger is there, to add to our enjoyment.

But we are also afraid. Before the charge is reached, we shall have stamped out the flame or put it out with a douse of cold water.

But suppose after we have lighted the match and applied it, a chance spark drops upon an ignition centre of our own! We may be unaware of the occurrence at first, knowing only that there is a new, strange exhilaration in this experience.

Already our judgment is undermined by our emotions, our will-power weakened just when we most need it in its fullest strength.

Then, suddenly and without warning, comes the final terrific explosion that wrecks two lives and possibly more.

Is it worth the price? Have we any right to run such deadly risks when the fate of others, as well as of ourselves, is at stake?

Here we find the fundamental reason for the conventionalities against which young people are so apt to chafe.

"Why is it wrong to let a young man hold your hand, put his arm around you, kiss you good-night?" asked the young girl, a little querulously.

"What's the harm in a little innocent spooning?" demands the young man.

Here is the answer.

It is putting a lighted match to a centre that may ignite. It is stirring into activity currents of life that should be left undisturbed until the proper time has come for the use of the powers which these currents are meant to control. It is wasting nervous energy which is needed elsewhere, and it is running a risk that no one has any right to run, or lead another to incur.

Through generations of bitter experience the human race has learned what to avoid for safety's sake, and young people will do well to learn from the accumulated wisdom of the race.

Even young people who are engaged should be a little chary of their physical demonstrations of affection. This is a time when they can learn the joy of mental and spiritual companionship, which, they will discover, is, after all, the most lasting joy of life.

It does not mean that we are to be afraid of ourselves or of others; that we have to go to extremes of prudishness or Puritanism in order to meet the requirements of propriety.

It does mean, however, that we will put our friendship upon the solid basis of comradeship rather than the shifting sand of sentimentality.

Boys and girls, young men and young women, who allow themselves to play with fire when in each other's company, miss all of the lasting pleasure that should come from their association together. They never penetrate beneath the superficial trivialities to the real qualities which would call forth their enduring admiration.

Nor can they afford, in these times of deadly peril, to overlook the grave menace to the Nation's welfare which is an integral part of their conduct.

If they encourage the young men they meet to believe that familiarities are not only allowed but even desired by young women generally, they not only are making this world a more unsafe place for their younger, weaker sisters, but they are depriving the young men of their greatest stimulus to purity of thought and life.

Yours is the opportunity.

Yours must be the choice.

IN the June issue of Everywoman's World, will appear another discussion of similar nature to "Playing With Fire," of direct interest to mothers. Jean Blewett, who has delivered telling messages through this magazine for years, will handle this one which she has called: "How Shall I Tell My Children?"

—The Editors.

How to make short work of dishwashing

HOW is it that some women make such short work of their dishes?

They have found that Gold Dust saves time.

To explain: A dish that is merely dirty is not hard to wash. But when the dirt is held fast with grease, it *is* hard to wash.

Now, Gold Dust dissolves grease. You have never used a soap that dissolves grease as quickly as Gold Dust does.

And Gold Dust does other things equally well.

For instance, it removes stains or finger marks from woodwork, grease spots from kitchen floors, grease or oil from clothes.

To be sure of real Gold Dust results, however, you must be sure it really *is* Gold Dust that you ask for—*and get!*

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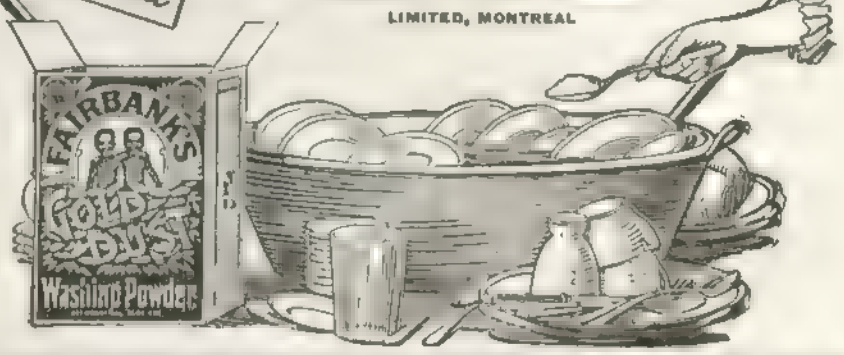

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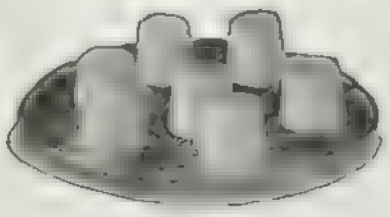
–write for this book by Mrs. Knox on "Food Economy" –138 recipes like this one



Cottage Pudding

Soak one-half envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-half cup cold water ten minutes. Make a custard of two cups milk, one-half cup sugar, a few grains of salt and two eggs, like A. Instead of rubbing to the consistency of custard, when nearly cool, add whites of eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, two level cup sifted cake flour and one teaspoonful vanilla. Turn into a mould previously dipped in cold water, and chill. Any left-over cocoa or coffee may be used instead of too much milk.

THE above is just one of the many economical dishes included in Mrs. Knox's new book on "Food Economy." Most of the war-time recipes contained in this book show how to make delicious dishes out of "left-overs"—new and inviting uses for inexpensive foods—all of them approved by the leaders of the food conservation movement.

If you have not yet received your copy of "Food Economy," send for it today. A post card will bring it if you mention your dealer's name and address.

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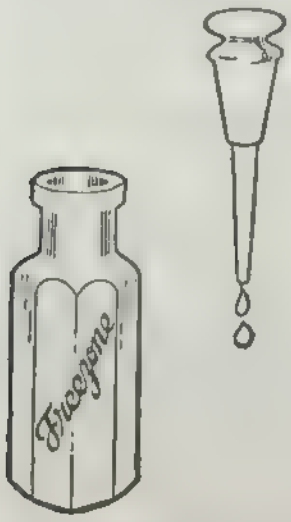

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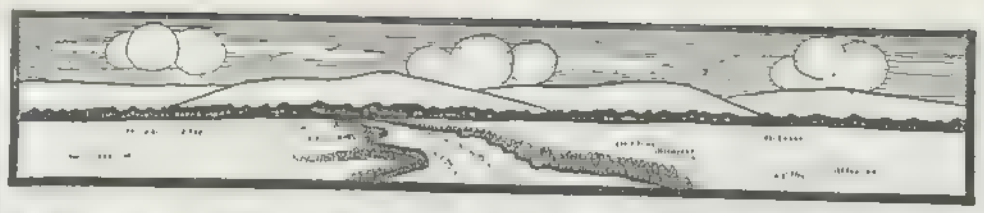

What Do You Know About Real Estate?

By ELIZABETH CLARE

TO be a "land-holder"! What a substantial sound of well-being the very words have always held for us!

Ever since our earliest school-days, when we read of the over-bearing, all-powerful sway of the old feudal lords, (with their castles that were veritable fortresses and their men at once dependent and depended upon, faithful to the point of fighting for the honor and sovereignty of their liege lords)—ever since those old romance-laden tales laid hold of our imaginations, most of us have wanted to be "land-owners."

In a young country like Canada, anyone can own land that wants to even if he is practically moneyless. For the government has thousands upon thousands of acres, that may be had for the clearing and working.

And when one has some money to make the purchase with, one need not even pioneer to become a "landed proprietor."

Farms, good and bad, workable and worked out, are ever in the market. Homes in the village, the town, the city, change hands every day in the year. Investment properties (stores, office buildings, factories) are offered continuously. Land to be held for a possible bigger price, is a regular stock-in-trade.

When You Become a Prospect

WHETHER you are buying property for your own occupancy—(a house to live in, a farm to work, or a store to run)—or as an investment which you expect to pay you interest on the money you put into it, there are some very stern rules that it should live up to. Once the news gets out that you are in the market to purchase real estate, it will spread like the tidings of war that flashed from the beacons of old. The agents will beset you; you will be offered "a sure thing," a "snap," "a genuine bargain"—in fact, if you are of a credulous nature, you will soon rank the vendor of real-estate with the more usually recognized philanthropists who provide homes for orphans, work for the workless, and libraries for the bookless.

The first rule for the would-be buyer, however, is to put the seeming philanthropist and the more conservative agent on a par, and weigh both their offerings in the same cold-blooded and critical detail. A property that is offered for sale is no gift-horse—it should be looked in the mouth and inspected from every angle.

For Your Own Use

IF you are going to buy a property for your own use, it is well to consider the possibilities of your later desire to sell it. Your own plans change; conditions, also, may alter; it is therefore wise to look ahead to the market you will have if you want to dispose of the property. One should take into account the things most people would expect of such a place—whether they all matter to one or not.

For instance—how near a convenient car-line is the house you are considering? Is the farm near enough a station and near enough a market to permit its products to be disposed of profitably? Is the office-building in line with modern ideas—is it near enough what most men want, to make it readily rentable?

If the general prospect of being able to "turn over" the property without loss—and with a chance of profit—seems to be good, one must next consider the cost of "carrying" the property. This means the total yearly cost to you in money paid out and in keeping your cash tied up in it.

Let us say the purchase price of your property was $7,500.00. Not desiring to put so much cash in it, you paid down $1,500 and Mr. Brown, the previous owner, took a mortgage at 6½%, for the remainder. Then, you will be expected to pay to Mr. Brown 6½% per annum on $6,000 or $6.50 on each $100 you owe him—a total of $390.00 a year. This may be paid in two or four instalments (which is called "interest half-yearly" or "interest payable every three months").

The mortgage agreement may also call for a payment of say, $100 principle each year. After each payment of principle, your interest is reckoned on that much less, so that the second year, you would pay 6½% on $5900, or a total interest of $383.50 instead of $390.

Other Expenses

THEN you will have fire-insurance to pay. Even if you did not recognize the importance of having your property fully insured against loss by fire, Mr. Brown will insist on it—for that is one of the rights of the holder of a mortgage, so that his interest is protected.

The cost of insurance is different for every class of building. Let us say that the insurance company considers your buildings worth $5,000 and that the cost of the premium on such a policy amounts to $10.00 a year—here is another item of "carrying expense." Next come taxes. Assessments on property in town and country are different—just as different are assessments in different parts of a city. A business street along which 5,000 people pass daily, is obviously a great deal more valuable as store property than another street along which only 500 people walk.

And lastly, there is upkeep to consider. Every property requires some money spent on it each year. For example, supposing the property to be a city house, let us estimate that the insurance will be $10.00 a year, the taxes $108.00 and that $30.00 is allowed for repairs and improvements.

The yearly cost will then amount to:

Interest	–	$390 00
Principle	–	100.00
Insurance	–	10.00
Taxes	–	108.00
Upkeep	–	30.00
Total		$638.00

Then we have $1500 cash invested, which would bring us, if invested at 6% interest, $90.00 a year.

So our house is costing us $728 a year. One hundred of this money is really going out of one pocket into the other, however. It is still ours, but is in the house now instead of in the bank. This brings our actual yearly cost down to about $628.

Where Advantage Lies

IF we are living in the house ourselves, we are paying out $52.33 a month rent, and we are bound also to put $100 a year to our own credit, in our investment. Now if we have a good house for our money, well and good. Should we want to leave it and rent it to someone, we must get at least $52.33 a month rent. That will defray carrying expenses and pay us 6% on the $1500 we have invested. Six per cent is not considered enough interest in such real estate, however, because some unforeseen expense might wipe it out. Fifty-seven dollars a month rent from a tenant would about meet our needs.

Any property bought to rent and to produce a revenue on one's money, must be figured on in just this way—allowing for depreciation for wear and tear on buildings as readily as one hopes for an increase in the value of property in that particular neighborhood. So inquire carefully—is that district getting more valuable all the time (most possible in a business district) or is that fashionable residential district losing caste and thereby losing something of its value?

An opinion from a good architect or builder, as well as a dependable estimate on the land, is worth having where buildings are concerned.

Vacant Land

AS to the proposition of buying vacant lots, to hold them and turn them over at a profit—it is rather a dangerous game for a woman unless she has an unusual knowledge of land values thereabouts or is particularly well and dependably advised. A new bridge giving a short-cut to town—new factory sites nearby, (if it is a working-man's section) a new car-line—such things may increase values quickly, but they represent a hazard.

Suburban lots are of course a great part of the real estate business. The chief danger here is the stretchability of the term "suburban." A lot too far from town is likely to be too far from drains, roads, sidewalks, water system, and popularity!

Such buying requires a knowledge beyond that of the new investor—and if immediate revenue from one's money is necessary, is not to be recommended. These lots may pay in the long run—but the run may be too long and the baker and the butcher won't want to regard their prospects of payment as dependent on the profits!

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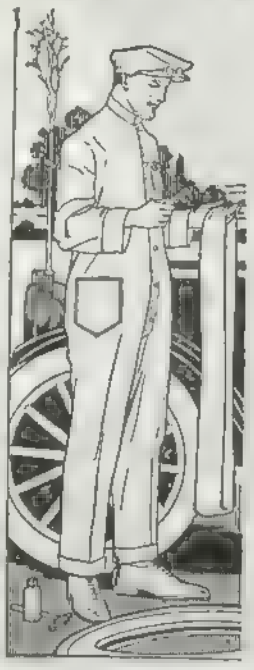

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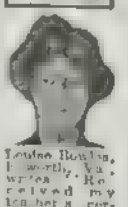

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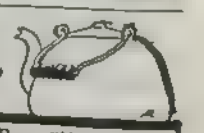

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Jean Blewett's OWN PAGE of Happiness

Good Work of Y.W.C.A. "Hostess Houses"

"As our brave girls follow our men closer and closer to the battle line, so we must follow our girls," was the way Mrs. William Adams Brown of the United States National Y.W.C.A. Board put it when telling our Dominion Council of the good work being done across the line.

Among the many useful schemes being carried on by this organization, both in Canada and the States, is that of the Hostess Houses, which, though established at the request of the military authorities, and under military control—have for their aim and object the supplying of a real home atmosphere, a real home restfulness, a real home welcome in places where they could not exist were it not for the splendid zeal of the Young Women's Christian Association. A soldier's mother, on her return from visiting her son in camp remarked of the Hostess House where she had been entertained. "It isn't only the restfulness and sense of security which fill the place, nor is it the meeting and growing acquainted with the mothers, wives, sisters of other soldiers, it is the courage and comfort which clothe those Y.W.C.A. workers as with a garment."

Housecleaning or Gardening—Which?

Which are we most enthusiastic over, the house-cleaning with its smell of paint and oil, its polishing and primping, or the gardening, with its smell of moist earth warming up, brown roots and briars beginning to feel all alive, the lure of growing stuff just pushing through to the sun and shine? Every housewife, or nearly every housewife, knows something of the zeal with which the job begins, and the joy with which it ends. Yet, we feel almost certain the garden has made it take second place this spring. Women find gardening an alluring thing now that it is urged upon them. We love to realize that we are enjoying ourselves immensely, and doing our duty to home and state at the same time. To shut the door on common tasks so to speak, lock it, throw away the key, get out in the open where we belong, to dig, and delve, plant and potter about feeling extremely virtuous and dutiful all the while, this is the life.

A Laugh Helps Out in All Work

In the seat just ahead of us, in the suburban train which carried us the last lap of our trip to the country, sat a girl and boy of fourteen or fifteen on their way home from high school for the Easter holiday. They talked of everything, and talked interestingly, a fact we rejoiced over, seeing we had to listen whether we wanted to or not. We may as well own up that we wanted to.

"Whom are you hiring out to?" asked the girl, and the local phrase "hiring out to" struck familiarly on our ear. "Albert Smith on the Higson farm," came his answer, "same man I worked for last summer. A dandy place—no, I don't just mean wages. He pays less than Cousin Hall offered me, but say, I'd rather harrow all day for my man than spade a flower bed for Hall. Why? Hall's an old grouch, that's why. You just can't please him. If you worked your fingers to the bone for him he'd likely hint you'd more bone than was absolutely necessary, and might work some of it off. That sort lose more than they gain. Smith's different, not a bit of a driver. Seems to say, 'We're some team, we two!' and leads off with a laugh. A feller feels so good he pitches in and works like forty. A laugh does a lot, eh?"

Appreciation Brings Good Results in All Things

"I know, I know," agreed the girl, "you can't do your best if you're not contented, and you can't be contented if you never get a word of praise or a thank you. You can't tell me anything about grouchiness. Didn't I pick fruit all season before last for a woman so sour she curdled the milk she gave us meals. *I'm* going to help the merriest little woman keep house so she can be out with her man more, sort of boss the job for him. I was there last summer, and oh, the fun we had! it's such a homey place, with flowers to pick in the morning before the dew's off, toast to be made a gold- brown on account of the man who can't eat it if it's burned an atom, a fat old horse that lets you ride it to pasture and" with a laugh, "a baby to tag you every step you take. Oh my!"

"Gee! we're most too lucky, as Cousin Hall would say," crowed the boy.

Right here we laughed out. It wasn't our fault. We happened to know Cousin Hall and there came to our mind the answer his wife made when asked if he belonged to the Farmers' Association. "No, he don't belong to anything, Hall don't, but the human race, and he's not in good standing with that."

Everywoman's Forum

THE queries that have come in to Mrs. Blewett for reply in this department have so increased in number that it has become necessary to enlarge the "Forum."

Beginning with the June issue, Mrs. Blewett will conduct the bureau under its own head in another part of the magazine. She will be glad to answer all questions pertaining to women or women's interests

—THE EDITORS.

Never Refuse A Child's Offer of Help

Was it not Froebel who said: "Never refuse an offer of help from a child." "Oh, I know," say we, "but what can a man know of the hundred and one things which hurry and worry a housewife, and which make it impossible for her to waste time allowing children to do this or that?" Why not let some of the hundred and one things wait, or wipe them off the slate altogether? Never mind how clumsy the little hands, how hindering the little efforts, let us smile on them, and give them to feel that they are making life easier for us—as indeed they are. Children, invalids, old people, they are all sensitive. I will remember always the tragic eyes of a young mother lifted over the flower-strewn coffin where slept her five year old laddie. "I can't forgive myself," she moaned, "He—he was always coaxing me to let him dust the range with the goose wing kept for that purpose, and I was so afraid he'd muss things up I never once let him do it—heaven forgive me."

Yes, heaven forgive her, and heaven forgive us all, who, in our carelessness and fussiness thrust aside, or laugh aside, the little hands stretched out to help us.

MAY

The hawthorn trees are white as snow,
The basswood flaunts its feathery sprays,
The willows kiss the stream below
And listen to its flatteries:
"O willows, supple, yellow-green,
Long have I flowed o'er stock and stone,
I say with truth I have not seen
A rarer beauty than your own.

Fresh leaves, young buds on every hand,
On trunk and limb a hint of red,
The gleam of poplars tall, that stand
With God's own sunshine on their head.
The mandrake's silken parasol
Is fluttering in the breezes bold,
And yonder, where the waters brawl,
The buttercups show green and gold.

Spring's gleam is on the robin's breast,
Spring's joy is in the robin's song:
"My mate is in her sheltered nest."
Ho! life is sweet and summer long
While full and jubilant and clear,
All the long day from dawn till dark,
The trill of bobolink we hear,
Of hermit thrush and meadow lark.

Sit here among the grass and fern
Unmindful of the cares of life,
The lessons hard we've had to learn,
The hurts we've gotten in the strife.
Peace keeps us company to-day
In this old fragrant sun-kissed wood,
Stirred by the flower-filled winds of May—
The world is fair and God is good.

JEAN BLEWETT.

The Good That's in the Worst of Us

What are those lines about there being too much bad in the best of us, and too much good in the worst of us to allow of our drawing the dividing line hard and fast? They hold a truth which would make this old world a lovely spot if every pharisee among us would remember to act upon it. Not long ago we had a visit from Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Judge of the Women's Court in big breezy Edmonton. There are public women and public women. Sometimes, when you see a woman rushing in where angels would tread on tip-toe, you wish woman had never "come into her own," to quote the poets who laud her to the skies. Then comes one, wise, clear-eyed, courageous like this woman Judge, and converts us from the errors of our way. She is so unmistakably the right man in the right place.

"I have never yet," she says, "found among the flotsam and jetsam, the waifs and strays who have come before me to be judged, a woman who was utterly and altogether depraved, a woman who was all bad. There has always been beneath the mire, something of goodness."

Our East and West Merge as Well ts Meet

Rose Henderson, who fills a like office in Montreal, says the same thing. We read in a book:

"For East is East and West is West
And never the two shall meet."

but in this big country of ours we find them not only meeting, but merging. We hearken to the stories of reformation, regeneration, of practical helpfulness going on continually among a class we have been taught to believe beyond pardon, and hearkening, thank Heaven for these two, and for all other women who are making the world a happier, wholesomer place to live in by holding fast their faith in humanity.

"But why apply the term pharisee to such as haven't this faith?" ask we indignantly. "We cannot all take such an optimistic outlook."

No, but we need not shut our eyes or narrow our vision—or draw aside our skirts. Kindness is Christliness, and this being so, the day of miracles is not past.

"So many Gods, so many creeds
So many ways that wind and wind
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs."

The Joy of the Golden Wedding Day

Statisticians tell us that but one couple out of every seven lives to observe the fiftieth wedding anniversary and the seers assert that to the happy ones spared to do so the day augurs great good fortune. It seems to us that when two who have chosen each other out of a whole world of people are vouchsafed fifty love-filled years of comradeship they have had their share of good fortune; gospel measure, heaped up, running over. However, if more awaits them so much the better. They have our warmest congratulations. A toast to the bride and groom of fifty years ago! with this toast we couple the name of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, who on the 13th of this month, half a century ago, were married in Montreal.

What years they have been to this pair and to the country they have served! It is safe to say that Canadians at large have been prouder of Sir Wilfrid than of almost any of our statesmen. The London press at the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee alluded to him as "a born leader, distinctly the strongest and most attractive personality of which any of our colonies can boast." The Dean of Oxford, on the occasion of conferring the university degree upon Sir Wilfrid, alluded to him as "the man who, through his outstanding characteristics and personal magnetism, draws the attention of the whole world to the country he represents." Yes, we owe him much though sometimes we seem to forget the fact. But in this sun-filled day of May in the year of grace, 1918, here's all good wishes to the old Chieftain and his life partner, the gallant groom and bonnie bride of half a century ago!

The Charm of Belgian Royalty

The Peculiar Charm about Brand Whitlock's story of Belgium is the intimate glimpses he gives of King Albert and his family. The last time the author saw them together before the war was on the Belgian national holiday, July 21st, 1914, when a Te Deum was sung at the Cathedral of St. Gudule, in honor of the founding of the dynasty.

"The King," he says, "was in the Lieut.-General's uniform he always wears, tall, broad shouldered, tanned from an outing by the sea. Behind his glasses his intelligent eyes were taking in the scene, noting who was there. The Queen, rather frail-looking, with the unconscious appeal of eyes girlish and sweet, and a delicate, sensitive mouth, had the three royal children beside her; Leopold and Charles, grave, slender boys in grey suits and wide white collars, and the little Princess Mary Jose, with her pretty mischievous face and tangle of crisp, curling, golden hair—the child that Belgian painters and sculptors have portrayed over and over again.

"I looked at that grave, slender lad, Prince Leopold of Belgium, the Duke of Brabant, gazing out of boyish eyes at that scene of splendor. What were the thoughts in his child mind? Was there any conception of the tragic mutations of Belgian history? Would he one day in other scenes like this, when others should have taken our places, stand there where his kingly father stood while the Te Deum in his honor pealed through the great cathedral?"

Menus and Recipes for May Days

The Art of Utilizing Left Overs to Good Advantage is Demonstrated in These Hints

By MARJORIE DALE

MAY brings with it anticipation of tempting greens, delicious fruits and consequent nourishing menus. The busy, thrifty housewife who has listened to exhortations to "Economize!", "Save!" will soon find solace in her own back-yard garden. She will find co-operation also in the following recipes prepared specially for May diet.

Coffee Cream

ONE cupful coffee, 4 small sponge cakes, ½ pint sweetened cream, 1 pint boiled custard, whole almonds. Slice cakes, place in glass dish. Pour over coffee sweetened to taste, let stand 15 minutes, pour over custard flavored with vanilla and let stand till ready to serve. Garnish with whipped cream and almonds.

Stale cake may be used in this way.

Allen Potato Salad

ONE and half cupfuls cold cubed potatoes, one and a half tablespoonfuls pimentos, 3 chopped hard boiled eggs, 1½ tablespoonfuls chopped onions, lettuce leaves, cream salad dressing.

Cube potatoes, add chopped egg, mix thoroughly. Add onion and pimentos. Moisten with salad dressing. Season to taste and serve in nest of lettuce leaves.

Fish Croquettes

ONE half tablespoonful shallot, 1/3 cupful flour, 2 teaspoonfuls red pepper, ¾ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful paprika, ½ cupful milk, ½ cupful cream, ¾ cupful flaked haddock, 3 tablespoonfuls butter, breadcrumbs.

Cook shallot and red pepper, each finely chopped with the butter for 5 minutes, add flour, salt and paprika; stir till well blended, then pour on milk and cream. Bring to boiling point, add cooked haddock, spread on plate to cool. Shape, dip in crumbs and egg and crumbs again. Fry in deep fat.

Custard Souffle

THREE tablespoonfuls butter, ¼ cupful flour, 1 cupful milk, 4 eggs, ¼ cupful sugar.

Melt butter, add flour, gradually the milk. Bring to boiling point; pour on to the yolks of eggs, beaten till thick and lemon colored, mix with sugar, then cut in egg whites beaten stiff and dry. Turn into buttered pudding dish and bake from thirty to thirty-five minutes in slow oven. Serve immediately.

Egg Cutlet, Tomato Sauce

FOUR hard boiled eggs, 1 cupful milk, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 teaspoonful onion juice, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, dash of white pepper, 1 tablespoonful parsley, dash paprika, ½ teaspoonful salt.

First chop the egg white very fine and add to cream sauce. Add seasonings and mashed yolks. Spread on a platter and cool. When firm take up 1 tablespoonful in floured hands and shape into oblongs two inches by two inches and one inch thick—making the ends round. Dip in egg beaten with 1 tablespoonful cold milk and then in bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

Quick Biscuit

ONE and a half cupfuls flour, 2½ teaspoonfuls baking powder, ¾ teaspoonful salt, 3 tablespoonfuls lard, 1/3 cupful milk, 1/3 cupful water.

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Work in lard using tips of fingers. Then add milk and water, mix quickly. Drop by spoonfuls into buttered, hot iron gem pans and bake in a hot oven 15 minutes.

Strawberry Rice

TWO cupfuls fresh or canned crushed strawberries, ¾ cupful rice, ½ teaspoonful salt, juice of one lemon, 1 cupful powdered sugar, 4 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 egg white, beaten stiff.

Boil rice, seasoned with salt and lemon juice, in two quarts water. Drain in colander, set in oven to dry. In meantime cream together the sugar and butter until fluffy, beat in the strawberries and then add egg white. Whip hard, and serve on the hot rice.

Cheese Croutons

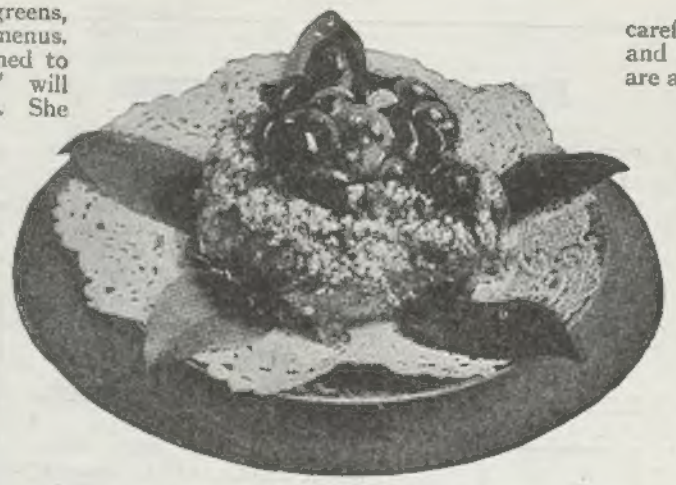
STALE bread, butter, cheese.

Cut stale bread in 1/3 inch slices, remove crust and spread sparingly with butter. Cut into 1/3 inch cubes. Put in dripping pan, sprinkle with soft mild cheese, bake in a slow oven until delicately browned, stirring frequently in order that cubes may brown evenly.

Hongroise Potatoes

THREE cupfuls cubed potatoes, 1/3 cupful butter few drops of onion juice, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 cupful hot milk, salt, paprika, 1 egg yolk, chopped parsley.

Wash, pare and cut potatoes in 1/3 inch cubes. Parboil 3 minutes and drain, add butter and cook very slowly till potatoes are soft and slightly browned; melt 2 tablespoonfuls butter, add onion juice, flour and pour on gradually the milk. Season and then add egg yolk. Pour sauce over potatoes and sprinkle with chopped parsley.



Cherry Tart

Menus for a Week

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST
Sliced Bananas with Lemon Juice
Omelet Flavored with Dried Beef
Corn Bread Coffee

DINNER
Fruit Cocktails
Stuffed Roast Veal Jelly
Mashed Potatoes Brown Gravy
Spinach
Strawberry Rice Coffee

SUPPER
Sweetbread Mousse
Brown Bread and Butter
Cocoanut Buns Tea

MONDAY

BREAKFAST
Fruit
Savory Omelet Toast
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Creamed Left Over Veal
Water Cress Radishes
Fruit Salad Biscuits

DINNER
Cream of Spinach Soup
(from cooked spinach)
Broiled White Fish Hongroise Potatoes
Lettuce Mayonnaise
Lemon Cream Sherbet

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST
Fried Mush, Syrup or Melted Jelly
Rolls Coffee

LUNCHEON
Combination Rarebit
Brown Bread and Butter Fingers
Rhubarb Peanut Jam Tea

DINNER
Pot Roast of Beef with Spaghetti
Diced New Turnips
Lettuce and Pimento Salad
Baked Banana Currant Jelly Sauce
Coffee

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST
Stewed Prunes
Farina Top Milk
Corn Meal Muffins Coffee

LUNCHEON
Mixed Vegetable Salad Mayonnaise
Cottage Cheese Tart Tea

DINNER
Steamed Dinner from Pot Roast
Buttered new Carrots Mashed Potatoes
Coffee Cream War Cake
Tea

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST
Dates and Figs
Hominy Top Milk
Shirred Eggs Bran Muffins
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Egg Cutlet Tomato Sauce
Quick Biscuits
Watercress French Dressing
Tea

DINNER
Broiled Lamb Chops
Potato Balls in Cream Sauce
Buttered Asparagus
Bread Pudding Hard Sauce

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST
Sliced Oranges
Steamed Eggs Flavored with Ham
Toast Coffee

LUNCHEON
Allen Potato Salad Crackers
Grape Fruit Jelly Tea
War Cake

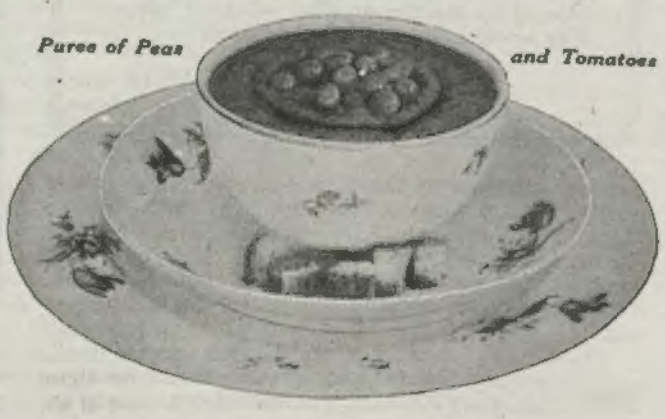
DINNER
Puree of Pea and Tomato
Fish Croquettes Radishes
Dinner Rolls
Custard Souffle Creamy Sauce
Cheese Crackers
Café Noir

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST
Stewed Rhubarb
Cereal Top Milk.
Creamed Eggs Toast
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Hot White Fish Canapes (Left Over)
Corn Toast Rolls
Tea

DINNER
Joplin Tomato Soup
Spring Dish
Jellied Vegetable Rings Mayonnaise
Fruit Cream or Cherry Tart Tea



Puree of Peas and Tomatoes

Lemon Cream Sherbet

ONE and a half cupfuls sugar, ¾ cupfuls lemon juice, 4 cupfuls milk, few grains salt.

Mix sugar and lemon juice, add salt and gradually the milk. Freeze, using three parts finely crushed ice to one part rock salt. Serve in frappe glasses.

Spring Dish

EGGS, rice and spinach: 1 cupful rice, eggs, spinach.

Boil and blanch rice, heap it on the centre of a platter with the back of a spoon make indentations for as many eggs as you wish to serve. Break the eggs carefully into their places and season. Place spinach cooked and seasoned around the edge of the platter. Bake until eggs are as firm as you like them.

Corn Toast

ONE quarter tablespoon onion, 1 cupful canned corn, 1½ tablespoon butter, 1 pint milk, ½ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 6 slices toasted bread.

Cook onion finely chopped with butter, 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add canned corn and milk, salt and paprika, bring to boiling point. Let simmer 5 minutes. Pour over slices of toasted bread; garnish with toast points. Serve at once.

Omelet Flavored with Dried Beef

FOUR eggs, 2 tablespoonsful dried beef 1 teaspoonful dripping, 4 tablespoonsful cold water, a little onion juice, pinch of salt.

Beat the eggs in water until light. Add onion juice and salt. Heat dripping, add eggs, shake pan while frying. When set add dried beef, which has been broken into fine pieces and heated. Double the omelet and serve.

Sweetbread Mousse

TWO sweetbreads or 1 pair, ½ cupful chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoonful gelatine, 1¼ cupful sweetbread liquor, 3 egg yolks beaten light, ½ cupful whipped cream, ¾ teaspoonful salt, 1/8 teaspoonful cayenne pepper.

Clean sweetbreads and simmer till tender in salted water. Remove from the liquor and strain it. There should be 1¼ cupful liquor. Add the ¼ cupful to the gelatine, combine egg yolks, salt, cayenne and the remaining liquor in a double boiler top, and cook over hot water until mixture coats a spoon. Add the gelatine and just before mixture begins to set add nuts and cream. Put sweetbreads in a mould, pour over mixture and let stand in a cold place till solid, slice and serve on lettuce leaves with a garnish of mayonnaise and walnuts.

Cocoanut Buns

ONE compressed yeast cake, 1 egg, 1 cupful scalded milk, ½ teaspoonful vanilla, ¼ cupful tepid water, 1 cupful cocoanut, 5 tablespoonfuls sugar, 4 cupfuls flour, 3 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 teaspoonful salt.

Dissolve the yeast and 1 tablespoonful sugar in warm liquid. Then beat in 1½ cupfuls of the flour to make an ordinary sponge. Cover in a warm place till light—about one hour. Then cream together the remaining sugar and butter and add to sponge with the beaten egg, cocoanut and vanilla. Work in the rest of the flour and salt and knead till elastic. Set to rise in a buttered bowl till double in bulk, about 1¼ hours. Then shape into small round buns and set one inch apart on well oiled tins. Let rise till light, and bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven. When done sprinkle with plain icing and cocoanut.

Savory Omelet

SIX eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls onion juice, 3 tablespoonfuls butter, 4 tablespoonsful chopped parsley, 1 teaspoonful salt, pinch pepper.

Separate eggs, beat the whites till light, then beat the yolks with ¼ cupful cold water, salt, pepper. Add juice and parsley add yolks to the whites, stir, pour into hot pan in which butter has been melted, keep over slow fire till bottom is set. If oven is hot, put omelet in for three to five minutes to dry top; fold, garnish and serve.

Combination Rarebit

THREE-QUARTERS cupful grated cheese, 1 cupful milk. ½ pound cooked spaghetti, ¾ teaspoonful salt, 1 cupful minced boiled ham, 1/8 teaspoonful pepper, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, ½ cupful dried bread crumbs (mixed with 2 tablespoons butter or melted ham fat).

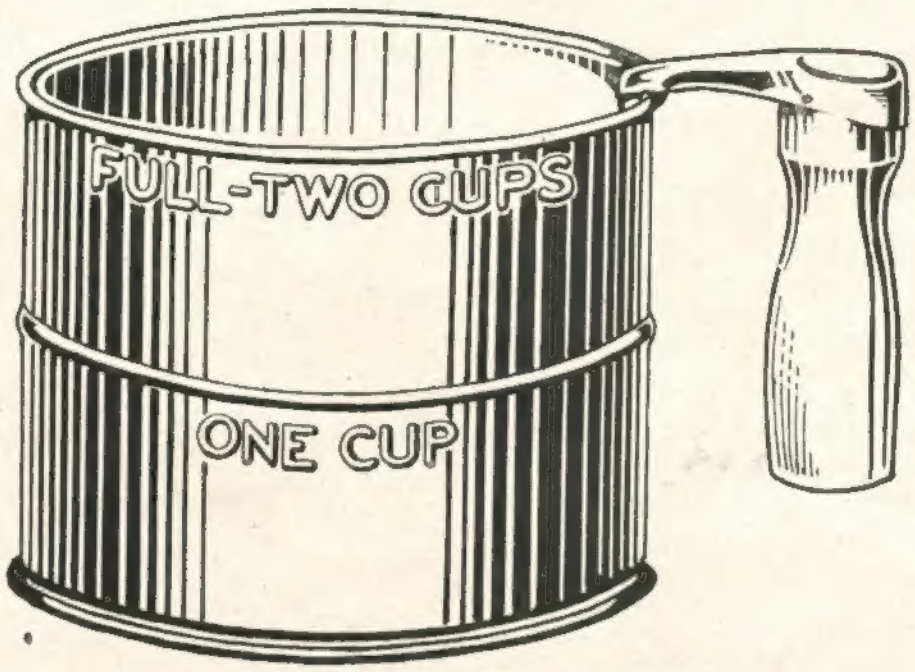
Butter casserole, melt the butter in a sauce pan, gradually add the flour, allowing the latter to melt. Put a layer of spaghetti in the casserole, sprinkle over a little ham and then the sauce. Continue this till all is used up. Top with the crumbs and bake 15 minutes in a hot oven. The proportions of ham, cheese and spaghetti may be varied as may seem advisable if left overs are being utilized.

Puree of Pea and Tomato Soup

ONE pint tomatoes, ½ pound dried peas, 1 onion, celery-tops.

Use the yellow split peas and soak overnight. Cook the peas in one pint of water, one pint of tomatoes with onion and one or two celery-tops until the peas are tender, then mash through a sieve and strain. Season with salt and pepper. A spoonful of sherry to each bowl is a pleasing addition. Garnish with a thin slice of tomato and a few canned or fresh peas. Serve with bread croutons made from crust and pieces of left-over bread.

IN the June issue, in addition to the regular page, Marjorie Dale will supply elsewhere in the magazine a number of reliable recipes for canning and other uses of strawberries.



This Five Roses "2-Cup" Sifter for Five Roses Flour Savers

When full, this modern flour sifter holds exactly two cups. On the sides, measurement lines are drawn around that show at a glance exactly how much flour you have in it. It can be filled and handled with one hand, a great help when following a difficult recipe. It does not take the place of the quart sifter for bread-making, but for small baking it is more convenient. And the combination handle and sifter is a new feature you will readily appreciate. We reserve one for every "kitchen soldier" who will send us a flour-saving recipe. The supply is limited, so send your flour-saving recipe at once.

The Flour You Save May Win The War

OUR individual duty is to help feed our Allies by sending them as much as we can save of the most concentrated nutritive value in the least shipping space. And that means Wheat and Flour. We cannot all send our sons, but we can send the flour we save. We can all be "kitchen soldiers."

Three times a day and 365 days a year, at breakfast, lunch and dinner, you can help to win the war by saving wheat. And you save wheat when you save FIVE ROSES flour.

Without interfering with the proper nourishment of your family, you can save FIVE ROSES flour by substituting other cereals than wheat in your regular recipes, such as corn, oats, buckwheat, rye, barley, potatoes, rice, and tapioca flours, etc. The following War-Time recipes in the famous FIVE ROSES Cook Book, besides saving flour will add a pleasing variety to your meals :—

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Brown Bread	17	*Oatmeal Bread*	19	*Corn Bread*	18
Rice Bread	19	*Oat Bread*	20	*Rye Bread*	20
Rice Biscuits	40	*Whole Wheat Bread*	21	*Graham Buns*	34
Corn Gems	41	*Irish Potato Biscuits*	39	*Graham Gems*	41
Belfasts	41	*Oatmeal Scones*	42	*Oatmeal Muffins*	42
Bran Muffins	43	*Johnny Cake*	43	*Buckwheat Cakes*	49
Corn Pancakes	49	*Graham Pancakes*	50	*Potato Cakes*	50
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Oatmeal Drops	125	*Oat Wafers*	126	*Oat Cookies*	134

We want more recipes like these to help save more flour. If you have a good flour-saving recipe in your home, send it to us so that we may spread the good work among other FIVE ROSES users. And as a slight acknowledgment, we will at once send you a FIVE ROSES "2-cup" flour sifter. The quicker we have your recipe, the more flour it will save for shipment "over there."

Address your Envelope :

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED

Dept. E 365, MONTREAL

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Will YOU help to save FIVE ROSES Flour by sending us your Flour-Saving Recipes?

A Little
Old Dutch

Works Wonders

in the

Kitchen

MADE IN CANADA